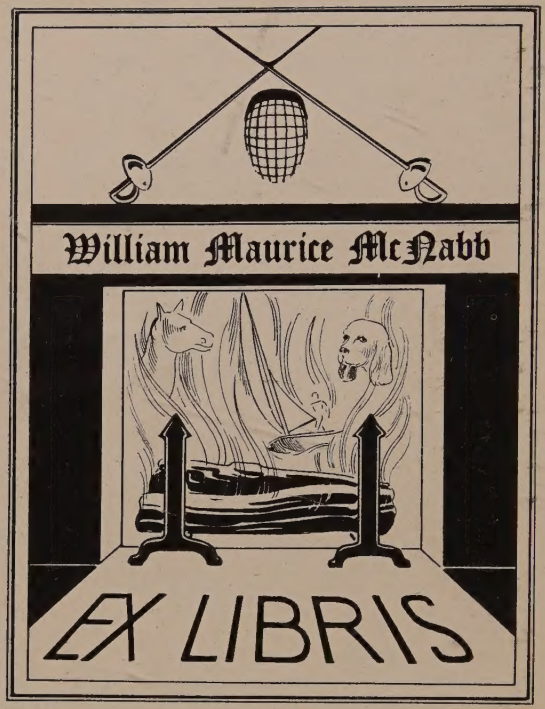
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Maria de Padella was the royal favorite of Peter the Cruel, King of Spain. When she bathed it was the custom of the king and his courtiers to keep her company, and supreme gallantry required the cavaliers to drink from the waters in which she bathed.

MARIA DE PADELLA.—LOPE DE VEGA.

MARIA DE PADELLA

After an original painting by P. Gervais

Spanish and Portuguese Drama

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ALFRED BATES

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JAMES P. BOYD, A.M., L.B.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

PROF. JOHN P. LAMBERTON

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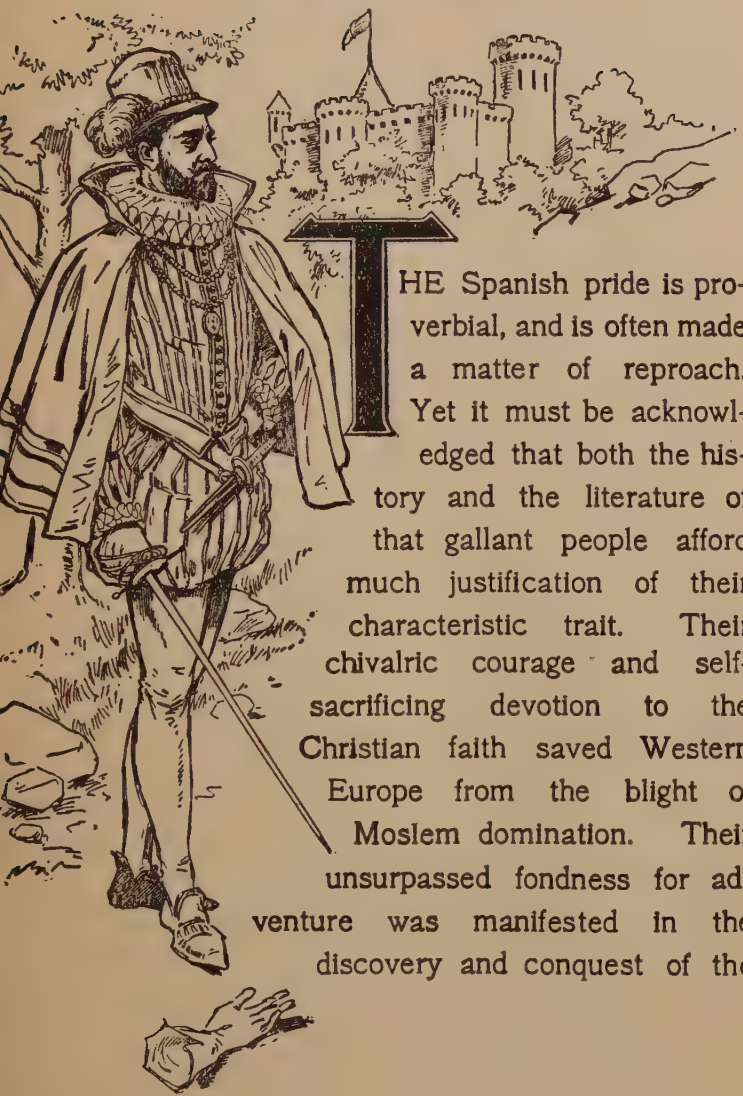
Prologue



THE Spanish pride is proverbial, and is often made a matter of reproach. Yet it must be acknowledged that both the history and the literature of that gallant people afford much justification of their characteristic trait. Their chivalric courage and self-sacrificing devotion to the Christian faith saved Western Europe from the blight of Moslem domination. Their unsurpassed fondness for adventure was manifested in the discovery and conquest of the

New World. But when their steadfast faith degenerated into bigotry and superstition, and their pristine courage took the base form of cruelty and persecution, the Inquisition became, with their hearty consent, their typical institution. From that evil time their supremacy in world affairs began to pass away, and the proud nation sank to its present humiliating, yet not hopeless, condition.

The literature of Spain is an accurate reflection of its history and a certain index of the national character. Their mediæval ballads, beginning with those celebrating the exploits of the Christian hero, popularly known as the Cid, exhibit a grand blending of military valor with religious devotion and ardent love. In no other country did these feelings, due to the institution of chivalry, so long dominate and inspire the moral life of the people. When the glorious Renaissance pervaded all Europe, Spain rose to the zenith of her imperial greatness. But not until she had begun to decline did her literature attain a corresponding excellence.

The humble beginnings of the Spanish theatre have been graphically described by Cervantes,

and sufficient extracts from his sketch have been given in Volume IV. He had not the same success in his plays which he attained in his novels, especially in his masterpiece, *Don Quixote;* yet he undoubtedly contributed to the elevation of the national drama. But it was the genius of Lope de Vega that gave form to the Spanish drama. Although much of his life was spent in exile, in service in the Armada, and as a member of the Inquisition, yet he produced about 1500 plays, besides 300 autos sacramentales and a vast number of other literary compositions. From such of his plays as have been preserved we obtain the most vivid portraits of the Spanish people.

The prodigious success and prolific invention of Lope de Vega brought forward a host of imitators. Among the prominent writers may be pointed out Guillen de Castro, whose *Cid* became the basis of Corneille's tragedy; Tirso de Motina, who invented the character of Don Juan, which has been reproduced in every European language; F. de Roxas, who supplied scores of French dramatists with plots and scenes.

Classical scholars and the clergy protested against the ascendency of the popular plays, but in vain. Yet they certainly found ample compensation in the works of Pedro Calderon de la Barca, the greatest glory of the Spanish drama. Strange to say, he never used blank verse, but always the national ballad metres. Though in productivity he fell far short of Lope, he surpassed him in poetic power and melodious versification. Yet Calderon's hundred plays comprise historical tragedies, comedies of manners and intrigue, allegorical contests, philosophical moralizing, besides scriptural and religious dramas.

In the seventeenth century the opera began to compete with the national drama, and other French influences prevailed at court. In the eighteenth century the Spanish court was completely dominated by France, and French fashions of all kinds were introduced. The nineteenth century witnessed a prolonged struggle between the French romantic school and the supporters of the old national drama, in which the victory rather inclined to the latter.

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Spanish Drama.

I.

Early Spanish Poetry and Romance.

Before entering upon our review of the Spanish drama, the origin of which has been briefly described in connection with the Dramatic Renaissance, it may be well to glance at the early poetry of Spain, and especially her romantic poetry, since it is on the latter that all which is best worth preserving in her dramatic literature is chiefly founded. In considering this element in Spanish literature, we should also glance at the political conditions under which it was developed.

Ancient Castile.

The Christians who, during the Moorish occupation, had preserved their independence amid the mountain fastnesses of the northern provinces, were rude and illiterate men, but high-spirited, valiant and impatient of the yoke. Each community regarded itself as a separate state, and attempted by its own strength, not only to maintain its own usages and laws, but to make

itself respected abroad. In the valleys in which they lived they had accepted as their rulers Visigoth kings, who administered justice and led the troops to battle; but they were considered rather as military leaders and protectors of the people than as masters. Every man, by defending his own liberty, became cognizant of his own rights; every man was aware of the power with which his own valor endowed him, and exacted toward himself the same respect which he paid to others. A nation composed for the greater part of emigrants, who had preferred liberty to riches, and who had abandoned their country in order that they might preserve, amid the solitude of the mountains, their religion and their laws, was not likely to recognize to any great degree the distinctions which fortune created. The son of the governor of a province might be clothed in very homely garments, and the hero by whose prowess a battle had been gained might be glad to seek repose in a hut. Thus the dignity of the people of Castile, which is observable even among beggars, and their respect for all fellow-citizens, without regard to condition in life, are peculiarities of the Spanish people which may, no doubt, be referred to this period. The forms of language and the customs of society then established became an integral part of the national manners, and have retained their ancient dignity even to the present day.

At this period civil liberty was as perfectly preserved in Spain as it can be under any form of government. The nation created kings to provide themselves with able captains, with judges of the lists, and with chieftains who might serve as models to a chivalrous nobility;

but they watched with jealousy any attempt to extend the royal prerogative. Judges were appointed, to whom the people might appeal under ordinary circumstances, and legal forms were established by which the people were authorized to resist by force abuses of power. All classes were admitted to an equal share in the representation, and every Spaniard was taught to place a due value on his privileges as a citizen. The court, the nobility and the equal balance of ranks, which suffered no one to feel degraded, preserved in the manners, the language and the literature of the Spaniards a certain elegance and a tone of courtesy and high-breeding, with something of an aristocratic character which the Italians lost very early, owing their liberties rather to a spirit of democracy.

With political liberty thus established, religious servitude could not exist, and until the time of Charles V the Spaniards maintained their independence, in a great degree, against the church of Rome, of which they became the most timid vassals when deprived of their free constitution. This religious independence has seldom been noticed, because Spanish writers of modern times have been ashamed of it, while foreigners have formed their opinion of that nation from its condition during their own time. It will be remarked, however, in examining the early Spanish poets, that even in the wars with the Moors, as early as the eleventh century, they ascribe to their heroes a spirit of charity and humanity toward their enemies as a quality to be highly commended. All their most celebrated men, as Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid and Alfonso VI had fought in the

ranks of the Moors. About the twelfth century, the kings of Aragon granted free liberty of conscience even to the sectaries who afterward acquired the name of Albigenses. Peter II of Aragon was slain while fighting in the cause of religious toleration, and, in the same cause, struggles were continued until 1485, when the people rose against the Inquisition, which Ferdinand the Catholic attempted to impose upon them. To resist the establishment of this odious tribunal, the whole population took up arms; the grand inquisitor was put to death, his agents were expelled, and for a time the people breathed freely.

Ballads of the Cid.

The earliest productions in Spanish poetry have been collected with great diligence by men of letters, especially by Antonio Sanchez, librarian to the king, who published, in 1779, specimens from all the ancient Castilian poets of whose works he could procure the manuscripts. First in his collection is the poem of *The Cid*, written, as he estimates, about the middle of the twelfth century. Although in language and versification almost barbarous, it presents a faithful and interesting description of the manners of the time, and has, moreover, the merit of being the most ancient epic published in a modern language. It is, however, too lengthy to permit of analysis; nor need we tarry long over the romances of the Cid, published more than a century later, though composed at a much earlier date; for they were recited at festivals and sung by soldiers long before

being committed to writing. The following extract is from the ballad of the Cid's wedding.

Within his hall of Burgos the king prepares his feast,
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, and it is a gallant day;
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state;
The crowd makes way before them, as up the street they go;
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The king had taken order, that they should rear an arch
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march,
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scatter'd olive-branches and rushes on the street,
And ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and 'broidery, their balconies between,
To do this bridal honor their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them, all covered o'er with trappings,
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool with cap and bladder upon his ass goes prancing
Amid troops of captive maidens, with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,

They fill the streets of Burgos, and the devil he comes after;
For the king had hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,
And there he goes with hoofs for toes to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena:—the king he holds her hand,
And the queen, and all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land:
All down the street, the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the king lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

In the *Excommunication of the Cid*, the hero, visiting St. Peter's, is angry to see the arms of Castile planted beneath those of France:

"Ha!" quoth the Cid, "now God forbid! it is a shame, I wis,
To see the Castle planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.
No harm, I hope, good father pope, although I move thy chair."
In pieces small he kicked it all; it was of ivory fair.

The pope's own seat, he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day;
Above them all he planted it, and laughed right bitterly,
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.

Now when the pope was aware of this, he was an angry man;
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the awful ban;
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's head,

To hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse
be said.

I wot when the Cid was aware of this, a woeful man
was he;
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessed father's
knee;
"Absolve me, blessed father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree."

"Who is this sinner?" quoth the pope, "who at my foot
doth kneel?"
"I am Rodrigo Diaz, a poor baron of Castile."
Much marveled all were in the hall, when that word
they heard him say.
"Rise up, rise up," the pope he said, "I do thy guilt away:

"I do thy guilt away," he said, "and my curse I blot it out;
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout!
I trow if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the
Moor."

Rodrigo Laynez, whom the Spaniards called Ruy Diaz, and the Moors, Es Sayd, or my lord, whence the word "Cid," was more instrumental even than the princes whom he served in founding the monarchy of Castile, and in the course of his long life, led the conquering arms of his sovereign over a large portion of Spain. He is intimately connected with all our ideas of the glory, the love and chivalry of the Spanish nation; in the foreground of their history and poetry he stands conspicuous, and the renown of his name fills the age in which he lived. So much is his memory held in reverence by the Spaniards that their most

sacred and irrevocable oath is derived from his name. Affé de Rodrigo, by the faith of Rodrigo, says he who would bind his promise by recalling the ancient loyalty of this national hero.

Amadis of Gaul.

Prince Juan Manuel, a cadet of the royal family, was the first distinguished author of the fourteenth century, and in him was the first instance of the union of letters and arms which afterward became so common in Spain. *Count Lucanor,* his chief composition, is the first prose work in the Castilian language, as was the *Decameron,* which appeared about the same time, in the Italian.

It is to a contemporary of Prince Juan that we owe the *Amadis of Gaul,* one of the best and most celebrated of the romances of chivalry. Vasco Lobeira, whom the Spaniards acknowledge to be the author, was a Portuguese, born in the latter part of the thirteenth century, but whose work, for some unexplained reason, did not become generally known until the middle of the fourteenth. It was an imitation of the French romances of chivalry, which, in the preceding century, had acquired so high a reputation throughout Europe, and had produced such important effects on its literature, the French even making some pretensions to the authorship of the *Amadis.* However this may be, the work became naturalized in Spain through the avidity with which it was read by all classes, the enthusiasm it excited, and the powerful influence which it exerted over the taste of the Castilians. The perpetual errors

in geography and history escaped the attention of readers who were utter strangers to those branches of knowledge. The constrained and yet diffuse style of the narrative, instead of being a reproach, was in accordance with the manners of the age, seeming to present a stronger picture of those Gothic and chivalric virtues which the Moorish wars still cherished in Spain, and which the Castilians delighted to attribute to their ancestors in a greater degree than truth warranted. The brilliant fairy mythology of the East, with which commerce with the Arabians had rendered the Spaniards acquainted, assumed fresh charms in this romance, and captivated the imagination. Love, also, was painted with an excess of devotion and of voluptuous tenderness, which affected the people of the south much more powerfully than they would have influenced the French. The passion of love thus represented was so submissive, so constant and so religious that it almost seemed a virtue to entertain it; and yet the author has denied to his heroes none of its privileges. He has effectually captivated inflammable imaginations, by confounding the allurements of voluptuousness with the duties of chivalry.

Chivalric Romances.

The celebrity of the *Amadis* and its numerous imitations, together with frequent translations of all the French romances of chivalry, have given the national poetry of Spain a very animated and chivalric character, and it is to the fourteenth century that we owe those poetical tales for which the Spaniards are so

eminently distinguished. In most of them we may remark a touching simplicity of expression, a truth of painting and an exquisite sensibility, which invest them with the highest charms. Some are still more distinguished by the powers of invention which they display, forming short chivalric romances, the effect of which is lively and impressive in proportion to the brevity of the poem. The author strikes at once into the middle of his subject, and thus produces a powerful effect upon the imagination, and avoids long and useless introductions. The weakest memory was able to retain them. They were sung by the soldiers on their march, by the rustics in their daily labors and by the women during their domestic occupations. The knowledge of their ancient history and of chivalry was in this manner diffused throughout the whole nation. Few were able to read, or, indeed, had any kind of education; and yet it would have been difficult to have found among them one who was not acquainted with the brilliant adventures of Bernardo del Carpio, of the Cid, of Calaynos the Moor, and of all the knights of the time of Amadis, or of the court of Charlemagne. The people, no doubt, derived very little real instruction from indulging in these pursuits of the imagination. History was confounded in their mind with romance, and the same credit was given to probable events and to marvelous adventures. But this universal acquaintance with the exploits of chivalry, and this deep interest in characters of the noblest and most elevated cast, excited a national feeling of a singularly poetical nature.

The Moors, who were in almost every village, inter-

mingled with the Christians, were still more sensible than the latter to the charm of these romances, and still more attached to the love of music. Even at the present day they can forget their labors, their griefs and their fears, to abandon themselves wholly to the pleasures of song. They are probably the authors of many of the Castilian romances, and others have, perhaps, been composed for their amusement. The Moorish heroes were certainly as conspicuous in these works as the Christians, and the admiration which the writers endeavored to excite for the "Knights of Grenada—gentlemen, although Moors"—strengthened the ties between the two nations, and by cherishing those benevolent feelings, which their priests in vain attempted to destroy, inspired them with mutual regard and esteem.

Bernardo Del Carpio.

Bernardo del Carpio, who has been celebrated in so many romances and tragedies, belonged equally to both nations. The romantic and often fabulous adventures of this Castilian Hercules, are peculiarly suited to poetry, in which his entire career has often been related. He is represented as the offspring of a secret marriage between Sancho Diaz, count of Saldana, and Ximena, the sister of Alfonso the Chaste, a marriage which that king never pardoned. Then comes the story of the long and wretched captivity of the count of Saldana, whom Alfonso threw into a dungeon of the castle of Luna, after having deprived him of his eyes; of the prodigious strength and prowess by which Bernardo, who had been

brought up under another name, proved himself worthy of the royal stock from which he sprang; of his efforts to obtain his father's liberty, which Alfonso had promised him as the reward of his labors, and which he afterward refused; of that king's last treacherous act, when, after all the conquests of Bernardo had been surrendered to him as the ransom of the count of Saldana, he strangled the unfortunate old man and delivered only his breathless body to his son; of the first alliance of Bernardo with the Moors to avenge himself; of his second alliance with them in order to defend the independence of Spain against Charlemagne, and of his victory over Orlando at Roncevalles. Every incident of this ancient hero's life was sung with transport by the Castilians and the Moors.

Another series of romances relates to a more modern period of history, and comprises the wars between the Zegris and Abencerrages of Grenada. Every joust, every combat and every intrigue which took place in the court of the later Moorish kings was recited by the Castilians, and thus all the old romances are met with in the chivalric history of these civil conflicts.

The extreme simplicity of these romances, unrelieved by a single ornament, would seem to render them easy of translation, but there is a singular charm in the monotonous harmony of the Spanish redondilha which it is difficult to imitate, the short lines of four trochees each following one another with great sweetness, with the imperfect but reiterated rhyme with which the second line in each stanza terminates. A few brief extracts may serve, however, to give an idea without re-

producing the beauties of the original. The first is merely a relation of a simple fact in the history of Spain, which is told with all the melancholy circumstances attending it. The subject is the condition of Roderic, the last king of the Goths, after his defeat at the batatle of Xeres, which, in the year 711, opened Spain to the Mussulmen. It was deeply impressed upon the memory of all Castilians, who claim, even at the present day, to be the heirs of the glory of the Goths, and who delight in tracing back their nobility and their departed power to these semi-fabulous times.

THE LAMENTATION OF DON RODERIC.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind and lame—he could no further go;
Dismounted without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro:
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderic,
For sore athirst and hungry, he stagger'd faint and sick.

All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood, like to some smoldering brand
Plucked from the flame Rodrigo showed; his sword was in his hand:
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see;
Thence all about of that wide route, his last long look took he;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drench'd and torn;
He heard the cry of victory, the Arabs' shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that had led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled, except the dead—and who could count the slain?
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain;
And while thus he said the tears he shed run down his cheeks like rain.

Last night I was the king of Spain—to-day no king am I:
Last night fair castles held my train, to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,
To-night not one I call my own; not one pertains to me.

O luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day
When I was born to have the power of this great seignory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite?

Review of Early Literature.

The poetry of Spain up to the reign of Charles V may be divided into various classes. First, the romances of chivalry, which amount in number to upward of a thousand, and which were at once the delight and instruction of the people. These compositions, which in fact possess more real merit, more sensibility and more invention than any other poetry of that remote period,

have been regarded by the learned with disdain, while the names of their authors have been entirely forgotten. The lyrical poems are animated with great warmth of passion and richness of imagination; but they frequently display traces of too great study and refinement, so that the sentiment suffers from the attempt at fine writing, and concetti usurp the place of true poetical expression. Allegorical pieces were then placed in the first rank, and upon them the authors founded their chief claims to glory. Most of them are frigid and high-flown imitations of Dante, but with no better claims to rival the *Divina Comedia* than those of his Italian imitators. In no direction had the poetry of Castile made any decided progress during the four centuries preceding the reign of Charles V. If the language and versification had become a little smoother and more polished; if something had been gained by adaptation from foreign countries, these advantages were more than offset by pedantry and a vitiated taste.

Such progress as had thus far been made by the Spaniards in the various branches of literature was due almost entirely to their own exertions. If their advance had been slow, they had opened the way for themselves, with little assistance from strangers, for it was not until Charles V had added the rich provinces of Italy to his empire that they derived much benefit from the more advanced condition of letters in other countries. They were proud of what they had accomplished by their own intellectual exertions; they loved their traditions as set forth in prose and verse by their own writers; and hence their poetry preserved its strong original color.

It may further be stated of the literature of Spain that it is much less classical than that of other Latin nations; that it is much less formed upon the model of the Greeks and Romans, less subject to the canons and criticisms of literary lawmakers, and, in short, that it has preserved a more independent character than any of the rest. Not that the Spanish writers have possessed no models to follow or that they have never been imitators. From their earliest masters, the Arabians, they derived their taste for poetry. In the sixteenth century intercourse with the Italians gave a new life, as it were, to their literature, and changed both its spirit and its form. It is a singular fact that those who introduced the riches of foreign lands into the literature of Castile were not scholars, but soldiers. The Spanish universities, though numerous, powerful, rich and with an abundance of privileges, were altogether subject to monastic influence. Among these privileges was the right of refusing to follow the progress of science, and of maintaining all ancient abuses and obsolete modes of instruction as their most precious heirlooms. Moreover, Spain took little part in that zealous cultivation of the learning and poetry of the ancients, which gave so much life to the sixteenth century. Among her poets none were distinguished for their scholastic reputation, or for excellence in Greek or Latin composition. On the contrary, most of them were warriors, whose active and daring spirits sought even a wider range than that of martial emprise. Such an alliance between arts and arms produced its own effects on the literature of Spain, and these were in the main advantageous. In the first

place, it gave a romantic and chivalrous tone to the writings of the Spaniards, and divested their imitations of pedantry.

The Spanish Classics.

In the reign of Charles V begins the classic era of Spanish literature; but as this brings us to the opening of the drama, other forms of poetry can only be briefly noticed. It is singular that the golden age of letters should commence in the darkest days of the Inquisition, established by Ferdinand and Isabella, but not in full force until many years of oppression had accustomed the people to its infernal system. Directed first against the Jews, whom it banished or extirpated; then against the Moors, whom it consigned to the fagot or to exile, it then turned its evil eye on the Spaniards themselves, fearful that the doctrines of the Reformation should find acceptance in Spain. All who attempted to introduce them were committed to the flames, and, terrified by this example, the people avoided all intellectual pursuits which might lead them into such frightful dangers.

Chief among the classical writers of this period were Boscan and Garcilaso, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, poet, general and politician; Ferdinand de Herrera and Luis Ponce de Leon. To the two last, who belonged to the reign of Charles V, a high rank was assigned.

Ponce de Leon.

The works of Ponce de Leon, who early in youth became a prey to monastic fanaticism, consist chiefly of

translations of classical and Hebrew poetry. Among them is a rendition of *Solomon's Song*, for which he was severely punished, not for seeking improper images in that mystical composition, or for presenting in a worldly light the amours of the king of Jerusalem, which he regarded as purely allegorical, but because the Inquisition had strictly prohibited the translation of any portion of the Bible without special permission. Among lesser lights of the classic age are Fernando d'Acuña, a writer of elegies and sonnets; Gutiere de Catina, an imitator of Anacreon; Pedro de Padillo, a rival of Garcilaso, and Gaspar Gil Polo, who continued and, as some think, improved on the romance of Montemayor.

Influence of the Classic Poets.

Such are the men who are properly called the classics of Spain, who, during the brilliant reign of Charles V, and in the midst of the disturbances which the ambitious policy of that prince created in Europe, changed the versification, the national taste, and almost the language, of Castile; who gave to the poetry of that country its most graceful, its most elegant and most correct form, and who have been the models of all who, from that period, have had any pretensions to classical purity. It is certainly a matter of surprise to find so few traces of a warlike era in their compositions; to hear them, amid all the intoxicating excitement of ambition, singing only their sweet pastoral fancies, their tender, delicate and submissive love. While the Spaniards were inundating Europe and America with blood, Boscan, Garcilaso,

Mendoza and Montemayor, all of them soldiers, and all engaged in the wars which at this period shook the foundations of Christendom, describe themselves as shepherds weaving garlands of flowers, or as lovers tremblingly beseeching the favor of a glance from their mistresses, while they stifle their complaints, suppress all the feeling of nature, and even renounce jealousy, lest it should make them appear lacking in devotion. There is in their verses a Sybaritic softness, a Lydian luxury, which we might expect to meet with in the effeminate Italians, whom servitude had degraded, but which astonishes us in men like the warriors of Charles V.

The effeminate and luxurious enjoyment of life and love, which peculiarly characterize the Spanish poetry of this age, are discoverable in an equal degree in the Latin and Greek poets who wrote after the extinction of their national liberties. Propertius and Tibullus, as well as Theocritus, sometimes indulge in a degree of languor and tenderness which approaches to insipidity. They appear proud of exhibiting their effeminacy, as if for the purpose of demonstrating that they have voluntarily adopted it, and that they have not yielded to it from the influence of fear. The enervated poetry of the Spanish classics was, perhaps, suggested to them by similar motives, and by their desire to preserve the dignity of their character; but for this very reason the Castilian poetry of the reign of Charles V was of a transitory nature, and at the highest pitch of its reputation the symptoms of its approaching decay might be distinctly seen.

The golden age of Spanish literature extends approximately from 1550 to 1650. Before the reign of the Catholic sovereigns there was, indeed, only a Castilian literature, and that largely influenced by imitations of the French and Italian. The union of the crowns of Aragon and Castile, and afterward the advent of the house of Austria, together with the king of Spain's election as emperor, resulted in the creation at once of the political unity of Spain and of Spanish literature. After the death of Philip IV, the nation, exhausted by wars, colonization and misrule, produced nothing of value; its literary genius sank in the general decline.

II.

Early Dramas and Epics.

To Spain, rather than to Italy, belong, as we have seen, the highest honors of the Renaissance; for here was first created and perfected a purely national form of drama. If, in tragedy, Spain possessed no writer with the powers of an Alfieri, or even of a Trissino, in comedy she far surpassed the Italians, while her romantic drama, a form that she made peculiarly her own, was imitated or adapted by nearly all European nations, Teutonic as well as Romance. That the literature of Spain should display a strongly individual character was to be expected in a country that, for centuries after the crusades, had been a battle-ground between the crescent and the cross, the people deriving from their conquerors the rich glow of color characteristic of their national life, especially in literature and art, together with extreme refinement in their treatment of the passion of love. When the drama arose among them they had held little intercourse with other European nations, and being formed on the ancient Castilian taste, and suited to the manners, habits and peculiarities of the people for whom it was intended, it was much more irregular than that of other

European countries. It did not display the same learning; nor was it formed upon those ingenious rules to which Aristotle had subjected the art of poetry. The object of dramatists was to affect the hearts of their countrymen, to harmonize with their opinions and customs, and above all, to flatter their pride. And so, in a measure, it is at the present day. Neither foreign nor native criticism, nor the prizes of their academies, nor the favors of their princes have ever succeeded in persuading them to adopt any of the systems which are predominant elsewhere in Europe.

Even when borrowing from other nations, Castilian poets were very imperfectly acquainted with what they borrowed, and before making use of it, modified and adapted it to their own ideas. The Arabians, their first instructors, were ignorant of the drama; the Provençals and the Catalans had very little knowledge of it; nor could the Castilians themselves boast of a theatre until the time of Charles V. They studied but little, and cared still less for imitating the classical drama; but their officers had beheld, in the wars of Italy, the theatrical representations at the court of Ferrara and of many Italian princes. In emulation of these spectacles they attempted to introduce into their native land the form of entertainment that was so much in favor in the country where they had borne arms.

It was the custom of the Spaniards to represent on the stage not only the leading incidents of their national history, but also those complicated intrigues, those feats of dexterity and turns of fortune which delighted their imagination and reminded them of their Moorish

romances—infinitely more fertile in adventures than those of the Italians or the French. Moreover, the historic drama of Spain differed essentially from that of Italy, where, at least until the time of Alfieri, the scenes were usually laid in bygone ages, or in distant climes. The Castilians, on the other hand, drew their subjects from their own times and from the history of Castile; or, if the scenes were in other realms or in earlier cycles, they still preserved their own manners, always presenting a more animated and faithful picture than was found on the more conventional stage of Italy. In the Spanish theatre was reflected the glorious era in which the drama was at its best, when the pride of the nation was roused by its victories, and almost every play was filled with "the stern joys of battle." When the age of liberty was passed, the men of Castile placed their pride in chivalry, becoming romantic when it was no longer possible to be heroic, and substituting the pride of honor for the pride of patriotism when the latter had ceased to exist.

Novels of Cervantes.

In passing under review the dramatic Renaissance, we have seen what Cervantes accomplished on behalf of the Spanish drama, and before proceeding further, some mention may here be made of his *Exemplary Novels*, perhaps the least known of his works, though serving as the subjects of many romantic dramas and presenting a truthful and graphic picture of the Castilians of his day. Cervantes, it need hardly be said, was eminently gifted with the narrative faculty, one so closely con-

nected with dramatic power that they would seem to be almost inseparable. The novelist, in common with the dramatist, should be able to give to every object the colors of truth and nature, to every character the appearance of completeness and probability; to bring before the reader by words, as clearly and vividly as the dramatist by action, the events which he describes; to say exactly what ought to be said, and to say no more. It is this talent that has given to Cervantes his world-wide fame, for his most celebrated works are the romances, in which richness of invention is accompanied with charms of style and with the happy art of grouping incidents and describing character in their most attractive form. It is in this, far more than in his dramas, that his genius appears at its best, and in nothing more, perhaps, except for his *Don Quixote*, than in the series of fanciful stories published when he was sixty-five years of age, and almost the last of his writings.

The Gipsy Girl.

First among the *Exemplary Novels* is *La Gitanilla*, or the *Gipsy Girl*, containing an interesting picture of a race of people who were formerly spread over all Europe, though they nowhere submitted themselves to the laws of society. About the middle of the fourteenth century bands of gipsies first appeared in Europe, and were called indifferently Egyptians and Bohemians, though by many considered as parias escaped from India. From that period down to the present day they have continued to wander through the

various countries of Europe, subsisting by petty thefts, by levying contributions on the superstitious, or by dancing, singing and playing at festivals. They have now almost entirely disappeared from many of the nations on the continent, the rigorous police systems of France, Italy and Germany not suffering the existence of a race of vagabonds who pay no regard to the rights of property and who despise the laws. There are still, however, numbers of these people to be found in England, where the legislature formerly sanctioned such cruel enactments against them that it was found impossible to put them into execution. Many, likewise, still exist in Russia, and some in Spain, where the mildness of the climate and the physical features of the country are highly favorable to the wild and wandering life, for which they seem to have inherited a taste from the eastern nations. The community as it existed in the time of Cervantes was far more numerous and their liberty far more complete than at any subsequent time; while the superstition of the people afforded them a readier support.

The heroine of the first tale, who is called Preciosa, accompanied by three young girls of about fifteen years of age, all gipsies like herself, frequents the streets of Madrid under the superintendence of an old woman, for the purpose of amusing the public in the coffee-houses and other public places, by dancing to the sound of the tamborine, which she sometimes accompanies by songs and verses either of her own extemporaneous composition, or composed by poets who were employed by the gipsies. The noble and wealthy invited them into their

houses to see them dance, and the ladies to have their fortunes told. Preciosa, who was modest and much respected, yet possessed all the vivacity of mien, the gayety and promptitude of repartee which so remarkably distinguished her race. She was in request even at religious festivals, where she chanted songs in honor of the Virgin and the saints. In all probability this apparent devotion of the Bohemians, who never take any part in public worship, protected them in Spain, where they were called Christianos Nuevos, from the animadversion of the Inquisition. The delicacy and beauty of Preciosa gained the heart of a cavalier, not more distinguished by his fortune than by his appearance; but she refused to accept his hand unless he consented to pass a probation of two years among the gipsies, adopting their mode of life. One of the oldest gipsies addresses the cavalier, who assumes the name of Andres, and her speech is remarkable for the purity and elegance of language and breadth of thought which are peculiar to Cervantes. The gipsy takes Preciosa by the hand, and presents her to Andres:

"We appropriate to you the companionship of this young girl, who is the flower and ornament of all the gipsies to be found throughout Spain. It is now within your own power to consider her either as your wife or as your mistress. Examine her thoroughly, weigh maturely whether she is pleasing to you, find out whether she has any defect, and should you fancy that you are not calculated for each other, throw your eyes around upon all the other gipsy girls, and you shall have the object of your selection. But we warn you that

when once you have made your choice, you cannot retract, and must be contented with your fate. No one dares to encroach upon his friend, and hence we are shielded from the torments of jealousy. Adultery is never committed among us; for if in any instance our wives or our mistresses are detected in infringing our laws, we inflict punishment with the utmost severity. You must also be apprised that we never have resort to courts of justice; we have our own jurisdiction; we execute judgment ourselves; we are both judges and executioners; and, after regular condemnation, we get rid of the parties by burying them in the mountains and deserts, and no person whatsoever, not even their parents, can obtain information of them, or bring us to account for their deaths. It is the dread of this summary jurisdiction which preserves chastity within its natural bounds; and thence it is, as I have already stated, that we live in perfect tranquility on this score, so dreadfully mischievous and annoying in other societies. There are few things which we possess that we do not possess in common; but wives and mistresses are a sacred exception. We command the whole universe, the fields, the fruits, the herbage, the forests, the mountains, the rivers, and the fountains, the stars and all the elements of nature. Early accustomed to hardships, we can scarcely be said to be sufferers; we sleep as soundly and as comfortably upon the ground as upon beds of down; and the parched skin of our bodies is to us equal to a coat of mail, impenetrable to the inclemencies of the weather. Insensible to grief, the most cruel torture does not afflict us, and under whatever form they make

us encounter death, we do not shrink even so much as to change of color. We have learned to despise death. We make no distinction between the affirmative and the negative when we find it absolutely necessary to our purpose. We are often martyrs, but we never turn informers. We sing, though loaded with chains in the darkest dungeons, and our lips are hermetically sealed under all the severe inflictions of the rack. The great and undisguised object of our profession is furtively to seize the property of others, and appropriate it to our own use, thereby invariably imitating the plausible but perfidious example of the generality of mankind under one mask or other, in which, however, we have no occasion to court witnesses to instruct us. In the day we employ ourselves in insignificant, amusing, trifling matters, but we devote the night and its accommodating darkness to the great object of our professional combination. The brilliancy of glory, the etiquette of honor and the pride of ambition form no obstacles to us as they do in other fraternities. Hence we are exempt from that base, cowardly and infamous servitude which degrades the noble and high-born into slaves."

Such was the singular race of people who lived the life of the uncultivated savage in the midst of society; who preserved manners, a language and probably a religion of their own, maintaining their independence in Spain, England and Russia for nearly five hundred years. It may be supposed that the *Gipsy Girl* terminates like every other romance, the heroine of which is of low birth. Preciosa is discovered to be the daugh-

ter of a titled lady, and her real rank being revealed, she is married to her lover.

The Liberal Lover.

The second novel, which is entitled *The Liberal Lover*, contains the adventures of some Christians who have been reduced to slavery by the Turks; but his most vivid picture of a Turkish slave-yard, of which Cervantes was himself an inmate, is in the drama of *Life in Algiers*, described in a previous volume.

The final scenes of the *Liberal Lover* are the most powerful, where Caupolican, hunted from one retreat to another, but ever reappearing in greater strength, is at length surprised and taken prisoner through the treachery of one of his soldiers. He voluntarily discovers his name to the Spaniards, and declares that he has the power of treating with them so as to bind the whole nation. He engages that the Araucans shall with himself embrace Christianity, and submit to the dominion of Philip, and represents that his captivity may thus be the means of procuring peace to the entire country; but he is equally prepared for death:

> Nor spoke the Indian more, but with an eye
> Intrepid, and a spirit all elate,
> With unblanched cheek, the last decree of fate
> Calmly awaited; or to live or die
> To him was equal; fortune's tempest dread
> Could frown no further vengeance on his head;
> Though bound a captive, and in fetters, still
> Shone through his soul th' unconquerable will;
> His aspect nobly bold, from innate valor bred.

On confessing his name, he is sentenced to death, and after being converted and baptized,

Thus to the bloody scaffold he drew nigh,
That distant from the camp an arrow's flight,
Raised on the plain, appeared before his sight,
And to the gazing crowd was seen on high.
Ascending then the stage, with brow elate,
He saw the dread preparatives of fate;
Saw, without change of temper or of blood,
The armament of death, that round him stood,
With placid mien, as in his free-born state.

Thus far he has calmly submitted to his fate, but at the final indignity his pride and stoicism give way:

The busy hangman now approach'd his side
To seize his prey, a branded negro slave,
The wretched freightage of the Atlantic wave.
This last indignity too deeply tried
The monarch's spirit, though with soul unmov'd
He yet had every frown of fortune prov'd;
He could not brook, though in this bloody strife,
So base an ending to his noble life,
And all indignant thus the hostile chief reprov'd.

"Oh deed unworthy of the Christian race!
Is this your boasted honor, this the dower
Of noble valor in her dying hour,
To bid me perish by a hand so base?
Death is a full atonement, and life fled,
We war no longer with the helpless dead;
This is not death, but mockery and despite,
Thus to afflict my spirit in her flight,
And heap this dark dishonor on my head.

"Amidst your swords that now so silent rest,
That drank my country's blood, and in the strife

NUMANTIA

After an original painting by A. Russell

Numantia now is turned into a lake
Of red blood, choked with corpses infinite,
Herself being her own homicide.

NUMANTIA.—CERVANTES

A. RUSSELL

Of furious battle thirsted for my life,
Can none be found to pierce my warrior breast?
Whatever sorrows on my head descend,
Whatever griefs my suffering heart may rend,
Let not a slave's polluted touch disgrace
Caupolican, the latest of his race;
Nor such a deed of shame his hour of death attend."

So spoke the indignant chief, and sudden turn'd
Upon the miscreant slave, and though oppress'd
With galling weight of fetters, on the breast
He smote him fierce, and from the scaffold spurn'd.

"Which are the savages—the Spaniards or Araucans?" we are tempted to ask after reading the protest of this noble Indian cacique, who, a moment later, falls pierced by a hundred arrows. And here the epic should have ended, instead of being carried, as it is, through many additional cantos which we will not follow. The story is dramatized by Lopé de Vega, and with all its faults, it was not without reason that Voltaire borrowed from it the beautiful conception of his *Alzire*.

Before proceeding further with the Spanish drama, may be given, by way of leave-taking with Cervantes, another passage from his *Numantia*. Entering the city, Caius Marius finds it filled only with burning ruins and corpses, the citizens throwing themselves and their goods into the flames. Thus he addresses Scipio:

Caius Marius.—In vain, illustrious general, have been
Our forces occupied in this campaign.
In vain hast thou thyself proved diligent,—
For into smoke and wind converted are
Expectations sure of victory,

By your unwearied industry secured.
The lamentable end and the sad history
Of the unvanquished city Numantia,
Deserve a fame which no time can destroy.
The inmates have by your loss gain acquired,
Wresting the triumph from your receiving hands,
And leaving life with magnanimity,
All our plans vain have eventuated;
Their honored purpose has been of more avail
Than all the power and subtlety of Rome.
The populace worn out by violent end
Finished the misery of their woeful days,
Extending wide the sad conclusion.
Numantia now is turned into a lake
Of red blood, choked with corpses infinite,
Herself being her own homicide.
From th' overweighted and unequal chain
Of bitter servitude they have escaped
With quick audacity, to fear unknown.
In the square's centre elevated stands
The burning element destined for victims, whose
Bodies and goods yield aliment to the fire.
At the precise time when it I went to see
The furious Theogenes, Numantian,
To finish his existence covetous,
Curses ejecting his bitter token short,
In the flame's centre madly plunged himself,
Fired by extraordinary temerity,
And at the moment of the plunge, cried, Fame,
Occupy here your tongue and eke your eyes
On this exploit, whose virtue loudly sings.
Romans advance, already through the spoils
Of the city melted into dust and smoke.
Its flowers and fruits all into brambles changed,
From hence on foot, with thoughts as free as air,
A large portion have I traversed of this town,
Through streets and passes, indirect crooked ways,
I not a solitary Numantian
Have found who, taken from amongst the quick,
Could information render for what cause,

In what way, and with what auxiliaries
This marvellous distraction did they
Commit, hastening the sad career of death.

Scipio.—My very bosom was it enrapt by chance
With barbarous arrogance and foul death replete,
And empty found of cruelty? Is it by chance
Unto my nature foreign that I use
Benignity and clemency to the foe
Vanquished, as most the victor it becomes?
Ill would you hold it, if indeed were known
The valor of Numantia in my breast,
To vanquish and to pardon equally born.

Classic and Romantic Drama.

In their dramatic literature the nations of Europe all made idols of their favorite authors, against whom adverse criticism was prohibited. As the French worship Corneille or Racine, the English pay to Shakespeare almost the honors of a god, while Calderon in Spain and Schiller in Germany are also regarded with the deepest veneration. As English critics have rebuked with severity the preference which, in speaking of Alfieri, has been given to the classical school, the French have censured, with no less severity, the taste for the romantic drama of Calderon. To distinguish between the two conflicting systems, the terms classical and romantic were long employed, though it would, perhaps, be difficult to attach to them any precise meaning. All these nations have agreed to apply the term classical not only to those whose productions are directly imitated from the Greeks and Romans, but to those who have adhered with sufficient closeness to such models. Yet, delighting

in the study of their own popular traditions, and deeply imbued with the feelings and ideas of the middle ages, they gave their attention more to the vein of poetry contained in their own antiquities than to those of foreign lands. Thus arose the style of chivalric poetry which develops feelings of patriotism and magnifies our ancestors in the eyes of their posterity. To this the Germans gave the name of romantic, because such was the language of the troubadours, who first excited these new emotions; because the civilization of modern times began with the Roman nations, and because the poetry, like the language of those nations, was stamped with the twofold character of the Roman world and of the Teutonic tribes which subdued it. Spain was the birthplace of the romantic as of other forms of the drama; for under that term cannot be properly classed the melodrama, with its false and exaggerated sentiment, its improbability and its violation of the rules of dramatic art, to say nothing of common sense.

III.

Lopé de Vega.

We have already seen what, according to Cervantes, was the origin of the Spanish theatre and what Cervantes himself accomplished in its cause. We have also seen how he admired the genius of Lopé de Vega, who practically created the national drama of his country and alone produced a larger number of plays than all the other dramatists of his age. Notwithstanding the specific gravity of his writings, nowhere shall we find a truer representative of the Spain of Philip II than in this voluminous poet, who, after suffering the hardships of poverty and exile, and the pangs of passion, sailed against the foes of the faith in the Invincible Armada, subsequently became a member of the Inquisition and of the order of St. Francis, and after having been decorated by the pope with the cross of Malta, honored by the nobility and idolized by the nation, ended his days with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips. From the plays of such a writer we may best learn the manners and sentiments, the ideas of religion and honor of the Spain of the Philippine age, the age when she was most prominent in the eyes of Europe and most glorious

in her own. With all its inventiveness and vigor, the genius of Lopé primarily set itself to the task of pleasing the public—the very spirit of whose inner as well as its outer life is mirrored in his works. In them we have, in the words of Lopé's French translator, Baret, "the movement, the clamor, the conflict of unforeseen intrigues suitable to unreflecting spectators; perpetual flatteries addressed to an unextinguishable national pride; the painting of passions dear to a people never tired of admiring itself; the absolute sway of the point of honor; the deification of revenge; the adoration of symbols; buffoonery and burlesque, everywhere beloved of the multitude, but here never defiled by obscenities; for this people has a sense of delicacy, and the foundation of its character is nobility; lastly, the flow of proverbs which at times escape from the gracioso, the comic servant domesticated in the Spanish drama by Lopé, the commonplace literature of those who possess no other."

Biography of Lopé.

Lopé Felix de Vega Carpio was born at Madrid on the 25th of November, 1562, fifteen years after Cervantes. His relations, who were noble, though poor, gave him the basis of a liberal education, and in consequence of their death before he entered the university, he was sent there by the inquisitor-general, Don Jeronimo Manriquiz, completing his studies at Alcala. Prodigies of imagination and learning are related of him even at this early period. The duke of Alva, soon after his marriage, took him into his employment as secretary,

but being forced into an affair of honor, Lopé inflicted a dangerous wound on his adversary and was compelled to seek safety in flight. He passed some years in exile, and on his return lost his wife. The grief which he felt upon this occasion, added to his religious and patriotic zeal, drove him into the army, and he took service with the "Invincible Armada," which was intended to place England under the Spanish yoke and was itself almost annihilated. On his return to Madrid he again married, and for some time lived happily in the bosom of his family; but the death of his second wife determined him to renounce the world and enter into orders.

Notwithstanding this change, Lopé continued, to the end of his life, to cultivate poetry with so wonderful a facility that a drama of more than two thousand lines, intermingled with sonnets and enlivened with all kinds of unexpected incidents and intrigues, frequently cost him no more than the labor of a single day. He tells us himself that he has produced more than a hundred plays, which were represented within twenty-four hours after their first conception. What has before been said of the wonderful facility of Italian improvisatori applies with equal truth to the Spaniards, in whose language and metres it was more difficult to compose; but of the hundreds of Castilian improvisatori, who expressed themselves in verse with the same ease as in prose, Lopé was the most remarkable, for the task of versification seems never to have retarded his progress. His friend and biographer, Montalvan, has remarked that he composed more rapidly than his amanuensis could copy.

While Cervantes did much for the Spanish drama, it

was by Lopé de Vega that its national forms were permanently established. Selecting from his ruder predecessors all the varieties that were best worth preserving, he molded them into the shapes best adapted to the capabilities of the stage, as he found it, toward the close of the sixteenth century. While others aided in the work, Lopé was the true founder of the modern drama, not only in Spain, but to a great extent in all European countries, which borrowed largely from the two great southern nations that gave to the secular stage its earliest development, after emerging from the darkness of the middle ages. Not only in giving form and cohesion to the drama, but in the fertility and variety of his own productions, Lopé has no rival among modern authors. His plays and other works almost taxed the powers of the printing press, so that their very number greatly injured his reputation, notwithstanding their general excellence. It is estimated that his writings contained more than 21,000,000 lines and covered about 133,000 large and closely written sheets of paper, a quantity which few ordinary men could copy within the span of a lifetime. Doubtless, if he had written one-tenth as much, his labors would have been ten times as effectual; yet in his own special line, as a comedian, he is unrivaled except by Calderon.

The managers of the theatres, who always kept him on the spur, left him no time either to read or revise his compositions, and with inconceivable fertility he produced 1,800 comedies and 400 autos sacramentales, in all 2,200 dramas, of which about 300 have been published in 25 quarto volumes. His other poems were

reprinted at Madrid in 1776, under the title of the detached works of Lopé de Vega, in 21 volumes in quarto. His prodigious literary labors produced money as well as glory, and he amassed 100,000 ducats; but his treasures did not long abide with him. The poor ever found his purse open to them, and the pomp and extravagance characteristic of Castilians soon dissipated his wealth. After living in splendor, he died almost in poverty.

No poet ever enjoyed in his lifetime so much of glory and adulation. When and wherever he showed himself, a crowd surrounded him and saluted him as "the prodigy of nature." Children followed him with cries of pleasure, and every eye was fixed upon him. The religious college of Madrid, of which he was a member, elected him their president; Pope Urban VIII presented him with the cross of Malta, the title of Doctor of Theology and the diploma of treasurer of the Apostolic chamber, marks of distinction which he owed at least as much to his fanatical zeal as to his poems. In the midst of the homage thus rendered he died on the 26th of August, 1635, having attained the age of seventy-three. His obsequies were celebrated with royal pomp. Three bishops in their pontifical habits officiated for three days at the funeral of the "Spanish phœnix," as he is called in the title page of his comedies, his writings being alone sufficient to furnish forth a library of no insignificant proportions. He wrote negligently and he matured nothing; his great and incontestable merit was that he gave the Spanish stage a range and scope of which it had not before been thought capable, and

taught his contemporaries how to find dramatic situations and develop a plot.

Dramatic Productions of Lopé.

The plays of Lopé, in common with those of the national drama of Spain in general, are divided into classes which it is not always easy to keep distinct from one another; nor were they perhaps so intended. After composing, in early youth, eclogues, pastoral plays and allegorical moralities in the style of the monastic drama, he began his active career at Madrid about 1590, and the pieces which he henceforth produced have been distributed under the following heads: First, the so-called *comedias de capa y espada*—not comedies proper, but dramas, the principal personages in which are taken from the classes of society which wore cloak and sword. Gallantry is their main theme; an interesting and complicated, but well-constructed and perspicuous intrigue their chief feature, and this is usually accompanied by an underplot in which the gracioso plays his part. This is the favorite species of the national Spanish theatre; and to the plots of such plays the drama of other nations owes a debt almost incalculable in extent. Second, the *comedias heroicas* are distinguished by some of their personages being of royal or exalted rank, and by their themes being often historical and largely taken from national annals, or founded on contemporary or recent events. Hence they exhibit a greater gravity of tone; but in other respects there is little difference between them and the cloak and sword comedies with which they

share the element of comic underplots. Third, plays whose scene is laid in common life, but for which no special name appears to have existed.

Meanwhile, both Lopé and his successors were too devoted sons of the church not to acknowledge, in some sort, her claim to influence the drama. This claim, indeed, she had never relinquished, even when she could no longer retain control over the stage, and, for a time, was able to reassert it; for the exhibition of all secular plays was prohibited by Philip II, then on his deathbed, and so remained for two or three years. Lopé, with his usual versatility, proceeded to supply religious plays of various kinds. After a few dramas on scriptural subjects he turned to the legends of the saints, and of these he wrote many which were accepted as a later Spanish variety of the miracle-play. He also threw himself with special zeal and success into the composition of another kind of religious play—a development of the English Corpus Christi pageants, in honor of which all the theatres were required to close their doors for a month. These were the famous autos sacramentales—*i. e.*, solemn acts or proceedings in honor of the sacrament, and which were performed in the open air by actors who had filled the cars of the sacred procession. They were arranged on a fixed scheme, comprising a prologue in dialogue form between two or more actors in character, a farce, and the auto proper, an allegorical scene of religious purport. As an example of the last may be cited the *Bridge of the World,* in which the prince of darkness in vain seeks to defend the bridge against the knight of the cross, who finally leads the soul of Man

in triumph across it. This long-lived popular species, together with the old dramatic dialogue known as the eclogues, completes the list of the several varieties of Lopé's dramatic works.

The Discreet Revenge.

Intrigue is the essence of the secular drama of Spain. In the vast majority of plays we discover a complication of incidents, love-affairs, stratagems and combats, which are sufficiently extraordinary and by no means easy to follow, especially if we measure them by the standards of other nations; so that strangers often find great difficulty in following the thread of a piece represented upon the stage of a Madrid theatre, while the Spaniards themselves can trace it with perfect facility. Let us take, for instance, *The Discreet Revenge,* a national and historic drama, one of the simplest of its kind, and partly for that reason possessed of unusual merit. The scene is laid in Portugal, in the reign of Alfonso III. The hero is Don Juan de Meneses, the favorite of the king, who was compelled to defend himself against the dark intrigues of a number of envious courtiers. At the opening of the play he is seen with his squire, Tello, waiting until his cousin, Donna Anna, of whom he is enamored, shall come forth from church. His rival, Vasco Nuño, accompanied by his friend, Ramiro, then arrives, also with the object of paying attention to the lady. At length she appears at the door of the sanctuary, and chancing to drop her glove, the two gallants rush forward to catch it. This incident causes a dispute;

angry looks pass, and defiances are interchanged. Donna Anna, in order to prevent a quarrel, decides against her cousin in favor of Nuño, to whom, however, she is indifferent. Having dismissed them both, she returns to the stage to justify herself to Meneses, and to satisfy him that she has only pretended to prefer his rival in order to prevent a dangerous quarrel. This scene, which serves as an exposition of the plot, is intended to give us an insight into the happy love of Meneses, his jealous disposition, and the rivalry of Nuño.

The second scene represents Alonzo's council of state, and here it may be remarked that in Spanish, as in English dramas, it is not the entrance of a fresh actor which constitutes a new scene, but the appearance of characters in a situation or place which has no immediate connection with the preceding.

Alonzo had been raised to the throne of Portugal by a party which had deposed his brother, Sancho, a negligent, voluptuous and incapable prince. The former had been married to a French princess named Matilda, the heiress of the countess of Boulogne, a lady fifty years of age, while her husband was a youth. Having no children by her, and no prospect of an heir, he was desirous of divorcing the princess, who had not followed him into Portugal. The reasons of state, the wish of settling the succession to the crown, on the one hand, and on the other the rights of Matilda, are discussed in council with much dignity. Vasco Nuño and Ramiro persuade the king to demand a divorce from the pontiff Clement IV, which the latter could not refuse. Don Juan de Men-

eses, on the contrary, is desirous that the king should divide all the pleasures of royalty with her from whom he derived his revenues when he had no realm of his own.

Alonzo puts an end to the discussion, which was growing warm, between Nuño and Meneses, but desires the latter to remain, for he had made proof of his fidelity amid the greatest misfortunes. He informs him that he has not only determined to divorce Matilda, but to marry Beatrix, the daughter of Alfonso X of Castile, who had offered the kingdom of Algarves as a dowry, and having selected him as his ambassador to the court of Seville, he commands him to depart the same night, and to preserve the strictest silence. Don Juan frankly avows that he feels great regret in being compelled to leave his cousin at the moment when he is disputing her love with a rival who may bear away the prize; but Alonzo promises to attend himself to the interests of his friend, and to watch over his mistress. Juan, however, does not place implicit confidence in his promise, and orders his squire to keep guard at night around the mansion of his beloved. He religiously preserves the secret intrusted to him, and departs without taking leave of Donna Anna, being compelled even to neglect an appointment which she had herself made with him for that very evening.

It was not without good grounds that Meneses had ordered Tello to keep guard during the night. Nuño, Ramiro, and their squire, Rodrigo, approach the mansion of Donna Anna. It was the hour at which she had appointed to meet Don Juan, whom she imagines she

sees in the person of Nuño. Tello, who is watching, contrives by an artifice to learn their names, but, as they are three to one, he does not venture to attack them. While he is observing them at a distance, the king appears at the bottom of the same street. Tello, without recognizing him, requests his assistance, and a scene takes place which, whimsical as it is, from its excess of chivalric spirit, yet possesses both truth and originality:

Tello.—A cavalier advances to the grate;
Strange as it is, I'll speak at any rate.

Alonzo.—Who's there?

Tel.—Put up your sword! One who demands
Naught but a favor, Seignor, at your hands.

Alo.—So late, and in this lonely place address'd,
Who, think you, will attend to such request?

Tel.—He who boasts gentle blood; and you are he,
As in your noble countenance I see.

Alo.—True, I'm a gentleman; and, by God's grace,
One also of a known and noble race.

Tel.—You know the laws of honor, then; the best
Of all the code is to defend the oppress'd.

Alo.—But first 'tis meet we know who's in the right.

Tel.—To cut the matter short, pray, will you fight?

Alo.—You're not a robber! I can scarce think so,
Judging you from your cloak.

Tel.—No, marry, no.
Fear it not.

Alo.—Well! what would you have me do?

Tel.—Behind that grating does an angel dwell,
And he who loves her left me sentinel,
To guard her safety in his absence hence.
You see those men? You see the difference:
'Tis three to one. Now, if you'll lend a hand,
I'll cudgel them till none of them can stand.

Alo.—You've puzzled me. I am a knight, 'tis true,
And therefore am I bound to stand by you.
And yet, methinks, 'tis indiscreet in us
To meddle in a stranger's quarrel thus.

Tel.—Pho! never fear! let but the rascals see
That I have got another man with me,
I'll settle them, though three or thirty-three.

Alo.—Fear! in my life I never yet knew fear!
I only dread our enemies should hear
Of this adventure, and should say of it
That it displays our rashness, not our wit.
Tell me his name whose place to-night you fill,
I promise I'll stick by you, come what will.

Tel.—Exceeding good—you promise—his name is
Don Juan de Meneses.

Alo.—Why, then this
Most lucky is; his dearest friend am I;
So take your sword, we'll strike them instantly.

Tel.—You gentlemen there! peeping through the blind,
March off! or I shall break your heads, you'll find.

Nuño.—Pray, are you arm'd to carry the thing through?

Tel.—Arm'd! like the devil.

Rodrigo.—Kill the rascal, do. (They fight.)

Tel.—Now help, Sir knight.

Rod.—The bully fights, I swear!

Nuño.—Forbear, or you'll disgrace this house.—Forbear!

Tel.—A coward's poor excuse!

Alo.—Follow them out.

Tel.—O let me kiss a thousand times the spot
On which you stand. Could but the king have seen
Your valorous deeds, you shortly would have been
His general at Ceuta.

Alo.—Sir, my rank
Is such that at his table I have drank.

Tel.—What feints! what thrusts! what quickness! and what fire!
May I not know what I so much desire,
Your name?

Alo.—I'd really tell you, had I power;
Come to the palace your first vacant hour.
Tel.—But if I come, how shall I know you then?
Alo.—Give me some trifle that you prize not; when
You see me next, I'll hand it you again.
Tel.—I've naught about me that is useless. Yes,
I've got my purse, which very useless is,
For it is always empty—here, take this!
Alo.—What, empty!
Tel.—Aye, good Seignor: squires like me
Boast very little silver, as you see.

We may easily imagine that a very diverting scene occurs in the second act, when the king restores his purse to Tello, and thus discloses his name. The monarch inquires whether Tello is willing to receive a present, and the squire answers him by saying that when his father died he gave particular directions that one hand should be left out of the grave, in order that he might be able to receive what any one might be disposed to give. The king then bestows a pension upon him and the dignity of an alcalde of St. John, to which office is attached the privilege of having a key to every fortress.

In the second act Don Juan de Meneses returns to Portugal with Beatrix of Castile. This princess, the most amiable and beautiful woman of her age, feels as lively a passion for Alonzo as that with which the monarch is himself inspired. With the approbation of the council of state, the marriage is celebrated before a dispensation for that purpose has been obtained from Rome. The attachment of Alonzo to Beatrix only

strengthens the gratitude which he feels toward Meneses, so that he confides to him the direction of all his affairs; every petitioner is referred to him; and the jealousy of the courtiers is thus augmented and confirmed. His ruin is sworn by all, and they attempt to destroy him by the most perfidious artifice. Nuño, above all, endeavors to wound him in the tenderest point, demanding from the king the hand of Donna Anna de Meneses. He has already won the approbation of her father, and promises to procure her own consent under her hand. Don Juan undertakes to offer no opposition to their union, provided he is furnished with this proof of the infidelity of his mistress. Nuño deceitfully procures a paper by which Donna Anna appears to give her consent. The jealousy of the two lovers is thus raised to the highest pitch; but a meeting and an explanation take place.

In the third act Nuño attempts to awaken the jealousy of Donna Anna by persuading her that Don Juan is in love with Inez, one of the maids of honor to the queen, whilst his friend Don Ramiro addresses her, and makes proposals of marriage as if from Don Juan. Inez receives the overture with great joy, and announces it to the queen. This news reaches the ears of Donna Anna, and in an interview with her lover, instead of soothing him, she excites him to challenge Nuño. She tells him that when she prevented a quarrel formerly, her love only was in question, but that now her jealousy is awakened; that his danger is nothing in comparison with her sufferings, and that she can no longer listen to the voice of prudence. Before Meneses

is able to meet Nuño, a fresh intrigue at court exposes him to the greatest danger. The pontiff refuses the dispensation for the divorce of the king and his marriage with Beatrix. The king and the princess are overwhelmed. The countess of Boulogne, being unwilling that her marriage should be dissolved, had written to Rome to oppose the divorce. The enemies of Don Juan present to the king a forged letter, as from the countess to Juan, in order to establish an understanding between them, and to induce a belief that the favorite had been secretly intriguing at Rome against the king and queen. Alonzo is enraged at the idea of being betrayed by his friend. He orders him to be arrested, and without examination or hearing condemns him to death. The office of arresting him is given to his enemies, and he is taken into custody by Ramiro. The following is the scene in which he is arrested:

Juan.—I yield me to the king's commands, nor fear
To lose the royal favor, on his truth
Securely resting. From these prison walls,
Like Joseph, shall I step victoriously
In glory. Yet I grieve, noble Ramiro,
My tongue may utter not what my heart would—
You understand me.

Ramiro.—All things have their end,
And so shall thy capitvity, and then
Fair answer will I grant thee if thou seek'st it.

Juan.—So be it, and these words of thine shall be
My consolation.

Vasco.—It is little fitting
To cast defiance at the very moment
When you are rendering up your sword; and yet

Methinks it hath not shed such blood in Afric
That it should blanch the cheek of bold Ramiro.

Juan.—Vasco de Acuña, I do marvel not
At these adverse mutations of my fortune;
But yet I do admire to see ye three
Building ambitious hopes upon my ruin,
Because the king is but a man, and ye
Think to deceive him. Maugre all the envy
Bred in you by his favors shown to me,
All of you know how well this sword, which now
I render up, has served the king at Coimbra,
And at Algarves, too, if not in Afric.
But wherefore do I weakly tax myself
To satisfy your furious hate? There, take it;
But know that speedily ye all shall pay me
For this foul injury.

Vas.—Wert thou not prisoner
Thou wouldst not thus have boasted.

Juan.—My good friend Nuño, be not so hard with me.

Ram.—Advance! March forward, guard.

Juan.—Tello!

Tello.—My lord!

Juan.—Tello, remember you relate this scene.

The biting taunt of Nuño, who reproaches Juan with presuming not on his strength, but on his weakness, could not be put into the mouth of any man who was not highly sensitive upon the point of honor. In fact, the traitors of the Spanish stage are never cowards. The public would not have suffered so shameful a representation.

Anna de Meneses, who is still passionately in love with Juan, succeeds in delivering him from prison. This she accomplishes through the faithful Tello, who holds the key of the fortress, and through the zeal of Inez,

who fearlessly exposes herself on behalf of him whom she believes her lover. Donna Anna and Juan experience a peculiar pleasure in availing themselves of these deceitful practices, and as soon as the latter is at liberty, instead of attempting to justify himself, he turns upon his enemies their own arms. By his procurement, certain forged letters are conveyed to the king, from which it would appear that the enemies of Don Juan have been guilty of the very treasons with which he had been charged. The hostile courtiers are consequently exiled, and Juan is restored to favor, while the general satisfaction is augmented by the news, which at this time arrives, of the death of the countess of Boulogne, by which the legality of the nuptials between Alonzo and Beatrix is firmly established.

The Comedy of Intrigue.

It should be remembered that the above is an analysis of a play which probably did not cost its author more than four-and-twenty hours to compose, though one of the best for giving an idea of the peculiar methods of Lopé's comedies, and of the new characters which he gave to the Spanish drama. His works are as much removed from the perfection of the later romantic writers as from that of the authors of antiquity; nor could anything else be expected from the unexampled haste with which he wrote. Some of his productions are very rudely composed, though most of them are lighted up with sparks of genius, and it was by these brilliant traces of superior talent, as well as by the wonderful

fecundity of his pen, that Lopé de Vega wrought so great a change in the dramatic literature of his country.

Cervantes had originated the idea of a grand and severe style of tragedy; but after the appearance of Lopé, neither tragedy nor comedy, properly speaking, was to be found. Novels and romances usurped the Spanish stage, though not, as yet, the romantic drama. A Spanish comedy, as a German critic remarks, is properly a dramatic novel; like a novel, its interest may be either of a tragic or comic or historical nature, or it may be purely poetical. The rank of the characters cannot assign the class to which it belongs. Princes and potentates, in their places, contribute to the carrying on of the plot, as well as valets and lovers, and they are all mingled together whenever the exigencies of the story render it probable. Not that portrayal of character, nor a satirical vein, is essential either to the Spanish drama or to the novel. The burlesque and the tender, the vulgar and the pathetic, may be mingled together without destroying the spirit of the piece; for the object of the poet is not to keep alive any special emotion. He does not attempt to give a longer duration to the emotion of the spectators than to their laughter. The whole piece turns upon a complicated intrigue, which excites their attention and curiosity; and he thus fills his historical plays with the most extraordinary adventures, and his sacred dramas with miracles.

In the comedies of the cloak and sword, or, as they might properly be called, of intrigue, Lopé has almost ignored probability in the order and connection of his scenes. His chief object was to excite interest by the

situations in which his characters were placed, and by the working out of his plot. One intrigue is interwoven with another, and the intricacy of the plot increases, until the author, to terminate the whole, cuts asunder all the knots he cannot otherwise unravel, and marries all the couples who present themselves to him as candidates for that ceremony. Reflections and maxims of prudence are frequently to be met with in the course of his comedies, but of morality, strictly so called, there is not the slightest trace; for the public, for whom he wrote, would not have permitted him to dilate on a subject with which they had already been surfeited from the pulpit. The gallantry on which every intrigue is founded is of the most extravagant nature; not the slightest regard is paid to its decorum; and if it is partially regulated by principles of honor, this is the best that can be said for it. When the passions are portrayed, they possess all the impetuous temperament of the nation. In the reveries of his lovers, Lopé exhibits a fund of romantic declamation, and a jeux d'esprit quite inexhaustible. "Love excuses everything" was the maxim of the fashionable circles of Madrid; and on this authority the basest perfidies and the most scandalous intrigues are represented. His cavaliers draw their swords on every trifling occasion; and to inflict a wound, or even death, is a matter of little moment.

Sacred Dramas.

The sacred pieces of Lopé de Vega depict, in very faithful colors, the religious spirit of his times, and in

common with his other works, form an exact picture of the prevailing manners. They are a strange mixture of catholic piety, fantastic imagination, and noble poetry. The lives of the saints possess more dramatic effect than the sacramental acts; but, on the other hand, the religious mysteries in the latter are expressed, by means of the allegories, with greater dignity. Of all the works of Lopé, the lives of the saints are written with the least observance of dramatic rules, exhibiting the most incongruous union of characters. Allegorical personages, buffoons, saints, rustics, scholars, kings, the infant Christ, God the Father, the devil, and all the heterogeneous beings which the most grotesque imagination can conceive, are here made to act and converse together

Tragedies.

All these pieces were known by the general designation of the *Gran Comedia,* or *Comedia famosa,* whether the event is fortunate, comic or tragic. Yet in the edition of his dramatic works which Lopé himself published, are several pieces distinguished by the name of tragedies. Of these, the story was in general borrowed from antiquity; for the author seemed to imagine that no modern action was sufficiently dignified to deserve the title of tragic. But there is nothing to authorize the distinction; for these pieces by Lopé possess neither a grander development, nor deeper emotions, nor a more elevated strain of language than the less pretentious compositions of other writers. Their style is universally the same. The author has endeavored to render it poet-

ical, but not to give it an air of grandeur. He has enriched it with the most brilliant images, and has adorned it by the exercise of his imagination; but he has failed either to dignify it or to give it a uniform elevation. His characters speak like poets, not like men of distinguished rank; and they never preserve the tone in which they commence their conversation. Of the two pieces which properly bear the name of tragedies—*Nero* and *Orpheus*—both must be ranked amongst his very worst productions.

Characteristics of Lopé's Drama.

Notwithstanding the harshness and coarseness of style which often mar the dramas of Lopé de Vega, it cannot be said that the reader is fatigued by their perusal, that the action flags, or that we feel the impatience and lack of interest so often occasioned by the plays of French authors of inferior rank. Our curiosity is awakened by the rapidity of action, by the multiplicity of events, by the increasing complications, and by the impossibility of foreseeing the development; and these are preserved in all their vivacity from the first scene to the last. His pieces are often open to severe criticism; indeed, they are sometimes even beneath criticism; yet they uniformly excite a desire to discover the event. It is probably to his art of explaining all the circumstances by the acts of his characters that Lopé owes this advantage. He always opens his scenes by some imposing incident, which forcibly attracts and captivates the attention of the spectator. His performers

proceed to action as soon as they appear on the stage, and he discloses their characters more fully by their conduct than by a recital of anterior occurrences. Curiosity is awakened by his busy scenes, while we listen mechanically to the recitals which explain the French pieces; and only because they are absolutely requisite in order to understand the play.

In the dramas of Lopé, his principal characters are always displayed, and each circumstance developed in its proper place, so that there is no need of any other exposition, while the poet always attracts the eye and commands the attention of his audience, from the commencement. In *The Certain for the Doubtful*, for instance, a drama founded on the jealous rivalry of Don Pedro, king of Castile, and his brother Don Henry, both of whom are enamored of Donna Juana, daughter of the adelantado of Castile, the scene opens in the streets of Seville in the midst of the festivals and rejoicings on the eve of Saint John. The lively strains of musical instruments and of the human voice are heard on every side; dances are made up before the audience; the nobility of the kingdom partake in the diversions of the people, or avail themselves of that opportunity to carry on their intrigues: and at last Don Henry and Don Pedro are introduced in a manner sufficiently striking to awaken general curiosity.

Historic Plays.

In *Poverty is no Crime*, in which the scene is laid in Flanders during the wars of Philip II and under the

government of the count de Fuentes, the opening is in the highest degree attractive and romantic. Rosela, a Flemish lady of noble birth, has retired to her gardens at a short distance from Brussels. She is there attacked by four Spanish soldiers, who, long deprived of their pay and suffering from want, attempt to rob her of her jewels. Mendoza, the hero of the piece, who was serving as a private soldier in the same army, unexpectedly arrives, meanly apparelled. He defends the Flemish lady, recovers her jewels, and conducts her to a place of safety. Having gained her affections by this generous action, he confides to her care his sister, who has accompanied him to Flanders, and then sets forth for the siege of Catelet, with the count de Fuentes.

Lopé de Vega appears to have studied the history of Spain, and to have been filled with noble enthusiasm for the glory of his country, which he incessantly endeavors to support. His dramas cannot be strictly called historical, like those of Shakespeare; that is to say, he has not selected the great events of the state, so as to form a political drama; but he has connected romantic intrigues with the most glorious occurrences in the records of Spain, and has so interwoven romance with history that eulogies on the heroes of his nation become an essential and inseparable part of his poems. It was not to afford the audience the pleasure of witnessing a ridiculous battle, as in the effeminate theatre in Italy, that the siege of Catelet, in which Mendoza distinguished himself, is partly displayed on the stage; it was for the purpose of affording the count de

Fuentes, in arraying his army, the opportunity of rendering to each of his officers, and to each of his brave warriors, that tribute of glory which posterity has accorded to them. Although these pieces are inferior to many others in point of composition, yet the patriotic sentiments of the author, and his zeal for the glory of his nation, give them a deeper interest than is possessed by those which are more distinguished by poetic beauties.

The Law of Honor.

In the faithful pictures of Spanish manners which Lopé has presented to us, the most striking feature is the extreme susceptibility of Spanish honor. The slightest coquetry of a mistress, of a wife or a sister, is an insult to the lover, the husband or the brother, which can only be obliterated by blood. This mad jealousy was communicated to the Spanish by the Arabians. Its existence among the latter, and indeed among all oriental nations, may easily be accounted for, because it is in accordance with their national habits. They keep the female sex in close confinement; they never pronounce their names, nor do they ever seek any intercourse with them until they have them absolutely in their power. Indulging only emotions of love and jealousy in their harems, they seem in every other place to forget the existence of the sex. The manners of the Spaniards were entirely opposite; their whole lives were consecrated to gallantry; every individual was enamored of some woman who was not in his power, and made no scruple of entering into the

most indelicate intrigues to gratify his passions. The most virtuous heroines made assignations in the night-time, at their chamber windows; they received and wrote billets; and they went out masked to meet their lovers in the house of a third person. So completely was this gallantry supported by the spirit of chivalry that, when a married woman was pursued by her husband or by her father, she invoked the first person whom she chanced to meet, without knowing him or disclosing herself to him. She requested him to protect her from her impertinent pursuers, and the stranger thus called upon could not, without dishonoring himself, refuse to draw his sword to procure for this unknown female a liberty perhaps criminal. He, however, who thus hazarded his life to secure the flight of a coquette, who had himself made many assignations and written many love-notes, would be seized with unappeasable fury if he discovered that his own sister had inspired any person with love, had entertained that passion for another, or had taken any of those liberties which are authorized by universal custom. Such a circumstance would be a sufficient motive in his eyes to put to death both his sister and the man who had ventured to speak to her of love.

The theatre of Spain everywhere affords us examples of the practical application of this singular law of honor. Besides various pieces of Lopé de Vega, many of those of Calderon, and among others the *Lady Spectre* and *The Devotion of the Cross,* place in the clearest light the contrast between the jealous fury of a husband or a brother, and the protection which they

themselves afford to any masked damsel who may ask it; who, as it often happens, is one of the identical persons they would have the greatest desire to restrain if they had known her. But the argument which a Castilian philosopher advances against these sanguinary manners in a comedy of an anonymous author of the court of Philip IV is still more extraordinary. A judge is speaking of a husband who has put his wife to death:

> Our worldly laws he has obey'd,
> But not those laws which God has made.
> My other self, now, is my wife;
> It is then clear, that if my life
> I must not take, I cannot do
> That violence to her. 'Tis true,
> Man very rarely can control
> The impulse which first moves his soul.

A singular morality, which would prohibit murder, only when it resembles suicide!

The Doubtful for the Certain.

In *The Doubtful for the Certain,* by Lopé de Vega, recently revived at Madrid, Donna Juana prefers Don Henry to his brother Pedro, the king, and to him she remains constant in spite of the passion of the monarch, who was neither less amiable, less young, nor less captivating. She endeavors in various ways to make known her attachment to Don Henry; and at last, when the king is on the point of receiving her future husband,

she begs to speak to him alone, hoping to free herself from him by a singular artifice.

Juana.—Don Pedro, I have ventured to confide
In your known valor and your generous wisdom,
To speak with you thus frankly. You must know,
Don Henry did address me, and I answer'd
His suit, though with a grave and modest carriage.
Never from him heard I unfitting words;
Never from him did I receive a line
Trenching upon mine honor; yet, believe me,
If I have answer'd not your love, I have
A deeper motive than you think of. Listen!
But no! how can I tell such circumstances,
And yet the hazard only may be blamed—
Doth not my cheek grow pale?

The King.—Oh, I am lost!
Juana, I am lost! my love begets
A thousand strange chimeras. What shall I
Believe of this thy treachery—of thy honor?
Oh speak; nor longer torture me; I know
The hazards wherewith lovers are environed.

Jua.—I seek choice words, and the disguise of rhetoric,
And yet the simple truth will best excuse me.
I and Don Henry—he was speaking to me—
Descended the great staircase of the palace—
I cannot tell it—will you let me write it?

The K.—No, tarry not, my patience is exhausted.

Jua.—I said we did descend the staircase.—No,
Not the doom'd criminal can be more moved
Than I am at this tale.

The K.—In God's name, hasten!

Jua.—Wait a little while.

The K.—You torture me.

Jua.—Nay, I will tell you all.
My blood creeps through each artery drop by drop.

The K.—Oh, end this tale!

Jua.—Alas! my lord, my crime was very light.
Well, Henry then approach'd me.

The K.—Well! and then?

Jua.—His mouth ('twas by some fatal accident)
Met mine. Perchance he only sought to speak;
But in the obscurity of night he did
Unwittingly do this discourtesy.
Now, then, you know the hidden fatal reason
Why I can never be your wife.

The K.—I know,
Juana, that this tale is the mere coinage
Of your own brain. I know, too, that Don Henry
Hath not yet sought his exile, that he lingers
In Seville, plotting how to injure me.
I know that they will say it ill becomes
One of my rank to struggle for your love;
That wise men, and that fools will all agree
In telling me I have forgot my honor.
But I am wounded. Jealousy and love
Have blinded me; I equally despise
The wise man and the fool, and only seek
To satisfy the injury I feel.
Vengeance exists not undebased with fury,
Nor love untainted by the breath of folly.
This night will I assassinate Don Henry,
And he being dead, I will espouse thee. Then
Thou never canst compare his love with mine.
'Tis true that while he lives I can't espouse thee,
Seeing that my dishonor lives in him
Who hath usurp'd the place reserved for me;
But, while I thus avenge this crime, I feel
That it hath no reality, and yet
Though thine adventure be all false invented
To make me yield my wishes and renounce
My marriage, it suffices that it hath
Been only told to me, to seal my vengeance:
Or if love makes me credit aught of it,
Henry shall die, and I shall wed his widow;
Then, though the tale thou tellest were discover'd,
Thine honor and mine own will be uninjured.

It is neither a tyrant nor a madman who speaks. Don Pedro resolves to commit fratricide, not like a monster, but like a Spaniard, delicate upon the point of honor. He dispatches assassins by different routes to discover his brother. In the meantime, Don Henry marries Juana, and the king, when he thus finds the evil without remedy and his honor unimpaired, pardons the two lovers.

Revival of the Drama.

But less for his own account than as exhibiting the spirit of his age, and as exercising a powerful influence on succeeding generations, does Lopé de Vega deserve the honors accorded to him, not only by his own countrymen but by all real lovers of the drama. After a long interruption to dramatic art, and a silence of fifteen centuries in the theatres of Greece and Rome, Europe was suddenly surprised with the renewal of theatrical representations, and turned to them with delight. In every quarter the drama now revived; the eyes as well as the mind sought gratification in the charms of poetry, and genius was required to give to its creations action and life. In Italy tragedy had been already cultivated by Trissino, Rucellai and their imitators, during the whole of the sixteenth century, but without obtaining any brilliant success or attracting the admiration of the spectators, and it was only during the period which corresponds to the life of Lopé de Vega—1562-1635—that the first dramatic attempts of which Italy has reason to boast before those of Alfieri made their appear-

ance. The *Amyntas* of Tasso was published in 1572; the *Pastor Fido* in 1585; and the crowd of pastoral dramas which seemed to be the only representation adapted to the national taste of a people deprived of their independence, and of all military glory, were composed in the years which preceded or immediately followed the commencement of the seventeenth century. In England, Shakespeare was born two years after Lopé de Vega, and died nineteen years before him. His splendid genius raised the English theatre, which had its birth only a few years before, from a state of extreme barbarism, and bestowed on it the chief renown which it possesses. In France, even before the birth of Lopé, Jodelle had given to French tragedy the rules and the spirit which she has preserved in her maturity. Garnier, who was the first to polish it, was a contemporary of Lopé. The great Corneille, born in 1606, and Rotrou, born in 1609, attained to manhood before his death. Rotrou had, indeed, before that event given eleven or twelve pieces to the theatre; but Corneille did not publish the *Cid* until a year after the decease of the great Spanish dramatist.

In the midst of this universal devotion to dramatic poetry, we may well imagine the astonishment and surprise produced by one who seemed desirous of satisfying in himself the theatrical wants of all the world; one whose genius was never exhausted in startling and ingenious invention; who produced comedies in verse with more ease than others wrote sonnets, and who, while the Castilian tongue was in vogue, filled at one and the same moment, with pieces of endless variety,

all the theatres of the Spanish dominions, and those of Milan, Naples, Vienna, Munich and Brussels. The influence which he could not win from his age by the polish of his works, he obtained by their number. He exhibited the dramatic art as he had conceived it, in so many different manners, and under so many forms, to so many thousands of spectators, that he naturalized and established a preference for his style, gave direction to Spanish genius in dramatic art, and obtained over the foreign stage a very considerable influence. It is felt in the plays of Shakespeare and of his immediate successors; and is to be traced in Italy during the seventeenth century, but more particularly in France, where the mighty Corneille formed himself on the Spanish school, where Rotrou, Quinault, Thomas Corneille, Scarron and others, gave to the theatre scarcely any other than pieces borrowed from Spain, and where Castilian names and titles and manners were long in exclusive possession of the boards.

The works of Lopé de Vega are seldom read, more rarely translated, and are very infrequently met with even in detached collections of Spanish plays. The original edition of his pieces is to be found only in two or three of the most celebrated libraries in Europe. It is, therefore, necessary to regard somewhat closely a man who attained such eminent fame; who exercised so powerful and durable an influence not only over his native country but over all Europe, and over ourselves; yet with whom we have little acquaintance except by name. If extracts from pieces, often rudely sketched, may not interest those who seek only the masterpieces of litera-

ture, and care not for its rude materials; if the prodigious fertility of Lopé is no merit in the eyes of those who are readily fatigued with details; yet he deserves our attention as presenting a brilliant picture of the manners and opinions then prevalent in Spain. Nowhere else can we trace so clearly the prejudices and manners of the Spaniards, their conduct in America and their religious sentiments at an epoch which, in some measure, corresponds to the wars of the League. Here is set forth the character of a nation which, at that time, was armed for the conquest of the world, and which, after having long held the destinies of France in the balance, seemed on the point of reducing her under its yoke, and forcing her to receive its opinions, its laws, its manners and its religion.

The Life of the Valiant Cespedes.

A remarkable feature in all the chivalrous dramas of Spain is indifference to the commission of murder. There is hardly a single play of Lopé de Vega which does not discover in the national character a disregard for the life of others and a criminal indifference to evil, coupled with a certain admiration of men celebrated for their many homicides. Of this, among hundreds of other instances, there is a good example in the comedy entitled *The Life of the Valiant Cespedes.* It transports us to the camp of Charles V, shows us how those armies were composed which destroyed the Protestants and shook the German empire, and forms, in some sort, an historical picture of this reign, so remarkable in the

revolutions of Europe, by acquainting us with the character and private life of men whom we are accustomed to regard only in the mass.

It would be difficult to bring within the compass of a single play a greater number of murders and seductions, most of the former gratuitously perpetrated. How fatal must have been the effect of exhibiting to a people already prone to deeds of blood a character like Cespedes and representing him as the hero of his country! But there are many pieces still more dangerous. Violence in conflict with social order, and a sanguinary resistance to magistrates, corregidors and officers of justice have been too often displayed as the favorite form of heroism on the Spanish stage. Long before the robbers of Schiller appeared; long before the advent of chiefs of banditti in our melodramas, the Castilians had reserved all virtue, valor and nobility of mind as the special property of their outlaws. Many of the plays of the two great Spanish dramatists, Lopé de Vega and Calderon, have such a chieftain as their principal character, while inferior authors frequently chose their heroes from the same class. It is thus that *The Valiant Andalusian* of Christoval de Monroy y Silva, *The Redoubtable Andalusian* of a writer of Valencia and *The Robber Balthasar* of another anonymous author excited the interest of the spectators for a professed assassin, who executed the bloody commands of his relations and friends; who, pursued by justice, resisted the officers of a whole province, and left dead on the spot all who dared to approach him, and who, when the moment of submission at length arrived, obtained the divine pardon through the mirac-

ulous interposition of Providence, a prodigy which snatched him from the hands of his enemies, or, at all events, assured the salvation of his soul.

Plays of this description met with the most brilliant success. Neither the charm of poetry, so prodigally lavished in other dramas, nor the art of preserving probability in the plot were demanded, so long as the wondrous valor of the robber chief, and his still more wonderful successes, enchanted the populace. This was a glory of heroism appropriate to their own sphere of life, though one which it was highly important to suppress. In the literature of southern Europe we are often struck with the subversion of morals, the corruption of all just principles, and the general disorganization of society which it indicates; but if we candidly examine the institutions of the people, and consider their government, their religion, their education, their games and their public amusements, we ought rather to allow them credit for the virtues which they have retained, for not losing entirely the rectitude of sentiment and thought which is innate in the heart of man.

Conquest of Arauco.

Principles as evil in tendency, precepts as cruel, and fanaticism no less deplorable are met with in Lopé's *Conquest of Arauco*, though in this instance the piece is marked by a high strain of poetry, as well as supported by a lively interest. The subject is taken from the *Araucana* of Alonzo de Ercilla, and it commences after the election of Caupolican and his defeat of Val-

divia, the Spanish general who commanded in Chili, and who perished in battle about 1554. The struggle between the Spaniards, who combat for glory and for the establishment of their religion, and the Araucanians, who fight for liberty, affords room for the development of the noblest characters and for the most striking contrasts between a savage and civilized people. It is this contrast that forms one of the greatest beauties in Voltaire's *Alzire*, which deals with the same legend. Many of the scenes in Lopé's version are richer in poetry than anything else that he has composed. Doubtless, they would have been more impressive had they been more impartial, but the Araucans were enemies of the Spaniards, and the author considered that patriotism required him to give them a boasting character and to represent them as defeated in every action. Nevertheless, the general impression is one of admiration for the vanquished and horror at the cruelty of the conquerors.

While the Spaniards are installing the new governor of Chili, Caupolican celebrates his victory and places his trophies at the feet of the beautiful Fresia, who, no less valiant than himself, is delighted at finding in her lover the liberator of his country. The following, from the opening scene, is a fair specimen of what the author can do in the way of amorous poetry:

Caupolican.—Here, beauteous Fresia, rest;
Thy feather'd darts resign,
While the bright planet pours a farewell ray,
Gilding the glorious West,
And, as his beams decline,
Tinges with crimson light the expiring day.

Lo! where the streamlet on its way,
Soft swelling from its source,
Through flower-bespangled meads
Its murmuring waters leads,
And in the ocean ends its gentle course.
Here, Fresia, may'st thou lave
Thy limbs, whose whiteness shames the foaming wave.
Unfold, in this retreat,
Thy beauties, envied by the queen of night;
The gentle stream shall clasp thee in its arms;
Here bathe thy wearied feet!
The flowers with delight
Shall stoop to dry them, wondering at thy charms.
The trees a verdant shade shall lend;
From many a songster's throat
That swell the harmonious note;
The cool stream to thy form shall bend
Its course, and the enamored sands
Shall yield thee diamonds for thy beauteous hands.
All that thou see'st around,
My Fresia, is thine own!
This realm of Chili is thy noble dower!
Chased from our sacred ground,
The Spaniard shall for all his crimes atone,
And Charles' and Philip's iron reign is o'er.

Fresia.—Lord of my soul, my bosom's dream,
To thee yon mountains bend
Their proud aspiring heads;
The nymphs that haunt this stream,
With roses crown'd, their arms extend,
And yield thee offerings from their flowery beds.
But ah! no verdant tree that spreads
Its blissful shade, no fountain pure,
Nor feather'd choir, whose song
Echoes the woods among,
Earth, sea nor empire, gold nor silver ore,
Could ever to me prove
So rich a treasure as my chieftain's love.
I ask no brighter fame
Than conquest o'er a heart

To whom proud Spain submits her laurel'd head.
Thy spear hath rent the chain
That bound our Indian soil;
Her yoke so burthen'd by th' oppressor's hand,
Thou hast spurn'd with fierce disdain:
Hast robb'd the spoiler of his spoil,
Who sought by craft and force to subjugate thy land!

When the Indians are aware that the Spaniards are advancing to attack them, and that their god has revealed their approaching defeat, the warriors and their chiefs animate themselves for the combat by a warlike hymn of a very original character. Its effect depends in a great measure on that which precedes it, and on the grandeur of the scene and the music. At the extremity of the stage the Spaniards are seen on the ramparts of a fort, where they have sheltered themselves. The Indian tribes surround their chiefs, each one in turn menacing with vengeance the enemies of his country; the chiefs reply in chorus, and the army interrupts the warlike music by its acclamations, saluting its leader with the utmost enthusiasm.

An Indian Soldier.—Hail, Chief! twice crown'd by Victory's hands,
Victor o'er all Valdivia's bands,
Conqueror of Villagran.

The Army.—All hail, Caupolican!

Chorus of Chiefs.—Mendoza's fall will add fresh wreaths again.
Fall, tyrant, fall,
Th' avenger comes, alike of gods and men.

The Sol.—The God of Ind, Apo the thunderer, comes,
Who gave his valiant tribes these vast domains;
Spoil'd by the robbers from the ocean-plains,

Soon, soon, to fill ignoble tombs,
Slain by the conqueror of Villagran.

The Army.—Shout, shout, Caupolican!

The Cho.—The hero's eye is on thee; tyrant, fly!
No, thou art in his toils and thou must die,
Thou canst not fly,
Thou and thine impious clan.

The Army.—Hear, hear, Caupolican!

Caupolican.—Wretched Castilians yield,—our victims, yield;
Fate sits upon our arms;
Trust not these walls and towers,—they cannot shield
Your heads from vengeance now,
Your souls from wild alarms.

The Cho.—See laurels on his brow,
The threatening chief of Araucan.

The Army.—Caupolican!

The Cho.—Mendoza cast your laurels at his feet;
With tyrant-homage greet,
The chief of all his clan.

Tucapel.—Bandits, whom treason and the cruel thirst
Of yellow dust bore to our hapless shores,
Who boast of honor while your hands are curs'd
With chains and tortures Nature's self deplores,
Behold, we burst your iron yoke;
Your terrors fled, your savage bondage broke.

The Cho.—Behold the victor of your Villagran.

The whole Army.—Caupolican! Caupolican!

A number of battles succeed each other, in which the Indians, though they yield to the superior arms of the Europeans, yet never lose their courage. Their wives and children excite them to battle, and force them to combat when they seem willing to lend an ear to negotiation. At length Galvarino, one of the chiefs of the Araucans, is made prisoner, and Mendoza orders his

hands to be cut off, and directs him to be sent back in that state to his countrymen. Galvarino, on hearing this cruel sentence, thus replies to Mendoza:

> What is thine aim, conquest or chastisement?
> Though thou lop off these hands, yet still among
> Arauca's sons shall myriads yet be found
> To blast thy hopes; and as the husbandman
> Heads the fast-budding maize, to increase his store
> Of golden grain, so even these crimson hands
> Thou sever'st from my valiant arms, shall yield
> A thousand fold; for when the earth hath drunk
> My blood, an iron harvest she shall yield
> Of hostile hands, to enslave and bind thine own.

The execution of the sentence does not take place on the stage, but Alonzo de Ercilla, the epic poet, who acts an important part in this drama, brings the report of it:

> He seem'd to me all marble; scarce the knife
> With cruel edge had sever'd his left hand,
> Than he replaced it with his valiant right.

Galvarino arrives at a council of war of the Araucans, at the moment when the Caciques, being now dispirited, are on the point of concluding a peace. The sight of his mutilated arms kindles their rage afresh. Galvarino himself urges them in an eloquent harangue to avenge themselves, or to die in defense of their freedom; and another war is commenced, but with still less success than the former one. The Araucans, reassembled in the wood of Puren, celebrate a festival in honor of their deity. A female in the midst of them chants a beauti-

ful ode to the mother of Love, when they are on a sudden surprised by the Spaniards, who attack them with shouts of *San Jago* and *Cierra Espana*—their ancient war-cry. The Indians are nearly all slain; but Caupolican, overpowered by numbers, is at length made prisoner, and brought before Mendoza:

Mendoza.—What power hath thus reduced Caupolican?
Caupolican.—Misfortune and the fickle chance of war.
Men.—Misfortune is the just reward of all
That war with heaven. Thou wast a vassal to
The crown of Spain and dar'dst defy its power.
Cau.—Free-born, I have to the uttermost defended
My native land, her liberty and laws.
Yours have I ne'er attempted.
Men.—To our arms
Chili had soon submitted, hadst not thou resisted.
Cau.—Now she falls, and fetters bind
Their hands.
Men.—Through thee Valdivia perish'd; thou
Hast destroy'd cities, hast excited war,
Hast led thy people to revolt, hast slain
Our Villagran, and for him thou shalt die.
Cau.—'Tis true, my life is in thine hands; revenge
Thy monarch, trample Chili in the dust,
Yet with this life thy power o'er me must end.

The poet, however, to complete the triumph of Spain, was resolved on the conversion of the hero of the Araucans, and Caupolican embraces the religion of Mendoza, persuaded that his conqueror, more experienced and enlightened than himself, must be nearer to the true faith. Mendoza, after appearing as his godfather at the bap-

tism, abandons him to the executioner. He is seen on the scaffold, bound to a stake, and ready to be delivered to the flames, and Mendoza, addressing himself to a portrait of Philip II, exclaims:

> **Thus do we serve thee, Sire, and these rich plains,**
> **Satiate with Indian blood, we add to thy domains.**

One would imagine that the noble character given to Galvarino and Caupolican, the revolting punishment of a hero at the moment of his conversion, and the senseless reproach of insurrection addressed to an independent nation which merely attempts to repel invasion, were designedly placed before the eyes of the Castilians to inspire them with a horror of their cruelties. But such was not the author's intention. Thoroughly persuaded that the partition of the Indies by the pope had invested his sovereign with the dominion of America, he sincerely regarded the Araucans as rebels deserving of punishment; and, equally convinced that Christianity ought to be established by fire and sword, he shared with his whole heart in the zeal of the conquerors of America, whom he considered as soldiers of the faith. Moreover, he deemed the sacrifice of a hundred thousand idolatrous Indians as an offering highly acceptable to the Deity. The partiality of Spanish poets for their own nation is in general so great that they think it unnecessary to disguise the cruelty of its conduct toward those whom they have subjugated. That which is at this day so revolting to us in their history, was in their eyes a peculiar merit, and if Lopé excited a passing

interest in the heroism of Caupolican and his Indians, it was only for the purpose of exalting the virtues of the Valdivias, the Villagrans and the Mendozas. In this, moreover, he does but repeat the sentiments of those so-called heroes who dragged the banner of the cross through the blood of myriads of innocent victims, as they bore westward the glad tidings of Christianity.

Sacred Comedies.

The sacred pieces of Lopé de Vega, which form a very considerable part of his works, are in general so immoral and extravagant that, if we were to judge the poet after these alone, they would impress us with a very poor idea of his genius. It would be difficult to imagine anything more eccentric as a dramatic composition than the *Life of St. Nicholas of Tolentino*, of which Bouterwek has given an analysis. It commences with a conversation among a number of gay young students, one of whom is the future saint, already distinguished for his piety amid this libertine assembly. The devil, under disguise, mingles with the company; a spectre appears in the air, the heavens open, and God the Father is seen seated in judgment with Justice and Mercy, who solicit Him in turns. This imposing spectacle is followed by a love-scene between a lady named Rosalia and her lover, Feniso. The embryo saint, already a canon, preaches a sermon on the stage; his parents congratulate themselves on possessing such a son, and this concludes the first act. The second commences with a scene in which soldiers appear; the saint

arrives with some monks, and delivers a prayer in form of a sonnet. Brother Peregrine narrates his conversion as wrought by love; a subtle theological dispute succeeds; all the events of the life of the saint are reviewed; he prays a second time, and he is raised by his faith into the air, where the Virgin and St. Augustine descend to meet him. In the third act the holy winding-sheet is shown at Rome by two cardinals, and Nicholas assumes the habit of his order. During the ceremony the angels form an invisible choir; the devil is attracted by the music, and tempts the holy man, while souls are seen in the fire of purgatory. The devil retires surrounded by lions and serpents, but a monk exorcises him jestingly with a basin of holy water. The saint, now sufficiently tried, descends from heaven in a mantle spangled with stars: as soon as he touches the earth a rock opens; his father and mother ascend out of purgatory through the chasm, and he takes them by the hand and returns with them to heaven.

The *Life of St. Diego of Alcala* is sufficiently extravagant, though less so than the *St. Nicholas*. There are no allegorical personages, and no supernatural beings except a few angels and the devil, who robs Diego of some turnips, which he had himself stolen to distribute to the poor. Diego is a poor peasant, who attaches himself as a domestic to a hermit. Ignorant and humble, endowed with tender and amiable feelings, he displays many attractive qualities. When he culls the flowers to adorn a chapel, he asks their forgiveness for snatching them from their sylvan abode, and exhibits the same respect for the lives of animals, and for all the works

of the Creator. But he breaks at pleasure all bonds of relationship among those with whom God had placed him; he flies from the paternal roof without taking leave of his father or his mother, and he abandons even the old hermit, whom he served, without bidding him adieu. He enters as a brother into the Order of St. Francis, the habit of which he earnestly asks for, and notwithstanding his ignorance, the sanctity of Diego strikes the Franciscans so powerfully that they choose him for the keeper of their convent, and afterward send him as a missionary to convert the inhabitants of the Fortunate islands. He disembarks on the shore of the Canaries with a handful of soldiers while the natives are celebrating a festival, and thinks himself called on to begin the work of conversion with a massacre of the infidel inhabitants. The moment he beholds men whom from their clothing alone he recognizes as strangers to his faith, he rushes on them exclaiming, "This cross shall serve for a sword," encourages his men to slay them, and sheds bitter tears when he observes the Spaniards, instead of relying on the succor and interference of heaven, measuring with a worldly prudence the strength of their enemy, and refusing to attack a warlike and powerful people, who were wise enough to carry their arms even in a time of peace. On his return to Spain, Diego robs the garden, the kitchen and pantry of his convent, in order to relieve the poor. The principal monk surprises him in the act, and insists on seeing what he carried in his gown, but the meat which he had stolen is miraculously changed into a garland of roses. At length he dies, and the whole convent is instantly

filled with sweet perfume, while the air resounds with angelic music.

Autos Sacramentales.

However eccentric these compositions may be, we can readily imagine that the people were delighted with them. Supernatural beings, transformations and prodigies, were constantly presented to their eyes; their curiosity was the more vividly excited, as in the miraculous course of events it was impossible to predict what would next appear, and every improbability was removed by faith, which always came to the aid of the poet, with an injunction to believe what could not be explained. But the Autos Sacramentales of Lopé seem less calculated to please the crowd. They are infinitely more simple in their construction, and are mingled with a theology which the people would find it difficult to comprehend.

The greater part of these allegorical pieces are formed of long theological dialogues, dissertations and scholastic subtleties too tedious for perusal. But before the representation of an auto, and as if to indemnify the audience for the more serious attention about to be required of them, a loa or prologue, equally allegorical, and at the same time mingled with comedy, was first performed. After the auto, or between the acts, appeared an intermediate piece, entirely burlesque, and taken from common life; so that a religious feast never terminated without gross pleasantries and a humorous performance; as if a higher degree of devotion in the principal drama required, by way of compen-

sation, a greater degree of licentiousness in the minor parts.

All the dramas of Lopé are founded on real incidents which require study and a certain adherence to tradition. When these incidents are drawn from the history of Spain, they are treated with truth and fidelity as to manners and facts. But as the majority of Spanish comedies are of an heroic cast, and as combats, dangers and political revolutions are mingled with domestic events, the poet could not assign them to a particular time or place. The Spaniards, therefore, gave themselves full license to create imaginary kingdoms and countries; for to a great portion of Europe they were entire strangers, and they founded principalities and subverted empires at will. Especially Poland, Hungary and Macedonia, as well as the regions of the North, are countries always at their disposal for the purpose of introducing brilliant catastrophes on the stage. Neither the poet nor the spectators having any knowledge of the rulers of such countries, it was an easy matter at a time of so little historical accuracy to give birth to kings and heroes never noticed in history. It was in one of these imaginary realms that Francisco de Roxas placed his *Father, who could not be King,* from which Rotrou formed his Venceslas. It was in another that Lopé de Vega gave full reins to his imagination when he represents a female fugitive charitably entertained in the house of a poor gentleman of the Carpathian mountains, bringing him as her portion the crown of Hungary, in *The Unlooked-for Good-fortune.* In still another, the supposed son of a gardener, changed into

a hero by the love of a princess, merits and obtains by his exploits the throne of Macedon.

Though inexhaustible in intrigues and interesting situations, Lopé is very far from being a perfect dramatist; but no single poet has brought together richer materials for the use of those who may be capable of employing them. In such of his comedies as are pure invention, he possesses an advantage which he frequently loses in historical pieces. While the characters are better drawn and better supported, there is greater probability in the events, more unity in the action, and also in the time and place; for, drawing all from himself, he has only taken what was useful to him, instead of thinking himself obliged to introduce into his composition all that history presented. The early French dramatists borrowed largely from Lopé and his school; but the mine is yet far from being exhausted, and there is still to be found a great number of subjects susceptible of being brought within the requirements of the French drama. Corneille took his heroic play, *Don Sancho of Aragon,* from a piece of Lopé de Vega, entitled *El Palacio Confuso;* and this single piece might still furnish another theatrical subject entirely different, many of the pieces of this fertile writer sufficing for two or three plays. Wonderful, indeed, is the richness of imagination displayed by this man, whose labors seem so far to surpass the limit of human endurance. Of a life of seventy-two years' duration, fifty were devoted incessantly to literary work; and he was, moreover, a soldier, a priest, and a familiar of the Inquisition. In order to have written, as he did, 2,200 theatrical pieces,

he must have given to the public a new play of about 3,000 verses every week of his life, and in that week he must not only have found the time necessary for invention and unity, but also for making the historical researches into customs and manners on which his play is founded; to consult Tacitus, for example, in order to compose his *Nero;* while he must also find leisure to compose twenty-one quarto volumes of poetry, among which are five epic poems.

The example of this extraordinary man gave birth to a multitude of plays of similar character, as his success gave encouragement to scores of dramatists in all parts of Spain, who composed with the same unbridled imagination, the same carelessness, and the same rapidity, but not with the genius of the great master. Of some of them mention will be made in connection with the works of Calderon, the most celebrated of his scholars and rivals. There is one, indeed, who cannot well be separated from Lopé. This is Juan Perez de Montalvan, his favorite pupil, his friend, biographer, and imitator. Full of talent and fire, and with unbounded admiration for Lopé, he took him for his exclusive model, and in his short life of six-and-thirty years wrote more than one hundred pieces, dividing his time, as did Lopé, between poetry and the business of the Inquisition, of which he was a notary. His works contain in almost every line traces of the religious zeal and fanaticism which led him to become a member of that dread tribunal.

IV.

Poetry and Drama at the Close of the Seventeenth Century.

The poetry of Spain had, like the nation to which it belonged, a chivalric origin. The first poets were warriors, who celebrated by turns their mistresses and their own exploits, and who preserved in their verses the rude sincerity and frankness of manners, the independence, stormy liberty, the jealous and passionate love, of which their life was composed. Their songs attract us from the poetical atmosphere into which chivalry transports us, but more from their reality and truth, the intimate connection of words with the heart, which does not allow us to suspect any imitation, any borrowed sentiment, or any affectation. But the Spanish nation experienced a fatal change when it became subject to the house of Austria; and poetry suffered with the rest, or at least felt the evil effects in the succeeding generation. Charles V subverted the liberties of the Spaniards, annihilated their rights and privileges, tore the people from their homes and engaged them in wars, not for their country, but for his own political interests. He destroyed their native dignity of character, and substituted for it a false pride and empty show. Philip, his

son, who presumed himself a Spaniard, and who is considered as such, did not possess the character of the nation, but of its monks, such as the severity of their order developed in convents. Thus, many years of oppression and misrule rendered the Spaniards at the same time imperious and servile, false, self-opinionated, cruel and voluptuous. Yet these vices were by no means inherent, but rather the effects of the strict discipline of the convents, the prostration of the intellect, the subjugation of will and the concentration of all the passions in one alone, which was deified.

The Reign of the Philips.

Philip II, without either talents or virtues worthy of his high office, bore a greater affinity to Cardinal Ximenes than to the Spanish nation, which had revolted against this imperious and cruel minister, but had eventually succumbed to his violence and artifice. To an unbounded ambition and a shameful perfidy, to a savage disregard of the miseries of war and famine, and the scourges of all kinds which he brought upon his dominions, Philip II joined a sanguinary religion, which led him to consider as an expiation of his other crimes, the newest and greatest crime of the Inquisition. His subjects, like himself educated by the monks, had already changed their character, and were become worthy instruments of his dark politics and his superstition. They distinguished themselves in the wars with France, Italy and Germany as much by their perfidy as by their religious intolerance. Literature, which always follows,

though at a distance, the political changes of nations, received a character much less natural and profound, exaggeration assuming the place of sentiment, and fanaticism of piety. The reigns of Philip III and Philip IV were still more degrading to the Spanish nation. That vast monarchy, exhausted by gigantic efforts, continued her wars on a still larger scale, only to experience constant reverses of fortune. The king, sunk in vice and effeminacy, did not, however, in the impenetrable security of his palace, lay aside his perfidy, his venality and ambition. His ministers sold the favor of the crown to the highest bidder; the nobility were debased under the yoke of favorites and upstarts; the people were ruined by cruel extortions; a million and a half of Moors had perished by fire and distress, or had been driven into exile by Philip III; Holland, Portugal, Catalonia, Naples and Palermo had revolted; and the clergy, joining their despotic influence to that of the ministers, not only resisted the reform of existing abuses, but endeavored to stifle every voice raised in complaint against them. Any unorthodox sentiment on politics or religion, if only a whispered thought, was punished as a crime; and while, under every other despotism, actions alone and the exterior manifestations of opinion were visited by authority, in Spain the monks sought to proscribe liberal ideas even in the asylum of the conscience.

Such are the effects which these reigns, so degrading to humanity, had on the literature of the age, stifling its higher development, although this epoch is by no means the most barren in letters. The human mind

retains for a long period any impulse it may have received, and it is long before it can be reduced to a state of stagnation in its imprisoned mansion. It will accommodate itself rather than perish; and it sometimes sheds radiance even on a period when it has lost its just direction and fallen far from truth. Among the poets who wrote about the close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth century, we shall still find many of real merit, however corrupted in their taste by their contemporaries and their government. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the nation wholly fell into decline; and its lethargic slumbers lasted till the middle of the eighteenth.

Moorish Influence.

The Spaniards, as we have seen, inherited from the Moors a forced, pompous and inflated manner. They devoted themselves with ardor, from their first cultivation of letters, to the figurative style of the East, and their own character seemed in this respect to partake of that of the Asiatics. Before the conquests of the latter, all the Latin writers in Spain had exhibited, like Seneca, an inflated diction and a great affectation of sentiment. Even Lopé de Vega was deeply tainted with these defects. With the astonishing fertility of his genius, he found it more easy to adorn his poetry with concetti, and with daring and extravagant images, than to reflect on the propriety of his expressions, and to temper his imagination with reason and good taste. His example diffused among the poets of Spain a style of writing

which seemed to harmonize with their character—that which Marini at the same time adopted in Italy. Marini, born in Naples, but of a Spanish family, and educated among the Spaniards, was the first to communicate to Italy the affectation and false taste which was already observable in the early poetry of Juan de Mena. The school of the Seicentisti, or writers of the sixteenth century, which he had formed, was afterward introduced into Spain, and produced there in a much greater degree than in Italy the pretentious and pedantic form of expression which destroyed all taste; but in both countries the cause of this change is attributable to a higher source, and was the same in both. The poets had, in fact, preserved their genius, though they had lost their freedom of sentiment; they had retained the powers of imagination without any true direction for its exercise; and their faculties, which no longer derived support from each other, or harmonized together, exhausted themselves in the only path which was left open to them.

Gongora and His School.

The chief of this fantastic and affected school, who fixed its style, and who was desirous of forming a new epoch in art by a more refined culture, as he expressed it, was Luis Gongora de Argote, a man of great talent, but who, by his subtlety and perverted taste, greatly impaired the value of his work. He had, moreover, to struggle with misfortune and poverty. Born at Cordova in 1561, an elaborate course of study had not procured for him employment; and it was not until after he

had waited on the court for eleven years that he obtained a small benefice with the utmost difficulty. His discontent produced in him a vein of invective which was long the principal merit of his verses, and his satirical sonnets are excessively caustic, as we may perceive by the following, on the mode of life in Madrid:

> Circean cup, and Epicurus' sty;
> Vast broods of harpies fattening on our purse;
> Empty pretensions that can only nurse
> Vexation; spies who swear the air will lie;
> Processions, lackeys, footmen mounted high,
> Coaching the way; new fashions always worse,
> A thousand modes,—with unflesh'd swords, the curse
> Of citizens, not foes;—loquacity
> Of female tongues; impostures of all kind,
> From courts to cabarets; lies made for sale,
> Lawyers, priests riding mules, less obstinate;
> Snares, miry ways, heroes lame, halting, blind;
> Titles and flatteries, shifting with each gale:
> Such is Madrid, this hell of worldly state.

His success was still greater in burlesque satires, in the form of romances or songs. In these his language and versification exhibited precision and clearness, and the natural expression did not betray any affinity to the affected school which he afterward adopted. It was by cool reflection, and not in the warmth of an imagination still young, that he invented for poetry what he considered a more elevated strain, which he denominated the cultivated style. To this end he formed, with the utmost labor and research, a language at once affected, obscure, ridiculously allegorical and totally at variance with the

common manner of speaking and writing. He endeavored, moreover, to introduce into the Spanish language the boldest innovations from the Greek and Latin; he invented a new punctuation to assist in explaining the sense of his verses, and sought for the most uncommon words, or altered the sense of those already in use, to give new attraction to his poetry. At the same time he carefully consulted mythology in order to add fresh ornaments to his language. It was under such influences that he wrote his *Soledades,* his *Polyphemus* and some other poems, all fictions without poetic charm, full of mythological conceits, and loaded with a pomp of fanciful and obscure phrases. Gongora's lot in life was not ameliorated by the celebrity which he thus obtained. He survived some time longer in poverty; and when he died, in 1627, he was no more than a titular chaplain to the king.

Gongora's Soledades.

It is extremely difficult to give a just idea of the style of Gongora; nor is it easy to translate it; for other languages do not admit of those labyrinthine phrases, in which the sense is difficult to follow. The following is from the opening of the first of his *Soledades,* by which word he means the solitude of the forest, devoting to this subject two poems, each containing about a thousand verses:

'Twas in that flowery season of the year,
When fair Europa's spoiler in disguise,
(On his fierce front, his glittering arms, arise
A half-moon's horns, while the sun's rays appear

Brightening his speckled coat)—the pride of heaven,
Pastured on stars amidst the sapphire fields;
When he, most worthy of the office given
To Ida's boy—to hold Jove's cup that yields
Immortal juice—was wreck'd in savage sea;
Confiding to the waves his amorous pains;
The sea, relenting, sends the strains
To the far leafy groves, glad to repeat
Echoes than old Arion's shell more sweet.

Polyphemus.

The *Polyphemus* of Gongora is one of his most celebrated poems, and the one which has been most frequently imitated. The Castilian poets of this period were persuaded that neither interest nor genius, sentiment nor thought, were any part of poetry, and that the end of the art was solely the union of harmony with the most brilliant images, and with the riches of ancient mythology. Hence they sought for subjects which might furnish them with gigantic pictures, with strong contrasts, and with all the aid of fable. The loves of Polyphemus appeared to them a singularly happy subject, since they could there unite tenderness and affright, gentleness and horror. The original poem of Gongora consists of sixty-three octave stanzas, and this was certainly enough; but the commentary of Sabredo has swelled it into a quarto volume. In the literature of Spain and Portugal we find at least a dozen or fifteen epic and dramatic poems on this theme. Two or three stanzas will here suffice, and these are from that which has served as a model for all others:

Cyclops—terrific son of Ocean's God!—
Like a vast mountain rose his living frame;
His single eye cast like a flame abroad
Its glances, glittering as the morning beam:
A mighty pine supported where he trod
His giant steps, a trembling twig for him,
Which sometimes served to walk with, or to drive
His sheep to pasture, where the sea-nymphs live.

His jet-black hair in wavy darkness hung,
Dark as the tides of the Lethean deep,
Loose to the winds, and shaggy masses clung
To his dread face; like a wild torrent's sweep,
His beard far down his rugged bosom flung
A savage veil; while scarce the massy head
Of ropy ringlets his vast hands divide,
That floated like the briny waters wide.

Not mountainous Trinacria ever gave
Such fierce and unform'd savage to the day;
Swift as the winds his feet, to chase or brave
The forest hordes, whose battle is his play,
Whose spoils he bears; o'er his vast shoulders wave
Their variegated skins, wont to dismay
The shepherds and their flocks. And now he came
Driving his herds to fold 'neath the still twilight beam.

The translation has rather softened than overcharged the metaphors; yet it was these overdrawn similes which were admired as the true sublimity of the poet and the highest production of genius. Polyphemus, after having expressed his passion and vainly solicited Galatea, furiously assails with fragments of rock the grotto whither she had retired with Acis, her lover. One of these kills Acis, and thus the poem terminates in tragic fashion.

The success of *Polyphemus* and other Gongoresque effusions was out of all proportion to their merits.

Cultoristos and Conceptistos.

The effect produced by the poetry of Gongora on a people eager after novelty and impatient for a new field of enterprise, but who found themselves on all sides restrained within the bounds of authority by the laws and the church, presents a remarkable phenomenon in literature. Restricted within narrow barriers, they resolved to enfranchise themselves even from those of taste. They abandoned themselves to all the extravagancies of an unschooled imagination, merely because all the other faculties of their minds were under restraint. The followers of Gongora, proud of a talent so laboriously acquired, considered all those who either did not admire or did not imitate the style of their master as writers of inferior calibre, who could not comprehend him. None of these imitators, however, had the talent of Gongora, and their style is, therefore, still more false and exaggerated. Presently they divided themselves into two schools, one retaining only his pedantry, the other aspiring to the genius of their master. The former devoted themselves to long critiques and tedious explanations of his works, upon which they expended their entire stock of erudition. They have been surnamed, in derision, cultoristos, from the estilo culto, or cultivated style, which they aped and extolled. Others were named conceptistos, from the conceptos of which they made use in common with Marini and Gon-

gora. They sought after uncommon thoughts, antitheses and metaphors, and then clothed them in the eccentric language which their master had invented.

In this numerous school some names have shared in the celebrity of its founder. Thus Alonzo de Lodesma, who died some years before Gongora, employed his peculiar style and diction to express in poetry the mysteries of the Catholic religion. Felix Arteaga, who was preacher to the court in 1618, applied the same eccentric methods to pastoral poetry.

While Gongora introduced into the higher walks of poetry an affected and almost unintelligible style, and his followers descended, even in sacred subjects, to the most preposterous play of words, the ancient school had not been wholly abandoned. The party which designated itself as classical still continued, and made itself conspicuous by the severity of its criticism on the imitators of Gongora. But in spite of its adherence to classic examples and principles, those who composed it had lost all inspiration, all creative genius, and their productions no longer possessed the charm of novelty. The few who won repute in this purer style of poetry are but as the last flashes of an expiring flame.

Argensola.

Among the contemporaries of Cervantes and Lopé de Vega, Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, whom the Spaniards compare to Horace, occupies a distinguished place. Lupercio was born in 1565, at Balbastro, of a family originally of Ravenna, but for some time established in

Aragon. After having finished his studies at Saragossa, he wrote in his youth three tragedies, of which we know nothing except through Cervantes, who expresses for them, in *Don Quixote*, the highest admiration. He was attached as secretary to the empress Maria of Austria, who was living in Spain; he was commissioned by the king and the states of Aragon to continue the *Annals* of Zurita, and he ultimately attended the count de Lemos to Naples as secretary of state, and died there in 1613. After his death, the *Annals* were continued by his brother, Bartolomeo.

Notwithstanding the suffrage of Cervantes, the reputation of Argensola does not rest on his dramatic works. It is the lyric poetry of the two brothers, and their epistles and satires in the manner of Horace which have rendered their names illustrious. Spain had at this time a great number of poets in the lyric and bucolic style, who followed the example of the Romans and Italians, of Boscan and Garcilaso. Like the Italians of the fifteenth century, they are more remarkable for purity of taste and elegance of language than for richness of invention or force of genius; and while we acknowledge their talents, if we do not possess an insatiable appetite for love-songs or an unlimited toleration of commonplace ideas, we shall soon be wearied with their perusal. Vincenzio Espinel, Christoval de Mesa, Juan de Morales, Augustine de Texada, Gregorio Morillo, a happy imitator of Juvenal, Luis Barahona de Sota, a rival of Garcilaso, Gonzales de Argotey Molina, whose poems breathe an uncommon ardor of patriotism, and the three Figueroas, distinguished by their success in differ-

ent styles, are the chief among a crowd of lyric poets whose names can with difficulty be preserved from oblivion.

Quevedo.

To a very different class must be assigned Quevedo, the only man, perhaps, who deserves to be placed by the side of Cervantes, and whose works, without rivaling the fame of the latter, are permanently established in Europe. Of all the Spanish writers, Quevedo bears the greatest resemblance to Voltaire, though he had not the brilliancy of the great Frenchman. Like Voltaire, he possessed a great variety of knowledge and talent, a peculiar vein of pleasantry, a cynical gayety even when applied to serious subjects, a passion for attempting every style and leaving monuments of his genius on every topic, an adroitness in pointing the shafts of ridicule and the art of compelling the abuses of society to appear before the bar of public opinion.

Francisco de Quevedo Villegas was born at Madrid in 1580 of an illustrious family attached to the court, where its members held several honorable appointments. He lost both his parents when young, but his guardian, Jerome de Villanueva, placed him in the university of Alcala, where he made himself master of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Italian and French, and pursued at the same time the usual scholastic studies, including theology, law, belles-lettres, philology, natural philosophy and medicine. Distinguished at the university as a prodigy of learning, he acquired in the world at large the reputation of an accomplished cavalier. He was fre-

quently chosen as arbiter in disputed points of honor, and while with the greatest delicacy he preserved the parties from any compromise of character, he had at the same time the art of reconciling them without shedding of blood. Highly accomplished in arms, he possessed a courage and address beyond that of the most skillful masters, although the malformation of his feet rendered bodily exercise painful to him. A quarrel of a somewhat chivalric nature caused a change in his destiny. He undertook one day the defense of a lady with whom he was unacquainted, and whom he saw insulted by a man likewise unknown to him. He killed his adversary, who proved to be a nobleman of consideration, and to avoid prosecution from his family, passed into Sicily with the duke d'Ossuna, who had been appointed viceroy of that island, afterward accompanying him to Naples. Charged with the general inspection of the finances of both countries, he established order by his strictness and integrity. Employed by the duke in the most important affairs, including embassies to the king of Spain and the pope, he crossed the sea seven times in his service.

During all this period he was frequently pursued by assassins, who wished to rid themselves of a negotiator, an enemy or a judge so dangerous to them. Taking part in the conspiracy of the duke of Bedmar against Venice, he was in that city with Jacomo Pietro at the moment of the detection of the plot, but saved himself by flight, while many of his most intimate friends perished on the scaffold. After a brilliant career he was involved in the disgrace of the duke d'Ossuna, was arrested and taken

to his estate of Torre de Juan Abad, where he was detained as a prisoner three years and a half, without being allowed during the first two years to call in a physician from the neighboring village for the benefit of his declining health. At length his innocence was acknowledged, and his fredom soon afterward restored; but on demanding indemnification for the injuries he had suffered he was sent into exile. This forced retirement gave him abundant leisure for the cultivation of letters, from which his political career had in some degree estranged him. During his imprisonment on his estates he wrote the greater part of his poems, and in particular those which he published as the works of a poet of the fifteenth century, under the name of Bachiller de la Torre. He was afterward recalled to court and appointed secretary to the king in 1632. The duke d'Olivarez invited him to enter again into public business and offered him an embassy to Genoa, which he declined, in order to devote himself entirely to his writings and to philosophy.

Quevedo was at this time in correspondence with the most eminent men in Europe; his countrymen appeared sensible of his merits, and the ecclesiastical benefices which he enjoyed, producing a revenue of eight hundred ducats, placed him in easy circumstances. These he resigned, in order to espouse, at the age of fifty-four, a lady of high birth, whom he lost within a few months. His grief brought him back to Madrid, where, in 1641, he was arrested at dead of night in the house of a friend as the author of a libel against good morals and government. He was not permitted to send to his house even

for a change of linen, or to give information of his apprehension, but was thrown into a narrow dungeon in a convent, where a stream of water passed under his bed. He was there treated as a common malefactor, with a degree of inhumanity seldom shown to the most abandoned criminals. His estate was confiscated, and in his confinement he was compelled to subsist upon common charity. His body was covered with wounds, and, as he was refused a surgeon, he was obliged to cauterize them himself. He was eventually set at liberty, in consequence of a letter to the duke d'Olivarez, which his biographer has preserved. After an imprisonment of twenty-two months his case was inquired into, and it was ascertained that a monk was the real author of the libel which he was suspected of having written. He was then restored to liberty, but his health was so utterly shattered that he could not remain at Madrid to demand satisfaction for his long confinement. Sick and broken in spirit, he returned to his estate, where he died in 1645.

A considerable part of the writings of Quevedo were stolen from him in his lifetime, and among them were his theatrical pieces and his historical works, so that he cannot, as he had hoped, lay claim to distinction in every class of letters. But notwithstanding the loss of fifteen manuscripts, which have never yet been recovered, there remain eleven large volumes, eight of which are in prose and three in verse.

Quevedo was always on his guard against exaggeration of style, pomp of diction, extravagant images, inverted sentences and ridiculous ornaments borrowed

from mythology. This false taste, for which Gongora was largely to blame, frequently afforded to our poet the subject of caustic satire. But, in some respects, Quevedo himself has not escaped the general contagion. He endeavored to attract admiration and to dazzle; he did not aim at a just expression of sentiment, but regarded only the impression it might produce, so that a certain striving after effect is apparent almost in every line of his writings. His ambition was to shine, and he had, in fact, more of this quality than any of his contemporaries, more, indeed, than any other Spanish author; but this constant display is not natural to him, and it is evident that his succession of pleasantries, strokes of wit, antitheses and piquant expressions are prepared beforehand, and that he is more desirous of dazzling than of persuading. On serious subjects it is needless to inquire whether or not he be sincere, while truth, propriety and rectitude appear to be indifferent to him. On humorous subjects he wishes to excite our laughter, and he succeeds; but he is so lavish of incident, and his strokes of wit are so often repeated, that he fatigues while he amuses us.

Treatise on Government.

Among the works of Quevedo there is one on the public administration, entitled *The Kingdom of God and the Government of Christ,* dedicated to Philip IV, as containing, in dramatic form, a complete treatise on the art of ruling. As secretary of the duke d'Ossuna, and as one who had executed the designs and often, per-

haps, directed the councils of this ambitious viceroy, he was certainly entitled to be heard. If he had developed the policy by which the terrible Spanish triumvirate, Toledo, Ossuna and Bedmar, attempted to govern Italy, he might have developed a depth of thought and a knowledge of mankind worthy of Machiavelli, exciting reflections in the minds of his readers on objects which had been to himself the subject of profound meditation. But the work of Quevedo is of quite a different nature, consisting of political lessons taken from the life of Christ and applied to kingly government, with the most pious motives, but with as complete an absence of practical instruction as if the work had been composed in a convent. All his examples are drawn from the sacred writings and not from the living history of the seventeenth century, in which the author had taken so considerable a share. One might justly have expected a rich treasure of precepts and observations, and a very different train of thought, from a man who had seen and acted so much. To recommend virtue, moderation and piety to a sovereign is, doubtless, well enough, but it requires something more than bare axioms to make a durable impression.

In the same work, however, Quevedo shows considerable talent and wit. It does not at first view appear easy to find, in the conduct of Jesus Christ, a model for all the duties of royalty and to draw from his life alone examples applicable to all the circumstances of war, finance and public administration, but the treatise was intended, perhaps, rather as a specimen of his invention than of his reasoning. Quevedo wishes to persuade

monarchs to command their armies in person. The relation of this advice to the moral precepts of the Gospel it is not easy to discover, but he illustrates his subject in a natural manner by the conduct of the apostle Peter, who, under the eyes of his master, attacks the whole body of the guard of the high-priest, but who, when he is separated from Jesus, shamefully denies him before a servant. "The apostle," he says, "then wanted his principal strength—the eye of Christ; his sword remained, but it had lost its edge; his heart was the same, but his master saw him no longer. A king who enters into the field himself and shares the dangers of his soldiers obliges them to be valiant; in lending his presence to the combat, he multiplies his strength and obtains two soldiers for one. If he dispatches them to the combat without seeing them he exculpates them from their negligence, he trusts his honor to chance, and has only himself to blame for any misfortune. An army which rulers only pay differs much from one which they command in person; the former produces only great expense, the latter wins renown; the one is supported by the enemy, the other by indolent monarchs who are wrapped up in sloth and vanity. It is one thing for soldiers to obey commands, and another to follow an example: the first seek their recompense in pay, the latter in fame. A king, it is true, cannot always combat in person, but he may, and he ought to appoint generals more known by their actions than by their pen." The precepts contained in these antithetical sentences are sufficiently just and true, and at the same time may also be considered as somewhat daring, since Philip III and

Philip IV never saw their armies, and Philip II was early separated from his. At the present day such doctrines would be considered as stale, and it must be confessed that the merit of Quevedo is less in the novelty of his thoughts than in the manner in which they are expressed.

Exile.

Novelty of expression may, perhaps, be considered as sufficient to expect in moral works, since their object is to inculcate, and to fix in the hearts of all, truths as ancient as the world and which never change. Quevedo, besides his purely religious works, has also left some treatises on moral philosophy. The most remarkable one, and that which affords us the best idea of his genius, is the amplification of a treatise attributed to Seneca and afterward imitated by Petrarch, on the consolations in good and bad fortune. The Roman author enumerated the calamities of human nature and applied to each the consolations of philosophy. Quevedo, after his translation of the Latin, adds a second chapter to each calamity, in which he estimates the same misfortune in a Christian point of view, generally with the design of proving that what the Roman philosopher supported in patience was to him a triumph. It is in the nature of a moral play, and the following is from the chapter on *Exile:*

Seneca.—Thou art banished: However I be forced, I cannot be driven out of my country; there is but one country for all men, and no one can quit it. Thou art banished: I shall

change only my place of abode, not my country; wherever I go I shall find a home; no place is a place of exile, but a new country to me. Thou shalt remain no longer in thy country. Our country is the place where we enjoy happiness; but real happiness is in the mind, not in place, and depends on a man's self; if he be wise, his exile is no more than a journey; if he be unwise, he suffers banishment. Thou art banished: That is to say, I am made a citizen of a new state.

Quevedo.—Thou art banished: This is a sentence to be passed only by death. Thou art banished: It is possible that some one may have the desire to banish me, but I know that no one has the power. I can travel in my country, but cannot change it. Thou art banished: Such may be my sentence, but the world will not allow it, for it is the country of all. Thou art banished: I shall depart, but shall not be exiled; the tyrant may change the place where I set my feet, but he cannot change my country. I shall quit my house for another house, my village for a new one; but who can drive me from my home? I shall quit the place where I was born, not the place for which I was born. Thou art banished: I quit only one part of my country for another part. Thou shalt see thy wife, thy children, thy relations no more: That might happen to me when living with them. Thou shalt be deprived of thy friends: I shall find others in the place to which I go. Thou shalt be forgotten: I am so already where I am thus rejected. Thou shalt be regretted by none: That will not be strange to me, leaving the place I leave. Thou shalt be treated as a stranger: That is a consolation to me, when I see how you treat your own citizens. Christ has said no man is a prophet in his own country; a stranger is, therefore, always better received.

Vision of the Last Judgment.

Many of Quevedo's works consist of visions, and here we find more gayety and variety in his pleasantries. It must be confessed that he has chosen singular subjects to jest upon, as church-yards, alguazils possessed of devils, the attendance of Pluto, and hell itself; but in

Spain even eternal punishment was not considered too serious a subject for witticisms. Another singular trait is the description of people on whom Quevedo has lavished his sarcasms. These are lawyers, physicians, notaries, tradespeople and, more particularly, tailors. It is the last that he attacks most viciously, and it is hard to imagine how a Castilian gentleman, a favorite of the viceroy of Naples and frequently an ambassador, could have been so far exasperated by the knights of the gentle craft as to owe them so bitter a grudge. For the rest, these visions are written with a gayety and originality which become still more marked from the austerity of the subject. The first vision, *El Sueno de las Calveras*, represents the Last Judgment. "Scarcely," he says, "had the trumpet sounded, when I saw those who had been soldiers and captains rising in haste from their graves, thinking they heard the signal for battle; the miser awoke in anxious fear of pillage; the epicures and the idle received it as a call to dinner, or to the chase. This was easily seen from the expression of their countenances, and I perceived that the real object of the sound of the trumpet was not understood by any of them. I afterward saw the souls flying from their former bodies, some in disgust, others in affright. To one body an arm was wanting, to another an eye. I could not forbear smiling at the diversity of the figures and admiring that Providence which, amidst such a confusion of limbs, prevented any one from taking the legs or the arms of his neighbor. I observed only one burial-ground where the dead seemed to be changing their heads; and I saw a notary whose soul was not in a satis-

factory state, and who, by way of excuse, pretended that it had been changed and was not his own. But what astonished me most was to see the bodies of two or three tradesmen, who had so entangled their souls that they had got their five senses at the end of the five fingers of their right hand."

Spanish Poverty.

One of the most striking circumstances in the domestic life of the Castilians is the difficulty of reconciling their excessive poverty with their pride and slothfulness. Among the poorer classes of other countries we observe privations of different kinds, want, sickness and sufferings, but absolute starvation is a calamity which the most wretched seldom experience, and if they are reduced to this state it generally throws them into despair. If we are to believe the Castilian writers, a considerable portion of their population are in constant apprehension of famine, yet never think of relieving themselves by labor. A crowd of poor gentlemen, and all the knights of industry, trouble themselves little about luxuries, as want is an ever-present guest, and all their stratagems are often employed in procuring a morsel of dry bread. After this repast their next object is to appear before the world in a dignified manner, and the art of arranging their rags, in order to give the idea of a shirt and clothes under their cloak, is the principal study of their lives. Here is, in truth, an essentially Spanish characteristic; for the Spaniard will always starve his belly to adorn his back, and this applies to the beggar

no less than to the impoverished grandee; nor is the mendicant his inferior in dignity.

The Ruins of Rome.

The poems of Quevedo have been arranged under the names of the nine Muses, as if to hint that he had essayed every branch of literature and sung on every subject. These classes are, however, intermixed and consist of lyric poems, pastorals, allegories, satires and burlesque pieces. Under the name of each Muse he arranges a great number of sonnets, for he has written more than a thousand, and some of them possess great beauty. The following is a translation of one *On the Ruins of Rome:*

Stranger, 'tis vain! 'Midst Rome, thou seek'st for Rome
In vain; thy foot is on her throne—her grave;
Her walls are dust; Time's conquering banners wave
O'er all her hills; hills which themselves entomb.
Yea! the proud Aventine is its own womb;
The royal Palatine is ruin's slave;
And medals, moldering trophies of the brave,
Mark but the triumphs of oblivion's gloom.
Tiber alone endures, whose ancient tide
Worshipp'd the Queen of Cities on her throne,
And now, as round her sepulchre, complains.
O Rome! the steadfast grandeur of thy pride
And beauty, all is fled; and that alone
Which seem'd so fleet and fugitive remains!

Romances of Quevedo.

In the romances of Quevedo, arranged in short stanzas, neither the measure nor the rhyme of which

are difficult, we often find the most biting satire, much of humor, and not infrequently ease and grace; though these latter qualities do not accord with his constant desire to shine. Below are translated a few stanzas of one of them, written on his misfortunes. The struggles of a man of genius against calamity, and the means with which he arms himself for the contest, are always worthy of attention. When he has experienced reverses as severe as those of Quevedo, his pleasantries thereupon, although they may not be very refined, bear a certain value in our eyes, if only from the moral courage which they exhibit:

Since then, my planet has look'd on
With such a dark and scowling eye,
My fortune, if my ink were gone,
Might lend my pen as black a dye.

No lucky or unlucky turn
Did Fortune ever seem to play;
But ere I'd time to laugh or mourn,
'Twas sure to turn the other way.

Ye childless great who want an heir,
Leave all your vast domains to me,
And Heaven will bless you with a fair,
Alas! and numerous progeny.

They bear my effigy about
The village, as a charm of power,
If clothed, to bring the sunshine out,
If naked, to call down the shower.

When friends request my company,
No feasts and banquets meet my eye;
To holy mass they carry me,
And ask me alms, and bid good-bye.

Should bravos chance to lie perdu,
To break some happy lover's head,
I am their man, while he in view
His beauty serenades in bed.

A loosened tile is sure to fall
In contact with my head below,
Just as I doff my hat. 'Mong all
The crowd, a stone still lays me low.

The doctor's remedies alone
Ne'er reach the cause for which they're given
And if I ask my friends a loan,
They wish the poet's soul in heaven;

The poor man's eye amidst the crowd
Still turns its asking looks on mine;
Jostled by all the rich and proud,
No path is clear, whate'er my line.

Where'er I go I miss my way,
I lose, still lose at every game;
No friend I ever had would stay,
No foe but still remain'd the same.

We also find among the poems of Quevedo pastorals, allegories, epistles, odes, songs and the commencement of two epic poems. But here we must take our leave of a Spanish writer who has, perhaps, more nearly than any other, approached the French style of poetic composition.

V.

Calderon.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca was designated by his fellow-countrymen as the prince of dramatists, was known to foreigners as the most celebrated writer of his age, and by German critics was placed above all dramatic writers of modern days. His life was not very eventful. He was born in 1600 of a noble family, and at fourteen years of age began to write for the stage. After having finished his studies at the university, he remained some time attached to his patrons at court, quitting them to enter the army and serve during several campaigns in Italy and Flanders. The wars ended, Philip IV, who was passionately attached to the drama, and who himself published many pieces, having seen some plays of Calderon, presented him with the order of St. James, and attached him permanently to his court. From that time the plays of Calderon were represented with all the pomp which a rich monarch, delighting in such entertainments, had the power to bestow on them, and as poet-laureate he was often called on for special court festivals. In 1652, Calderon entered into orders, but without renouncing

the stage. Thenceforth, however, his compositions were generally religious pieces or autos sacramentales; and the more he advanced in years, the more he regarded all his works which were not religious as idle and unworthy of his genius. Admired by his contemporaries, caressed by kings, and loaded with honors and more substantial benefits, he survived to a very great age. His friend, Juan de Vera Tassisy Villaroel, having undertaken, in 1685, a complete edition of his dramatic works, Calderon authenticated all that are found in that collection. He died two years afterward, in his eighty-seventh year.

Schlegel's Criticisms on Calderon.

Augustus William Schlegel, who more than any person has contributed to the diffusion of Spanish literature in Germany, thus, in substance, speaks of Calderon in his lectures on the drama: "At length appeared Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, as fertile in genius and as diligent in writing as Lopé, but a poet of a different kind; a true poet, indeed, if ever man deserved the name. He was sixteen years old when Cervantes died, and thirty-five at the time of the death of Lopé, whom he survived nearly half a century. According to his biographers, Calderon wrote more than one hundred and twenty tragedies or comedies, more than one hundred sacred allegorical pieces, a hundred humorous interludes, and many other pieces not dramatic. As he composed for the theatre from his fourteenth year to his eighty-first, we must distribute his productions through a long space of time, and there is no reason to suppose

that he wrote with such wonderful celerity as Lopé de Vega. He had sufficient time to mature his plans, which he did without doubt, but he must have acquired from practice great facility of execution.

German Criticisms on Calderon.

"In his works we find nothing left to chance; all is finished with perfect care, agreeably to fixed principles and to the first rules of art. This is undeniable, even if we should consider him as a mannerist in the pure and elevated romantic drama, and should regard as extravagant those lofty flights of poetry which rise to the extreme bounds of imagination. Calderon has converted into his own what served only as a model to his predecessors, and he required the noblest and most delicate flowers to satisfy his taste. Hence he repeats himself often in many expressions, images and comparisons, and even in dramatic situations, although he was too rich to borrow, I do not say from others, but even from himself. Theatrical perspective is in his eyes the first object of the dramatic art; but this view, so restricted in others, becomes positive in him. I am not acquainted with any dramatic author who has succeeded in an equal degree in producing that poetical charm which affects the senses at the same time that it preserves its ethereal essence."

The dramas of Calderon may be divided into four classes: representations of sacred history, from Scripture or legends; historical pieces; mythological, such as were drawn from some poetical source; and, lastly,

pictures of social life and manners. In a strict sense we can only call those pieces historical which are founded on national events. Calderon has painted with great felicity the early days of Spanish history; but his genius was far too national to adapt itself to other countries. He could easily identify himself with the sanguine natives of the South or the East, but in no manner with the people of classic antiquity, or of the North of Europe. When he has chosen his subjects from the latter, he has treated them in the most arbitrary manner. The beautiful mythology of Greece was to him only a pleasing fable, and the history of Rome a majestic hyperbole.

Sacred Dramas.

Still, his sacred pieces must, to a certain extent, be considered as historical; for, although he has ornamented them with the richest poetry, he has always exhibited with great fidelity the characters drawn from the Bible and sacred history. On the other hand, these dramas are distinguished by the lofty allegories which he often introduces, and by the religious enthusiasm with which the poet, in those which were destined for the feast of the Holy Sacrament, has illumined the universe, which he has allegorically painted with the purple flames of love. It is in this last style of composition that he has most excited the admiration of his contemporaries, and he himself also attached to it the greatest value. Of the sacred pieces of Calderon one of the best specimens has been given in his *Belshazzar's Feast* in a preceding volume, and with his further works of this

class we need not here concern ourselves, though his religious works are almost without number.

Romantic Dramas.

Calderon served in several campaigns in Flanders and in Italy, and as a knight of St. James performed the military duties of that order until he entered into the Church, thus showing that religion had been the ruling sentiment of his life. If it be true that a religious feeling, loyalty, courage, honor and love are the basis of romantic poetry, it must, in Spain, have attained its highest flight. The imagination of the Spaniards was as daring as their spirit of enterprise, and no adventure was too perilous for them. At an earlier period the predilection of the nation for wonders had been manifested in chivalric romances. These they wished to see repeated on the stage; and as at this epoch the Spanish poets had attained the highest point of art and social perfection, had infused a musical spirit into their poetry, and, purifying it of everything material and gross, had left only the choicest colors and odors, there resulted an irresistible charm of contrast between the subject and its composition. The spectators imagined they again saw on the stage a revival of that national glory which, after having threatened the whole world, was now more than half extinct, while the ear was gratified by a novel style of poetry, in which were combined all the harmony of the most varied metres, elegance, genius and a prodigality of images and comparisons which the Spanish tongue alone permitted. The treasures of the most dis-

tant zones were in poetry, as in reality, imported to satisfy the mother-country, and one may assert that, in this poetic empire, as in the terrestrial kingdom of Charles V, the sun never set.

Comedy of Manners and Intrigue.

Even in the plays of Calderon which represent modern manners, and which for the most part descend to the tone of common life, we feel ourselves influenced by a charm of fancy which prevents us from regarding them as comedies, in the ordinary sense of the word. The comedies of Shakespeare are composed of two parts, strangers to each other: the comic part, which is always conformable to English manners, because the comic imitation is drawn from well-known and local circumstances, and the romantic part, which is derived from the stage of the South, as his native soil was not in itself sufficiently poetical. In Spain, on the contrary, national manners might be regarded in an ideal point of view. It is true, that would not have been possible if Calderon had introduced us into the interior of domestic life, where its wants and habits reduce everything to narrow and vulgar limits. His comedies conclude, like those of the ancients, with marriage, but differ from them wholly in the antecedent part. In the latter, in order to gratify sensual passions and interested views, the most immoral means are often employed; the persons, with all the powers of their mind, are only physical beings, opposed to one another, seeking to take advantage of their mutual weaknesses. Calderon presents to us,

it is true, his principal personages of both sexes in the first effervescence of youth and in the confident anticipation of all the joys of life, but the prize for which they contend, and which they pursue, rejecting all others, cannot, in their eyes, be exchanged for any other good. Honor, love and jealousy are the ruling passions. Their noble struggles form the plot of the piece, which is not entangled by elaborate knavery and deceit. Honor is there a feeling which rests on an elevated morality, sanctifying the principle without regard to consequences. It may, by stooping to the opinions and prejudices of society, become the weapon of vanity, but under every disguise we recognize it as the reflection of refined sentiment.

An appropriate emblem of the delicacy with which Calderon represents the sentiment of honor is the fable narrated of the ermine, which, rather than suffer the whiteness of its fur to be soiled, resigns itself to its pursuers. This refined sentiment equally predominates in the female characters of Calderon, overruling the power of love, which only ranks at the side of honor and not above it. According to the sentiments which the poet professes, the honor of woman consists in confining her love to an honorable man, loving him with pure affection, and allowing no equivocal attentions, inconsistent with the most severe feminine dignity. This love demands an inviolable secrecy until a legal union permits a public declaration, and thus appears as a secret and holy vow. It is true that, in order to satisfy love, trick and dissimulation, which honor elsewhere forbids, are permitted. But the most delicate regard is observed in

the collision of love with other duties, and particularly those of friendship. The force of jealousy, always awake, always terrible in its explosion, is not, as in the East, excited by passion only, but by the slightest preference of the heart and by its almost imperceptible manifestations. Love is thus ennobled; for this is a passion which falls beneath itself if it is not wholly exclusive. It often happens that the plot which these contending passions form produces no result, and the catastrophe then becomes comic. At other times it assumes a tragic shape, and honor becomes a hostile destiny to him who cannot satisfy it without destroying his own happiness by the commission of a crime.

Such is the lofty spirit of these dramas, which foreigners have called comedies of intrigue, but which the Spaniards, after the costume in which they are performed, have named comedies of the mantle and the sword. In general they possess nothing of the burlesque further than the part of the humorous valet, who is known under the name of gracioso. This personage, indeed, serves only to parody the ideal motives by which his master is governed, but he does it often in the most elegant and lively manner. It is seldom that he is employed as an instrument to increase the plot by his artifices, as this is usually effected by accidental and well-contrived incidents. Other plays are named *comedias de figuron*, the parts in which are cast in the same manner, only distinguished by one prominent figure in caricature. To many of these pieces of Calderon the claim of dramatic character cannot be denied, although we must not expect to see the more delicate traits of char-

acter exhibited by the poets of a nation whose powerful passions and fervent imaginations are irreconcilable with a talent for accurate observation.

Calderon bestowed on another class of his dramas the name of festival pieces. These were intended to be represented in court on occasions of solemnity. From their theatrical splendor, the frequent change of scene, the decoration presented to the eye and the music introduced, we may call them poetical operas. In fact, they are more poetical than any other compositions of this kind, since by their poetry alone an effect is produced which in simple opera is obtained only by scenery, music and dancing. Here the poet abandons himself to the highest flights of fancy, and his representations seem almost too ethereal for earth.

Religious Sentiment.

But the true genius of Calderon is more peculiarly shown in his management of religious subjects. Love is painted by him with its common attributes and speaks only the language of the poetic art. But religion is his true flame, the heart of his heart. For her alone he touches those chords to which the soul most deeply responds. He seems not to have wished to effect this through worldly means, as piety was his only motive. He had escaped from the labyrinth and the deserts of skepticism to the asylum of faith, whence he contemplated and painted, with an imperturbable serenity of soul, the passing tempests of the world. To him, life was no longer an enigma; even his tears, like dewdrops

in the beams of morning, reflecting the image of heaven. His poetry, whatever the subject may ostensibly be, is an unceasing hymn of joy on the splendors of creation. With delighted astonishment he celebrates the wonders of nature and of human art, as if he saw them for the first time in all the attraction of novelty. It is as the first awakening of Adam, accompanied by an eloquence and a justness of expression which an intimate knowledge of nature, the highest cultivation of mind and the most mature reflection could alone produce. When he unites the most opposite objects, the greatest and the smallest, the stars and the flowers, the sense of his metaphor always expresses the relation of his creatures to their common Creator, and this delightful harmony and concert of the universe is to him a new and unfading image of that eternal love which comprehends all things.

Calderon was yet living while in other countries of Europe a certain mannerism began to predominate in the arts, and literature received that prosaic direction which became so general in the eighteenth century. He may, therefore, be considered as placed on the highest pinnacle of romantic poetry, and all her brilliancy was lavished on his works, as in a display of fireworks the brightest colors and the most striking lights are reserved for the last explosion.

Degeneracy of the Spaniards.

Though endowed by nature with a noble genius and the most brilliant imagination, Calderon appears to have

been essentially a man of his age—the wretched epoch of Philip IV. When a nation is so corrupt as to have lost all exaltation of character it has no longer before its eyes models of true virtue and real grandeur and, endeavoring to represent them, it falls into exaggeration. Such would seem to be the failing of Calderon, who often oversteps the line in every department of dramatic art. Truth sometimes appears unknown to him, and the ideal which he forms to himself offends from want of propriety. There was in the ancient Spanish knights a noble pride, which sprang from a sentiment of affection for that glorious nation in which they were objects of high importance, but the empty haughtiness of the heroes of Calderon increases with the misfortunes of their country and their own debasement. There was in the manners of the early knights a just estimate of their own character which prevented affronts and assured to every one the respect of his equals; but when public and private honor became continually compromised by a corrupt and base court, the stage represented honor as a point of punctilious delicacy which, unceasingly wounded, required the most sanguinary satisfaction, and could not long exist without destroying all the bonds of society. The life of a gentleman was, in a manner, made up of duelling and assassination, and if the manners of the nation became brutalized, those of the stage were still more so. In the same way the morals of the female sex were corrupted; intrigue had penetrated beyond the blinds of windows and the grates of the convent, where the younger part of the sex were immured; gallantry had introduced itself into domestic

life and had poisoned the matrimonial state. But Calderon gives to the women he represents a severity proportioned to the relaxation of morals; he paints love wholly in the mind; he gives to passion a character which it cannot support; he loses sight of nature, and aiming at the ideal, he produces only exaggeration.

Exaggeration in Style.

If the manners of the stage were corrupt, its language was still more so. The Spaniards, as we have seen, owe to their intercourse with the Arabs a taste for hyperbole and for the most extravagant images. But the manners of Calderon are not borrowed from the East; they are entirely his own, and he goes beyond all flights which his predecessors had allowed themselves. If his imagination furnishes him with a brilliant image, he pursues it through a whole page and abandons it only through fatigue. He links comparisons, and, overcharging his subject with the most brilliant colors, he does not allow its form to be perceived under the multiplied touches which he bestows on it. He gives to sorrow so poetical a language, and makes her seek such unexpected comparisons, and justify their propriety with so much care, that we withhold our compassion from one who is diverted from his griefs by the display of his wit. The affectation and antithesis with which the Italians have been reproached, under the name of concetti, are, in Marini and in the greatest mannerists, simple expressions in comparison with the involved periods of Calderon. We see that he is affected with that malady of genius which forms

an epoch in every literature on the extinction of good taste, an epoch which commenced in Rome with Lucan, in Italy with the seicentisti, or poets of the sixteenth century; which distinguished in France the Hotel de Rambouillet; which prevailed in England under the reign of Charles II, and which all persons have agreed to condemn as a perversion of taste. Examples of this style are plentiful in the extracts that follow; but instead of pausing to notice them, it will be better to detach a single passage as a specimen. It is taken from a play in which Alexander, duke of Parma, relates how he became the rival in love of Don Cæsar, his secretary and friend:

> In gallant mood, I sought my sister's bower,
> And saw with her and her ladies there,
> My Anna, in a garden of the Loves,
> Presiding over every common flower,
> A fragrant rose and fair;
> Or rather, not to do her beauty wrong,
> I saw a star on beds of roses glowing,
> Or, 'midst the stars, the star of morning young
> May better tell my love's bright deity;
> Or, on the morning stars its light bestowing,
> I saw a dazzling sun; or, in the sky,
> 'Midst many brilliant suns of rivalry,
> I saw her shine with such a peerless ray
> That heaven was fill'd with that one glorious day.
> But when she spoke, then was my soul entranced:
> Eyes, ears and every sense in rapture danced;
> The miracle of nature stood confessed,
> Fair modesty, in modest beauty dressed.
> It could not last: she bade farewell!
> But was that evening transient as a dream?
> Ask love; and he will tell how fleet hours seem
> Moments, which should be ages, ages well

Might seem but moments, as they speed away!
And when she bade adieu,
With courteous steps I watched my love's return.
We parted. Let it now suffice to say,
Loving, I die, and absent, live to mourn!

Such language, which, if it be poetical, is still extremely false, becomes still more misplaced when it is employed to express great passions or great sufferings. In a tragedy entitled *Love after Death*, otherwise replete with beautiful passages, Alvaro Tuzani, a revolted Moor, running to the aid of his mistress, Clara, finds her poniarded by a Spanish soldier, at the taking of Galera; she yet breathes, and recognizes him:

Clara.—Thy voice—thy voice, my love, I fain would hear:
'Twill give me life; 'twill make my death most happy.
Come nearer. Let me feel you in my arms.
Let me die thus—and—— (She dies.)

Alvaro.—Alas, alas! They err who say that love
Can knit twain hearts, and souls, and lives in one;
For were such miracle a living truth,
Thou hadst not fled, or I had died with thee;
Living or dying, then, we had not parted,
But hand in hand smiled o'er our equal fate.
Ye heavens! that see my anguish; mountains wild!
That echo it; winds! which my torments hear;
Flames! that behold my sufferings; can ye all
See Love's fair starry light extinguished thus,
His chief flower wither, and his soft breath fail?
Come, ye who know what love is, tell me now;
In these my sorrows, in this last distress,
What hope more is there for the wretched lover
Who, on the night that should have crowned his passion
So long and faithful, finds his love, Oh, horror!
Bathed in her own sweet blood; a lily flower
Bespangled with those frightful drops of red;

Gold, precious, purified in fiercest fire?
What hope, when, for the nuptial bed he dreamed of,
He clasps the cold urn, weeps o'er dust and ashes,
Whom once he worshipped, Love's divinity?
Nay, tell me not of comfort: I'll none of it.
For, if in such disasters men do weep not,
They will do ill to follow other's counsels.

A correct taste would have expressed, in a situation so violent and so calamitous, the agonizing cry of the lover, and would have made the audience participators of his grief; but we all feel that the language of Alvaro Tuzani is false, and he instantly checks the emotion which the incident is calculated to produce; a fault continually repeated by Calderon. His predilection for investing with the beauties of poetry the language of all his personages, deprives him of really heartfelt and natural expressions. We may observe in him many situations of admirable effect, but we never meet with a passage touching or sublime from its simplicity or its truth.

The admirers of Calderon have almost imputed it to him, as a merit, that he has not clothed any foreign subject with national manners. His patriotism, they say, was too ardent to have allowed him to adopt any other forms than those peculiar to Spain; but this gave him the more opportunity to display all the riches of his imagination, and his creations have a fantastic character, which gives a new charm to pieces where he has not allowed himself to be fettered by facts. Such is the opinion of the critics of Germany; but after showing so much indulgence on one side, how happens it on the

other that they have treated with so much severity the tragic writers of France for having given to their Grecian and Roman heroes traits and forms of society drawn from the court of Louis XIV? An author of the *Mysteries* of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries might be pardoned for confounding history, chronology and facts. At that time information was scanty, and one-half of ancient history was veiled under clouds of darkness. But how shall we excuse Calderon, or the public for whom he wrote, when we find him mixing together incongruous facts, manners and events in the most illustrious periods of Roman history in a way which would startle a school-boy? Thus, in *The Arms of Beauty,* he represents Coriolanus as continuing against Sabinius, king of the Sabines, the war which Romulus had already commenced against the same imaginary king; and he even speaks to us of the conquest of Spain and Africa. The character of Coriolanus, and that of the senate and the people, are alike travestied. It is impossible to recognize a Roman in the sentiments of any person in the piece. Even Metastasio, in his Roman dialogues, was infinitely more faithful to history and to the manners of antiquity.

But we must not attribute specially to Calderon the ignorance of foreign manners which belonged to his country and his government. The circle of permitted information became every day more circumscribed. All books containing the history of other countries, or their state of civilization, were severely prohibited; for there was not one of them which did not contain a bitter satire on the government and religion of Spain. How then

could the people be allowed to study the ancients, with whom political liberty was inseparable from existence? Whoever had been penetrated by their spirit, must, at the same time, have regretted the noble privileges which their nation had lost. How could they be allowed to contemplate the history of those modern nations, whose prosperity and glory were founded on religious liberty? After having studied them, how could they have tolerated the Inquisition?

The Devotion of the Cross.

Calderon is the true poet of the Inquisition. Animated by a religious sentiment which is visible in all his pieces, he inspires us only with horror for the faith which he professes. No dramatist ever so far disfigured Christianity; no one ever assigned to it passions so ferocious or morals so corrupt. Among a great number of pieces dictated by the same fanaticism, the one which most exhibits it is *The Devotion of the Cross*. His object in this is to convince his Christian audience that the adoration of this sign of the Church is sufficient to exculpate them from all crimes, and to secure the protection of the Deity. The hero, Eusebio, an incestuous brigand and professed assassin, but preserving in the midst of crimes devotion to the cross, at the foot of which he was born, and the impress of which he bears on his heart, erects a cross over the grave of his victims, and often checks himself, in the midst of crime, at the sight of the sacred symbol. His sister, Julia, who is also his mistress, and is even more abandoned and ferocious

than himself, exhibits the same degree of superstition. He is at length slain in a combat with a party of soldiers commanded by his own father; but God restores him to life again, in order that a holy saint may receive his confession, and thus assures his reception into the kingdom of heaven. His sister, on the point of being apprehended, and of becoming at length the victim of her monstrous iniquities, embraces a cross, which she finds at her side, and vows to heaven to return to her convent and deplore her sins; and this cross suddenly rises into the skies, and bears her far away from her enemies to an impenetrable asylum.

Sufficient has now been said both in praise and censure of Calderon; but let it not be imagined that the faults brought forward are sufficient to obliterate the beauties so highly extolled by Schlegel. The latter are, doubtless, sufficient to place Calderon among poets of the richest and most original fancy, and of the most attractive and brilliant style, as will appear in a brief analysis of his works.

The Inflexible Prince.

The plays of Calderon are not divided into comedies and tragedies. They all bear the same title of *La Gran Comedia*, which was probably given to them by the actors in their bills, in order to attract public notice, and which appellation has remained with them. They all belong, moreover, to the same class. We find the same passions and the same characters, which, according to the development of the plot, produce either a calam-

itous or a fortunate catastrophe, without our being able to foresee it from the title or from the first scenes. Thus, neither the rank of the persons, nor the exposition, nor the first incidents prepare the spectator for emotions such as are produced by *The Inflexible Prince* and the *Secreto a Vozes*. *The Inflexible Prince*, the Regulus of Spain, is one of the most moving plays of Calderon. In a translation by Schlegel it was long performed with great success on the German stage; it has been translated and acted in English, and may, therefore, be properly be selected for analysis.

The Portuguese, after having driven the Moors from the whole western coast of the peninsula, passed over into Africa to pursue still further the enemies of their faith and to undertake the conquest of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco. The same ardor led them to seek a new passage to the Indies and to plant the standard of Portugal on the coast of Guinea, in the kingdom of Congo, at Mozambique, at Diu, at Goa and Macao. John I had added Ceuta to the domain of Portugal, and after his death all his sons were eager to distinguish themselves against the infidels. In 1438 Edward, who succeeded him, sent his two brothers with a fleet to attempt the conquest of Tangiers. One of these was Fernando, the hero of Calderon, the most valiant of princes; the other was Henry, who was afterward celebrated for his assiduous efforts in exploring the sea of Guinea for a passage to the Indies. Their expedition is the subject of the tragedy.

The first scene is laid in the gardens of the king of Fez, where the attendants of Phenicia, a Moorish prin-

cess, call upon some Christian slaves to sing, in order to entertain their mistress. "How," they reply, "can our singing be agreeable to her, when its only accompaniment is the sound of the fetters and chains which bind us?" They sing, however, until Phenicia appears, surrounded by her women, who address to her the most flattering compliments on her beauty in the exaggerated eastern style which the Spanish language has preserved, and which would seem absurd in any other. Phenicia, in her sadness, repels their attentions; she speaks of her grief, and she attributes it to a passion which she cannot vanquish and which seems to be accompanied by sorrowful presentiments. Her discourse, consisting wholly of description and brilliant images, appears to be strained and unnatural; but we must not regard the tragedies of Calderon as an imitation of actual nature, but of nature in the poetical world, just as the opera is an image of it in the musical world.

Phenicia is attached to Muley Cheik, cousin of the king of Fez, and his admiral and general; but her father desires her to marry Tarudant, prince of Morocco. No sooner has she learned his wish than Muley returns from a cruise and announces to the king the approach of a Portuguese fleet, commanded by two princes, and carrying fourteen thousand soldiers for an attack on Tangiers. His speech, which is intended to serve as an explanation of the principal action, is two hundred and ten lines in length, but all the splendor of the poetry with which it is interspersed does not compensate for such an harangue. Muley receives orders to oppose the landing of the Portuguese with the cavalry of the coast.

The landing is the subject of the next scene. It is effected near Tangiers amid the sound of clarions and trumpets. In the midst of this military pomp each of the Christian heroes, as he reaches the shore, manifests his character, his hopes and fears and the manner in which he is affected by the evil omens which befell them on their voyage. While Fernando is endeavoring to dispel this superstitious fear from the hearts of his knights he is attacked by Muley Cheik, but obtains an easy victory over his hastily levied body of horse. Muley himself falls into his hands, and Fernando, not less generous than brave, when he finds that his prisoner runs the danger, by his captivity, of losing forever the object of his love, restores him to liberty without ransom.

Meanwhile, the kings of Fez and Morocco had assembled their armies and advanced with an overwhelming force. Retreat is now impossible for the Portuguese; they are defeated by the Moors, and Fernando, after having fought valiantly, surrenders to the king of Fez, who makes himself known to him, while his brother, Henry, also delivers himself up with the flower of the Portuguese army. The Moorish king makes a generous use of his victory, and treats the prince with a regard and courtesy that are due to an equal when he is no longer an enemy. He declares that he cannot restore him to liberty until the restitution of Ceuta, and he sends back Henry to Portugal to procure by this means the ransom of his brother. It is on this that the fate of Fernando turns, as he is unwilling that his liberty should cost Portugal her most brilliant conquest, and he charges Henry to remind his brother, king Edward,

that he is a Christian and a Christian prince. This ends the first act.

In the second act Don Fernando appears surrounded by Christian captives, who recognize him and hasten to throw themselves at his feet, hoping to escape from slavery with him. Fernando addresses them:

> My countrymen, your hands! Heaven only knows
> How gladly I would rend your galling chains,
> And freely yield my freedom up for yours!
> Yet, Oh! believe, the more benignant fate
> That waits us, soon shall soothe our bitter lot.
> The wretched, well I know, ask not for counsel;
> But pardon me, 'tis all I have to give:
> No more; but to your tasks, lest ye should rouse
> Your masters' wrath.

The king of Fez prepares a feast for Fernando, proposes to him a hunting excursion, and tells him that captives like him are an honor to the man who detains them. Henry returns from Portugal with news of Edward's death, caused by grief for the defeat at Tangiers, but before expiring he had given orders to restore Ceuta to the king of Fez for the redemption of the captives, and Alfonso V, who had succeeded him, sends Henry back to Africa to make the transfer. But Fernando refuses:

> My brother, well I deem,
> Inserted this condition in his will,
> Not that it should be acted to the letter,
> But to express how much his noble heart
> Desir'd a brother's freedom. That must be
> Obtain'd by other means; by peace or war.
> How ever may a Christian prince restore

A city to the Moors, bought with the price
Of his own blood? for he it was who first,
Arm'd with a slender buckler and his sword,
Planted our country's banner on its walls.
But even if we o'erlook this valiant deed,
Shall we forsake a city that hath rear'd
Within its walls new temples to our God?
Our faith, religion, Christian piety,
Our country's honor, all forbid the deed.
What! shall the dwelling of the living God
Bow to the Moorish crescent? Shall its walls
Reëcho to the insulting courser's hoof,
Lodg'd in the sacred courts, or to the creed
Of unbelievers? Where our God hath fix'd
His mansion, shall we drive his people forth?
Such ransom I abjure. Henry, return;
And tell our countrymen that thou hast left
Thy brother buried on the Afric shore,
For life is here, indeed, a living death!
And King, kind brother, Moors and Christians, all
Bear witness to a prince's constancy,
Whose love of God, his country and his faith
O'erlived the frowns of fortune.

The King.—Proud and ungrateful prince, and is it thus
Thou spurn'st my favor, thus repay'st my kindness?
Deniest my sole request? Thou haply here
Thinkest thyself sole ruler, and would'st sway
My kingdom? But henceforth thou shalt be
By that vile name thou hast thyself assumed—
A slave! thou shalt be treated as a slave.
Thy brother and thy countrymen shall see
Thee lick the dust, and kiss my royal feet.

After a warm altercation between the king and the captive prince, with many vain solicitations from Fernando's brother, the Moorish monarch calls one of his officers:

Hence with this captive, rank him with the rest;
Bind on his neck and limbs a heavy chain.
My horses be his care, the bath, the garden.
Let him be humbled by all abject tasks;
Away with this silk mantle; clothe his limbs
In the slave's garb. His food, the blackest bread;
Water his drink; a cold cell his repose;
And let his servants share their master's fate.

We next see Fernando in the garden, working with the other slaves. One of the captives, who does not know him, sings before him a romance of which he is the hero; another bids him be of good heart, as the prince, Don Fernando, had promised to procure them all their liberty. Don Juan Continho, count of Miralva, one of the Portuguese knights, who, from the time of their landing, had been the most distinguished for his bravery and attachment to Fernando, devotes himself to his service, makes a vow not to quit him and introduces him to the prisoners, all of whom, in the midst of their suffering, hasten to show him respect. Muley Cheik now arrives and, dismissing all witnesses, addresses Fernando: "Learn," he says, "that loyalty and honor have their abode in the heart of a Moor. I come not to confer a favor, but to discharge a debt." He then hastily informs him that he will find near the window of his prison instruments for releasing himself from his fetters; that he himself will break the bars and that a vessel will wait for him at the shore to convey him home to his own country. The king surprises them at this moment, and instead of manifesting any suspicions, he engages Muley, by the ties of honor and duty, to exe-

cute his wishes. He confides to him the custody of prince Fernando, assured that he alone is above all corruption, and that neither friendship, fear nor interest can seduce him. Muley feels that his duties have changed since the king has reposed this confidence in him. He still, however, hesitates between honor and gratitude. Fernando, whom he consults, decides against himself. That prince declares that he will not avail himself of this offer; that he will even refuse his liberty if any one else should propose his escape, and Muley submits at last with regret to what he considers the law of duty and honor.

Muley, being himself unable to restore his benefactor to liberty, endeavors to obtain his freedom through the generosity of the Moorish king. At the commencement of the third act we see him imploring his compassion on behalf of the prisoner. He gives a moving picture of the state to which this unhappy prince is reduced, sleeping in a damp dungeon, working at the baths and in the stables, deprived of food, sinking under disease and resting on a mat at one of the gates of his master's house. The details of his misery are such that only the Spanish stage would suffer even an allusion to them. One of his servants and a faithful knight attach themselves to him and never quit him, dividing with him their small ration, which is scarcely sufficient for the support of a single person. The king hears these revolting details, but recognizing only obstinacy in the conduct of the prince, he replies in the words: "'Tis well, Muley." Phenicia comes, in her turn, to intercede with her father for Fernando, but he imposes silence on her.

The two ambassadors of Morocco and Portugal are then announced and prove to be the sovereigns themselves, Tarudant and Alfonso V, who avail themselves of the protection of the law of nations to treat in person of their interests. They are admitted to an audience at the same time. Alfonso offers to the king of Fez twice the value in money of the city of Ceuta as the ransom of his brother, and he declares that if it be refused his fleet is ready to waste Africa with fire and sword. Tarudant, who hears these threats, considers them as a personal provocation, and replies that he is about to take the field with the army of Morocco, and that he will shortly be in a condition to repel the aggressions of the Portuguese. The king of Fez meanwhile refuses to liberate Fernando on any other terms than the restitution of Ceuta. He bestows his daughter on Tarudant and orders Muley to accompany her to Morocco. Whatever pain Muley may feel in assisting at the nuptials of his mistress and abandoning his friend in his extreme misery, he prepares to obey. The commands of a king are considered by Calderon as the fiat of destiny, and it is by such sentiments that we recognize the courtier of Philip IV.

The scene changes, and Don Juan and other captives bear in Fernando on a mat and lay him on the ground. This is the last time that he appears on the stage, for he is overpowered by the weight of slavery, disease and misery. His condition chills the heart and is too strongly drawn for the stage, where physical evils should be introduced only with great reserve. In order, indeed, to diminish this painful impression, Calderon bestows on him the language of a saint undergoing martyrdom.

Fernando looks upon his sufferings as so many trials, and returns thanks to God for every pang he endures, as the pledge of his approaching beatification. Meanwhile, the king of Fez, Tarudant and Phenicia pass through the street where he lies, and the captive prince addresses them: "Bestow your alms," he cries, "on a poor sufferer. I am a human being like yourselves; I am sick and in affliction, and dying of hunger. Have pity on me, for even the beasts of the forest compassionate their kind." The king reproaches him with his obstinacy. His liberation, he tells him, depends on himself alone, and the terms are still the same. The reply of Fernando is wholly in the Oriental style. It is not by arguments, nor, indeed, by sentiments of compassion, that he attempts to touch his master, but by an exuberance of poetical images which was regarded as real eloquence by the Arabians, and which was, perhaps, more likely to touch a Moorish king than a discourse more appropriate to nature and to circumstances. Mercy, he says, is the first duty of kings. The whole earth bears in every class of creation emblems of royalty, and to these emblems is always attached the royal virtue of generosity. The lion, the monarch of the forest; the eagle, the ruler of the feathered race; the dolphin, the king of fish; the pomegranate, the empress of fruits; the diamond, the first of minerals, are all, agreeably to the traditions cited by Fernando, alive to the sufferings of mankind. As a man, Fernando is allied to the king of Fez by his royal blood, notwithstanding their difference in religion. In every faith, cruelty is alike condemned. Still, while the prince considers it his duty to pray for

the preservation of his life, he desires not life, but martyrdom, and awaits it at the hands of the king. The king retorts that all his sufferings proceed from himself alone. "When you compassionate yourself, Don Fernando," he says, "I, too, shall compassionate you."

After the Moorish princes have retired, Fernando announces to Don Juan, who brings him bread, that his attentions and generous devotion will soon be no longer required, as he feels himself approaching his last hour. He only asks to be invested in holy garments, as he is the grand master of the religious and military order of Advice, and he begs his friends to mark the place of his sepulture: "Although I die a captive, my redemption is sure, and I hope one day to enter the mansions of the blessed. Since to thee, my God, I have consecrated so many churches, grant me a dwelling in thine own mansions." His companions then depart, carrying him in their arms.

Again the scene changes, representing the coast of Africa, on which King Alfonso, Prince Henry and the Portuguese troops have just landed. It is announced to them that the army of Tarudant is approaching and that it is conducting Phenicia to Morocco. Alfonso addresses his troops, and prepares for battle. The shade of Don Fernando, in the habit of his chapter, appears to them, and promises them victory. Once more the scene changes and represents the walls of Fez. The king appears on the walls, surrounded by his guards. Juan Coutinho brings forward the coffin of Don Fernando. The stage is veiled in night, but a strain of military music is heard in the distance. It draws near,

and the shade of Fernando appears, with a torch in his hand, conducting the Portuguese army to the foot of the walls. Alfonso calls to the Moorish king, announces to him that he has taken prisoners his daughter, Phenicia, and Tarudant, his proposed son-in-law, and offers to exchange them for Fernando. The king is seized with profound grief when he finds his daughter in the hands of those very enemies to whom he had behaved with so much cruelty after his victory. He has now no longer the means of redeeming her, and he informs the Portuguese king with regret of the death of Fernando. But if Alfonso was desirous of restoring his brother to liberty, he is now not less anxious to recover his mortal remains, which are to be held as a precious relic to Portugal. He divines that this is the object of the miracle which presented the shade of the prince to the eyes of the whole army, and he accepts the exchange of the body of his brother against Phenicia and all the other prisoners. He only requires that Phenicia be given in marriage to Muley, in order to recompense the brave Moor for the friendship and protection he had extended to his brother. He thanks Don Juan for his generous services to Fernando, and consigns to the care of his victorious army the relics of the newly-canonized saint of Portugal, a saint, let us add, the records of whose actual life by no means entitle him to such a distinction.

In the *Inflexible Prince* we have a faithful, as well as a lively, picture of the conditions under which warfare was conducted between the Moors and Iberians, when chivalry mingled with brutality amid these disciples of

the crescent and the cross. The Christian was not more firm in his constancy than the Mohammedan, not more inflexible in his belief. The characters are well worked out, albeit the patience of Firnando under sufferings that amounted to torture are somewhat overdrawn. If such a prince really existed in the degenerate days of Philip IV history does not record it.

VI.

Calderon's Spectacular and Religious Plays.

Calderon has been called the Shakespeare of the Spaniards; but the drama of Spain, and especially of Calderon, is sui generis. The art of Calderon attains its purpose not less completely than that of Shakespeare or Sophocles, and all that can be said against it is that this purpose is less elevated. It falls below the art of Greece, inasmuch as it makes no pretension to represent the ideal either of divinity or manhood; and below the art of Shakespeare, inasmuch as, instead of offering a mirror to a universal nature, it is restricted to the representation or poetic expression of a temporary or accidental phase of humanity. It would be a waste of time to contrast the conventional uniformity of his pieces, reducible to five or six types at most, with Shakespeare's infinite variety, the faint individualization of his characters with Shakespeare's miraculous subtlety; his class prejudices with Shakespeare's universal sympathy; his stereotyped cast of thought with Shakespeare's comprehensive wisdom. Greatly as he is admired and widely as he is read, he has not contributed a single appreciable element to the literature of any country but

his own, while Shakespeare has revolutionized the taste of Europe. His relation to his contemporaries is also different to Shakespeare's. The latter is a sun among stars; the former the brightest star of a group.

We shall best do justice to Calderon, not by instituting a vain comparison with Shakespeare, or even with Goethe, whom he more closely resembles, but by regarding those qualities in which he specially excels. Nothing can surpass the fertility, ingenuity and consistency of his constructive faculty, the affluence of his imagery and the melody of his versification. In him the poet and playwright are happily combined; the development of his plots holds the spectator in suspense from first to last, and the diction, except in designedly comic passages, seldom falls below the standard of dignified verse. The interminable length of many of his speeches is certainly a fault, and this is due in part to the fluency of his metre. As a tragic poet we must allow him power, but without any philosophical view of human nature or destiny. As a comic poet he excels in situation; but his dialogue is almost void of humor. His proper and peculiar sphere is that of the fancifully poetical, and in this direction his invention is equal to any feat of construction. Except for Shakespeare and Aristophanes, no dramatist understood so well how to transport his reader or spectator to an ideal world.

A Brilliant Drama.

The Wonderful Magician, one of his most brilliant and popular plays, is best known to American and Eng-

lish readers from the spirited translation of Shelley, though either from carelessness or an imperfect knowledge of Spanish, he is often unfaithful to the meaning of his author. Its subject—the voluntary surrender of a human soul to the Evil One—offers striking analogies and equally strong contrasts to *Faust,* and in a comparison of the two dramas there is much of interest and instruction.

The scene is in Antioch and the characters are Cyprian, a student; the wonder-working demon; Lælius, son of the governor of Antioch; Florus, his friend; Moscon and Clarin, servants of Cyprian; the governor of Antioch; Fabius, his servant; Lysander, the reputed father of Justina; Justina, and Livia, her maid.

In the fourth scene of the first act Lælius and Florus have quarreled over Justina, and are about to fight a duel in the presence of Cyprian:

Lælius.—Further let us not proceed;
For these rocks, these boughs so thickly
Interwoven, that the sun
Cannot even find admittance,
Shall be the sole witnesses
Of our duel.

Florus.— Then, this instant
Draw your sword; for here are deeds,
If in words elsewhere we've striven.

Læl.—Yes, I know that in the field,
While the tongue is mute, the glitter
Of the sword speaks thus. (They fight.)

Cyprian.— What's this?
Hold, good Florus! Lælius, listen!—
Here until your rage is calmed,
Even unarmed I stand betwixt ye.

Læl.—Thus to interrupt my vengeance,
Whence, O Cyprian, have you risen
Like a spectre?
Flo.— A wild wood-god,
Have you from these tree-trunks issued?

SCENE V.

Enter Moscon and Clarin.

Moscon.—Yonder, where we left our master,
I hear sword-strokes; run, run quickly.
Clarin.—Well, except to run away,
I am anything but nimble;—
Truly a retiring person.
Moscon and Clarin.— Sir. . . .
Cyprian.—No more: your gabble irks me.—
How? What's this? Two noble friends,
Who in blood, in birth, in lineage,
Are to-day of Antioch all
Its expectancy, the city's
Eye of fashion, one the son
Of the governor, of the princely
House Colalto, one the heir,
Thus to peril, as of little
Value, two such precious lives
To their country and their kindred?

Cyprian asks the cause of their feud, promising that if, on hearing it, satisfaction must be given, he will leave them unobserved:

Lælius.—Then on this condition solely,
That you leave us, when the bitter
Truth is told, to end our quarrel,

I to tell the cause am willing.
I a certain lady love,
The same lady as his mistress
Florus also loves; now see,
How incompatible are our wishes!—
Since betwixt two jealous nobles
No mediation is admitted.

Florus.—I this lady love so much
That the sunlight I would hinder
From beholding her sweet face.
Since then all interposition
Is in vain, pray stand aside,
And our quarrel let us finish.

Cyprian.—Stay, for one more thing I'd know.
Tell me this of your fair mistress,
Is she possible to your hopes,
Or impossible to your wishes?—

Lœl.—Oh: she is so good and wise
That if even the sun enkindled
Jealousy in the heart of Florus,
It was jealousy pure and simple,
Without cause, for even the sun
Dare not look upon her visage.

Cyp.—Would you marry with her, then?

Flo.—This is all my heart's ambition.

Cyp.—And would you?

Lœl.— Ah, would to heaven
I were destined for such blisses!—
For, although she's very poor,
Virtue dowers her with its riches.

Cyp.—If you both aspire to wed her,
Is it not an act most wicked,
Most unworthy, thus beforehand
Her unspotted fame to injure?
What will say the world, if one
Of you two shall marry with her
After having killed the other
For her sake?

Cyprian offers to intercede for them with the lady, and the duelists sheathe their swords.

Cyprian.—On, of course, the supposition,
That this lady you pay court to
Suffers naught by the admission,
Since you both have spoken proudly
Of her virtue and her strictness,
Tell me who she is; for I,
Who am held throughout the city
In esteem, would for you both
Speak to her at first a little,
That she thus may be prepared
When her father tells your wishes.

Lælius.—You are right.

Cyp.— Her name?

Florus.— Justina,
Daughter of Lysander.

Cyp.— Little,
Now that I have heard her name,
Seem the praises you have given her;
She is virtuous as she's noble.
Instantly I'll pay my visit.

Flo.—(Aside.) May heaven grant that in my favor
Her cold heart be moved to pity! (Exit.)

Læl.—Love, my hopes with laurels crown
When they are to her submitted! (Exit.)

Cyp.—Further mischief or misfortune,
Grant me, heaven, that I may hinder! (Exit.)

Moscon and Clarin, servants of Cyprian, are in love with Livia, Justina's maid.

Moscon.—Has your worship heard our master
Now is gone to pay a visit
To Justina?

Clarin.—Yes, my lord.
But what matter if he didn't?
Mos.—Matter quite enough, your worship;
He has no business there.
Cla.— Why, prithee?
Mos.—Why? because I die for Livia,
Who is maid to this Justina,
And I wouldn't have even the sun
Get a glimpse of her through the window.
Cla.—Well, that's good; but, for a lady,
To contend were worse than silly,
Whom I mean to make my wife.
Mos.—Excellent, faith! the fancy tickles
Quite my fancy. Let her say
Who is it that annoys or nicks her
To a nicety. Let's go see her,
And she'll choose.
Cla.— A good idea!—
Though I fear she'll pitch on you.
Mos.—Have you, then, that wise suspicion?
Cla.—Yes; for always these same Livias
Choose the worst, th' ungrateful minxes.

Cyprian pleads the cause of Florus and Lælius, and then his own; but she will have none of them.

Justina.—Half in wonder and dismay
At the vile address you make me,
Reason, speech, alike forsake me,
And I know not what to say.
Never in the slightest way
Have your clients had from me
Encouragement for this embassy—
Florus never—Lælius no:—
Of the scorn that I can show
Let then this a warning be.
Cyprian.—If I, knowing that you loved

Some one else, would dare to seek
Your regard, my love were weak,
And could justly be reproved.
But here seeing you stand unmoved,
Like a rock 'mid raging seas,
No extraneous miseries
Make me say I love you now.
'Tis not for my friends I bow,
So your warning hear with ease.—
To Lælius what shall I say?

Jus.— That he
Well may trust the boding fears
Of his love of many years.

Cyp.—To Florus?

Jus.— Not my face to see.

Cyp.—And to myself?

Jus.— Your love should be
Not so bold.

Cyp.—Though a god should woo?

Jus.—Will a god do more for you
Than for those I have denied?

Cyp.—Yes.

Jus.— Well then, I have replied
To Lælius, Florus and to you.

(Exeunt Justina and Cyprian at opposite sides.)

In the following scene Clarin and Moscon make love to Livia:

Clarin.—Livia, heigh!

Moscon.— And Livia, ho!—
List, good lass.

Cla.—We're here, we two.

Livia.—Well, what want you, sir? And you,
What do you want?

Cla.— We both would show,
If perchance you do not know,
That we love you to distraction.
On a murderous transaction
We came here, to kill each other:—
So to put an end to the bother,
Just choose one for satisfaction.

Liv.—Why, the thing that you're demanding
Is so great, it hath bereft me
Of my wits. My grief hath left me
Without sense or understanding.
Choose but one! My heart expanding,
Beats so hard a strain to shun!
I one only! 'Tis for fun
That you ask me so to do.
For with heart enough for two,
Why require that I choose one?

Cla.—Two at once would you have to woo?
Would not two embarrass you, pray?

Liv.—No, we women have a way
To dispose of them two by two.

Mos.—What's the way? do tell us, do;—
What is it? speak.

Liv.— You put one out!—
I would love them, do not doubt. . . .

Mos.—How?

Liv.— Alternately.

Cla.— Eh,
What's alternately?

Liv.— 'Tis to say,
That I would love them day about. **(Exit.)**

Mos.—Well, I choose to-day: good-bye.

Cla.—I, to-morrow, the better part.
So I give it with all my heart.

Mos.—Livia, in fine, for whom I die,
To-day loves me, and to-day love I.
Happy is he who so much can say.

Cla.—Hearken, my friend: you know my way.

Mos.—Why this speech? Does a threat lie in it?
Cla.—Mind, she is not yours a minute
After the clock strikes twelve to-day. (Exeunt.)

Cyprian again makes love to Justina and is again repulsed, though not, as it seems, through want of regard for him, declaring,

Fate forbids that I should love thee,
Cyprian, except in death.

Then comes another scene between Moscon, Clarin and Livia:

Clarin.—Livia, while my master yonder,
Like a living skeleton,
Life and motion being gone,
On his luckless love doth ponder,
Give me an embrace.
Livia.— Stay, stay.
Patience, man! until I see,
For I like my conscience free,
If to-day is your right day.—
Tuesday, yes, and Wednesday, no.
Cla.—What are you counting there? Awake!
Moscon's mum.
Liv.— He might mistake,
And I wish not to act so.
For, desiring to pursue
A just course betwixt you both,
Turn about, I would be loth
Not to give you each his due.
But I see that you are right,
'Tis your day.
Cla.— Embrace me, then.

Liv.—Yes, again, and yet again.

Moscon.—Hark to me, my lady bright,
May I from your ardor borrow
A good omen in my case;
And as Clarin you embrace,
Moscon you'll embrace to-morrow?

Liv.—Your suspicion is, in fact,
Quite absurd; on me rely.
Jupiter forbid that I
Should commit so bad an act
As to be cool in any way
To a friend. I will to thee
Give an embrace in equity,
When it is your worship's day.

Cyprian, inspired by the demon, is seized with an uncontrollable passion for Justina, as he thus declares in lines thus rendered in Shelley's translation, and from which, it would appear, were suggested scenes in *Faust:*

So bitter is the life I live
That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul, forever to inherit,
To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.
Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
My soul is offered!

Demon.—(Unseen.) I accept it.
(Tempest, with thunder and lightning.)

Cyprian.—What is this? ye heavens forever pure,
At once intensely radiant and obscure!
Athwart the ætherial halls
The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls
The day affright.
As from the horizon round,
Burst with earthquake's sound,

In mighty torrents the electric fountains;—
Clouds quench the sun, and thunder smoke
Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
Philosophy, thou canst not even
Compel their causes underneath thy yoke.
From yonder clouds even to the waves below
The fragments of a single ruin choke
Imagination's flight;
For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
The ashes of the desolation cast
Upon the gloomy blast,
Tell of the footsteps of the storm.
And nearer see the melancholy form
Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
Drives miserably!

Presently the demon enters, as though escaped from the sea, and after some discourse with Cyprian, reveals to him his real personality.

In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit
A king—whom I may call the king of kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace roofed with brightest gems
Of living light—call them the stars of Heaven—
Named me his counselor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat, and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed:—

Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns
By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope;
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more perchance shall be.
Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine and death and outrage. Then I sailed
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,
A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
The expanse of these wide, glassy wildernesses
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
Seeking forever a mountain, through whose forests
I seek a man, whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
In tempest, and although my power could well
Bridle the forest winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to Favonian gentleness;
I could and would not;—thus I wake in him (Aside.)
A love of magic art.—Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister with unwonted fear.
And in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven
Written as in a record; I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres,
And know them as thou knowest every corner

Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and agèd trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with a horror
Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
Of these wild oaks and pines—and as from thee
I have received the hospitality
Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
The wildest dream presented to thy thought
As object of desire, that shall be thine.

* * * * * * * *

In another scene the demon tempts Justina, who is a Christian.

Demon.—Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guilty phantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love, only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of love's soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of love's sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.

Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A voice within.—What is the glory far above
All else in human life?

All.— Love! love!

(While these words are sung, the demon goes out at one door and Justina enters at another.)

The first voice.—There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impressed not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possessed not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to heaven cry,
That the glory far above
All else in life is——

All.— Love! O love!

Justina.—Thou melancholy thought which art
So flattering and so sweet, to thee,
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses?—

All.— Love! O love!

Jus.—'Tis that enamored nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who, rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, nightingale—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,

What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou should'st teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled, too.

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O nightingale,
Cease from thy enamored tale,—
Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me——

All.— Love! love! love!

Jus.—It cannot be!—Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?——

(She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.)

Did I not requite him
With such severity that he has fled
Where none have ever heard of him again?—
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
Cyprian is absent, O me miserable!

I know not what I feel! (More calmly.)
It must be pity
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause. (She again becomes troubled.)
And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake. (Calmly.)
Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
And woe to me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world.

Enter Demon.

Demon.—Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

Justina.—And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

Dem.— No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

Jus.—So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

Dem.— Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.

Jus.—I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:—
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

Dem.—But a far mightier wisdom than thine own

Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

Jus.— By my free-will.

Dem.— I
Must force thy will.

Jus.— It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
(He draws, but cannot move her.)

Dem.—Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Jus.— It were bought
Too dear.

Dem.— 'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Jus.—'Tis dread captivity.

Dem.— 'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

Jus.—'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

Dem.— But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?

Jus.— My defense
Consists in God.
(He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.)

Dem.— Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defense in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. (Exit.)

Jus.— I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,

Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never—— But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak?—Did not a man but now
Stand here before me?—No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia!—

Enter Lisander and Livia.

Lisander.—O my daughter! What?

Livia.— What?

Justina.— Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now?—
I scarce contain myself!

Lis.— A man here!

Jus.—Have you not seen him?

Liv.— No, lady.

Jus.—I saw him.

Lis.— 'Tis impossible; the doors
Which lead to this department were all locked.

Liv.—(Aside.) I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was locked up in my room.

Lis.— It must
Have been some image of thy phantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skillful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

Liv.—My master's in the right.

Jus.— O would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; aye,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,

I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps.—Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Where secretly the faithful worship.

Liv.— Here.

Jus.—(Putting on her cloak.) In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!

Lis.— And I will go with thee.

Liv.—When I once see them safe out of the house
I shall breathe freely.

Jus.— So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!

Lis.— Let us go.

Jus.—Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake,
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

The demon renews his compact with Cyprian, who signs a bond written on a piece of linen with the point of a dagger dipped in his own blood. Presently appears a phantom figure of Justina, which Cyprian embraces and carries in his arms, exclaiming:

Now, O beautiful Justina,
In this sweet and secret covert,
Where no beam of sun can enter,
Nor the breeze of heaven blow roughly,
Now the trophy of thy beauty
Makes my magic toils triumphant,
For here; folding thee, no longer
Have I need to fear disturbance.
Fair Justina, thou hast cost me
Even my soul. But in my judgment,
Since the gain has been so glorious,

Not so dear has been the purchase.
Oh! unveil thyself, fair goddess,
Not in clouds obscure and murky,
Not in clouds obscure the sun,
Show its golden rays effulgent.

Cyprian then draws aside the cloak and discovers a skeleton, which tells him:

Cyprian, such are all the glories
Of the world that you so covet.

In the final scenes Justina and Cyprian are sentenced to death for worshipping the God of the Christians. Their bodies are exposed on the scaffold, over which the demon appears astride of a winged serpent, and thus makes confession:

Hear, O mortals, hear what I,
By the orders of high Heaven,
For Justina's exculpation,
Must declare to all here present.
I it was who, to dishonor
Her pure fame, in form dissembled
For the purpose, scaled her house,
And her very chamber entered.
And in order that her fame
Should not by that fraud be lessened,
I come here her injured honor
To exhibit pure and perfect.
Cyprian, who with her lieth,
On a happy bier at rest there,
Was my slave. But he effacing,
With the blood his neck outsheddeth
The red signature, the linen
Is now spotless and unblemished.

And the two, in spite of me,
Having to the spheres ascended
Of the sacred throne of God,
Live there in a world far better.—
This, then, is the truth, which I
Tell, because God made me tell it,
Much against my will, my practice
Not being great as a truth-teller.

The demon then sinks into the ground, and the play ends amid the terror of the assembled multitude.

La Aurora En Copacabana.

The discovery and conquest of the New World have at all times been a favorite theme with Spanish poets. The Castilians prided themselves on being Christians and warriors, and the massacre of infidel nations appeared to them to extend at the same time the kingdom of God and of Spain. Calderon chose as the subject of one of his dramas the discovery and conversion of Peru, and this he entitled *La Aurora en Copacavana,* from the name of one of the sacred temples of the Incas, where the first cross was planted by the companions of Pizarro. The admirers of Calderon extol this as one of his finest efforts, as animated by the purest and most elevated enthusiasm. A series of brilliant objects is indeed presented to the eyes and to the mind. On one side, the devotions of the Indians are celebrated at Copacavana with a pomp and magnificence which are not so much derived from the music and the decorations as from the splendor and poetic elevation of the language. On the

other side, the first arrival of Pizarro on the shore, and the terror of the natives, who take the vessel for some unknown monster of the deep, whose bellowings they imagine to be the thunder of the skies, are rendered with equal truth and richness of imagination. To avert the calamities which these strange prodigies announce, the gods of America demand a human victim. They make choice of Guacolda, one of their priestesses, who is an object of love to the Inca and to the hero Jupangui. Idolatry, represented by Calderon as a real being, who continually dazzles the Indians by false miracles, herself solicits this sacrifice. She obtains the consent of the terrified Inca, while Jupangui withdraws his mistress from the priests of the false gods, and places her in safety. The alarm of Guacolda, the devotion of her lover, and the danger of the situation, which gradually increases, give to the scene an agreeable and romantic interest, which, however, leads us almost to forget Pizarro and his companions-in-arms.

In the second act both the interest and action are entirely changed. We behold Pizarro, with the Spaniards, assaulting the walls of Cuzco, the Indians defending them, and the Virgin Mary assisting the assailants and saving Pizarro, who is precipitated from the summit of a scaling ladder by the fragment of a rock, but rises without injury and returns to the combat. In another scene the Spaniards, already masters of Cuzco, are reposing in a palace built of wood; the Indians set fire to it, but the Virgin, invited by Pizarro, comes again to his aid; she appears amid a choir of angels, and pours on the flames torrents of water and snow. This

vision appears also to Jupangui as he leads the Indians to an attack on the Spaniards. He is converted, and, addressing the Virgin in a moment of danger, when the asylum of his mistress is discovered, she takes them under her protection and conceals them both from their enemies.

This new miracle gives rise to the incidents of the third act, apparently founded on the legend of Copacavana. Peru has wholly submitted to the king of Spain, and is converted, while Jupangui has no other desire or thought than to form an image of the Virgin similar to the apparition which he saw in the clouds. Notwithstanding his ignorance of art, and of the use of the requisite instruments, he labors incessantly; but his rude attempts only expose him to the derision of his companions. The latter refuse to allow a statue of so grotesque an appearance to be deposited in a temple, and Jupangui undergoes all sorts of disappointments and mortifications, even to the threatened destruction of his image. At length the Virgin, touched by his faith and perseverance, dispatches two angels to his assistance, who, one with chisels and the other with pencils and colors, retouch the statue and render it a perfect likeness of its divine original. The festival which solemnizes this miracle terminates the scene.

With all its merits, this tragedy of Calderon is inferior to the *Arauco Domado* of Lopé de Vega, with which it may properly be compared. The greater elegance of versification in the former is not sufficient to atone for the violation of the essential rules of art, and of those founded on nature itself. The author perpetually di-

verts our attention to new subjects, without ever satisfying us. Not to mention the interest which might have been excited for the flourishing empire of the Incas, which is introduced to us in the midst of its religious rites, and which falls, we know not how, Pizarro appears, landing for the first time among the natives of Peru; but no sooner do we begin to mark the contrast between these two distinct races of men, than the scene is suddenly withdrawn from us. The love of Jupangui and Guacolda excites in us, in its turn, a romantic interest, but it is abandoned long before the close of the piece. The struggle between a conquering and a conquered people might have developed instances of valor and heroism, and produced scenes both noble and affecting; but we have only a glimpse of this contest, which is suddenly terminated by a miracle. A subject altogether new then commences with the conversion of Jupangui and his attempt to fashion the miraculous image. Fresh personages enter on the scene; we find ourselves in an unknown world; the new-born zeal of the converted Peruvians is beyond our conception; all the feelings previously awakened in us become enfeebled or extinguished, and those which the poet wishes to excite in us in the third act are not really felt in the heart.

In truth, it is difficult to account for the admiration bestowed by critics of unquestioned celebrity on a play so full of defects. Intimately acquainted, as they were, with the ancient and modern drama, and accustomed to appreciate the perfect productions of the Greeks, how is it possible that they could be blind to the glaring

faults of these ill-connected scenes? But, in fact, it is not in the capacity of critics that they have judged the Spanish stage. They have extolled it rather because they find in every page the religious zeal which appears to them so chivalric and poetical; so that the enthusiasm of Jupangui redeems in their eyes all the faults of the *Aurora en Copacavana.* But rank in literature is not to be regulated by religion; and, indeed, if it were, these neophytes would probably find themselves disarmed by the very church whose tenets they have embraced, when they applaud a fanaticism which at this day she herself disavows.

The Virgin of the Sanctuary.

As to unity of subject and time, Calderon's treatment differed essentially from that of other great masters, and this is apparent in all his dramas; but there is one that may especially be noticed for the eccentricity of its plan. It is entitled *The Origin, Loss and Restoration of the Virgin of the Sanctuary,* and was composed to celebrate the festival, on the stage as well as in the church, of a miraculous image of the Virgin which was preserved in the cathedral at Toledo. Like all Spanish comedies—if we may call them so—it is divided into three acts, but the first is placed in the seventh century, under the reign of Recesuindo, king of the Visigoths; the second is in the eighth century, during the conquest of Spain by Aben Tariffa, and the third is in the eleventh century, at the time when Alfonso VI recovered Toledo from the Moors. The unity of the piece, if such

there is, rests on the history of the miraculous image, on which depends the destiny of Spain. As to the rest, the personages, the action and the interest vary in every act.

The first act discovers to us the bishop of Toledo, St. Ildefonso, who, with the authority of King Recesuindo, establishes a festival in honor of this image, worshipped from the remotest period in the church of Toledo. He relates the origin of Toledo, founded, as he says, by Nebuchadnezzar. In this city, the primitive church worshipped the same Virgin of the sanctuary which the Saint now offers afresh for the adoration of the Christians. His victory over the heresiarch Pelagius is celebrated at the same time. Pelagius himself appears in the piece as an object of persecution to the people and the priests, and to give to the Spaniards a foretaste of their Autos da fé. His heresy, which, according to ecclesiastical history, consists in obscure opinions on grace and predestination, is represented by Calderon as treason against the majesty of the Virgin, as he is accused of denying the immaculate conception. The poet supposes that he wishes to possess himself of the image by theft. He is prevented by a miracle; the Virgin comes to the aid of her representative; she terrifies the sacrilegious intruder; she encourages St. Ildefonso, and announces to the miraculous image that it must be long concealed and pass several ages in darkness.

It is difficult to imagine what advantage Calderon found in mingling such gross anachronisms with his narrations, especially in his religious pieces. The long discourse of St. Ildefonso on the origin of the miraculous image commences thus: "Cosmography, which measures

the earth and the heavens, divides the globe into four parts: Africa, Asia and America are the three first, of which I have not occasion at present to speak, but which the learned Herodotus has fully described; the fourth is our Europe." Calderon must surely have known that America was discovered only about a hundred years before he was born, and that neither Herodotus nor St. Ildefonso could possibly have spoken of it.

In the second act Tariffa is seen with the Moors, besieging Toledo. Calderon conducts him to the walls of the city, where he recounts to the besieged, in a speech of eleven stanzas, the fall of the monarchy of the Goths, the defeat of Rodrigo at Xeres, and the triumph of the Mussulmans. Godman, governor of the city, replies in a speech equally as long, that the Christians of Toledo will perish on the ramparts rather than surrender. At length Donna Sancha, who, in the name of all the inhabitants, makes a speech longer than either, prevails on Godman to capitulate. A part of the Christians retire to the Asturias; but the miraculous image of Sagrario will not permit itself to be carried away by the archbishop. It remains for the purpose of comforting the people of Toledo in their captivity, and the prelate leaves it on the altar. In the articles of capitulation Godman obtains liberty of conscience for the Christians, who gradually become intermingled with the Arabs, and, to preserve the statue, the ex-governor hides it at the bottom of a well.

In the third act we behold Alfonso VI in the midst of his court and knights, receiving the capitulation of the Moors of Toledo, and engaging by oath to grant

BAPTISM OF POLONIA AND LESBIA

After an original painting by D. Etcheverry

The vocation God has given thee is to sow faith o'er all the Irish soil.

PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.—CALDERON.

them religious liberty, and to leave for the worship of the Mussulmans, the largest mosque in the city. We also see the origin of the dispute, which was ultimately decided by a duel, as to the preference of the Mocarabian or Catholic rites. Alfonso, wishing to extend his conquests, leaves his wife, Constance, in charge of the city in his absence. Sacrificing every other consideration to her religious zeal, she violates the terms of the capitulation with the Moors, deprives them of their mosque and restores to its place the miraculous image of the Virgin. Alfonso, at first, is highly indignant at this proceeding, and promises the deputies of the Moors, who prefer their complaints to him, to chastise his wife, to restore the mosque to the Moors, and to punish all who had broken their oaths. But when Constance appears before him to implore his pardon, the Virgin surrounds her with a celestial glory; she dazzles the king, and convinces him, to the great delight of the spectators, that it is an unpardonable crime to keep faith with heretics.

Notwithstanding the religious character of the play, it is as much interspersed with low scenes as all the rest. There are boisterous peasants in the first act, drunken Moors in the second and pages in the third, whose business it is to entertain the pit, and to enliven, by their occasional witticisms, the too great solemnity of the subject.

Purgatory of St. Patricius.

For his *Purgatory of St. Patrick* Calderon was indebted to a little volume published at Madrid, in 1627,

by Juan Perez de Montalvan, and entitled *Vida y Purgatorio de San Patricio.* It met with immense success, passed through innumerable editions and was reprinted in Spain as a chap-book within recent years. It was also translated into German, Dutch, Italian and Portuguese; but there is no English version, though the translation from Calderon almost reproduces the language of Montalvan.

The scene is in Ireland, where, at the opening, King Egerius appears on a rocky seashore, with his daughters, Polonia and Lesbia, and a certain captain. The king is contemplating suicide, tormented by an evil dream that constantly haunts him:

> Every torment that doth dwell
> Forever with the thirsty fiends of hell—
> Dark brood of that dread mother,
> The seven-necked snake, whose poisoned breath doth smother
> The fourth celestial sphere;
> In fine its horror and its misery drear
> Within me reach so far,
> That I myself upon myself make war.
> When in the arms of sleep
> A living corpse am I, for it doth keep
> Such mastery o'er my life that, as I dream,
> A pale foreshadowing threat of coming death I seem.

Polonia.—How could a dream, my lord, provoke you so?

King.—Alas! my daughters, listen, you shall know.

> From out the lips of a most lovely youth
> —And though a miserable slave, in sooth
> I dare not hurt him, and I speak his praise—
> Well, from the mouth of a poor slave, a blaze
> Of lambent lustre came,
> Which mildly burned in rays of gentlest flame;

Till reaching you,
The living fire at once consumed ye two.

Presently the sound of a trumpet announces the approach of a ship, and St. Patrick and Luis Enius are cast ashore, clasping each other as having escaped from drowning:

Patrick.—Oh, God save me!
Luis.—Oh, the devil save me!
Lesbia.—They move my pity, these unhappy two.
King.—Not mine, for what it is I never knew.
Pat.—Oh, sirs, if wretchedness
Can move most hearts to pity man's distress,
I will not think that here
A heart can be so cruel and severe
As to repel a wretch from out the wave.
Pity, for God's sake, at your feet I crave.
Luis.—I don't, for I disdain it.
From God or man I never hope to gain it.
King.—Say who you are; we then shall know
What hospitable care your needs we owe.

But first the king reveals his own identity as absolute sovereign of the realm:

No god my worship claims;
I do not even know the deities' names,
Here they no service nor respect receive;
To die and to be born is all that we believe.

St. Patrick then tells the story of his birth, that he is the son of a French lady and an Irish cavalier, and was born at a small hamlet in Ireland, "midway 'twixt

the north and west, and scarcely known to man." He was educated by "a very holy matron"—his aunt, according to Montalvan's story—and at a very early age was chosen of God to work miracles. One day, while at the seashore with some fellow-students, he was captured by the pirate, Philip de Roqui, who was ravaging the Irish coast, and was reserved to be offered as a slave to the king, whose kindness he now supplicates:

Since we are your slaves and servants,
That being moved by our disasters,
That being softened by our weeping,
Our sore plight may melt your kindness,
And our very pains command you.

But the king answers him sternly:

Silence, miserable Christian,
For my very soul seems fastened
On thy words, compelling me,
How I know not, to regard thee
With strange reverence and fear,
Thinking thou must be that vassal—
That poor slave whom in my dream
I beheld outbreathing flashes,
Saw outflashing living fire,
In whose flame, so lithe and lambent,
My Polonia and my Lesbia
Like poor moths were burned to ashes.

Patrick.—Know, the flame that from my mouth
Issued, is the true Evangel,
Is the doctrine of the Gospel:—
'Tis the word which I'm commanded
Unto thee to preach, O king!
To thy subjects and thy vassals,
To thy daughters, who shall be
Christians through its means.

Here he is interrupted by the king:

> Cease, fasten
> Thy presumptuous lips, vile Christian,
> For thy words insult and stab me.

Enius then tells his story—not of miracles, but of

> Dark crimes,
> Robberies, murders, sacrileges,
> Treasons, treacheries, betrayals,

Of sinful and daring deeds, even to the foulest of outrages and the greatest of excesses; so that, as he declares, "all respect has left me." Yet he declares himself a Christian and an Irishman.

The king then takes Enius in his arms, admiring him for his courage; but throws Patrick on the ground and tramples on him:

> That thou may'st see
> How I value or give credit
> To thy threats, thy life I spare.
> Vomit forth the flame incessant
> Of the so-called word of God,
> That by this thou may'st be certain
> I do not adore his Godship,
> Nor his miracles have dread of.
> Live, then; but in such a state
> Of poor, mean and abject service
> As befits a useless hind
> In the fields; and so as shepherd
> I would have thee guard my flocks,
> Which are in these vales collected.
> Let us see, if for the purpose
> Of this mystic fire outspreading,

Being my slave, thy God will free thee
From captivity and thy fetters.

Patrick is perfectly resigned to his lowly condition, as appears in the following adoration:

Lord! how gladly do I live
In this solitary spot,
Where my soul in raptured prayer
May adore thee, or in trance
See the living countenance
Of thy prodigies so rare!
Human wisdom, earthly lore,
Solitude reveals and reaches;
What diviner wisdom teaches
In it, too, I would explore.

His keeper asks him:

Tell me, talking thus apart,
Who is it on whom you call?

Patrick answers with another prayer:

Thou art of all created things,
O Lord, the essence and the cause—
The source and centre of all bliss;
What are those veils of woven light,
Where sun and moon and stars unite—
The purple morn, the spangled night—
But curtains which thy mercy draws
Between the heavenly world and this?
The terrors of the sea and land—
When all the elements conspire,
The earth and water, storm and fire—
Are but the shadows of thy hand;

Do they not all in countless ways—
The lightning's flash—the howling storm—
The dread volcano's awful blaze—
Proclaim thy glory and thy praise?
Beneath the sunny summer showers
Thy love assumes a milder form,
And writes its angel name in flowers;
The wind that flies with winged feet
Around the grassy gladdened earth,
Seems but commissioned to repeat
In echo's accents—silvery sweet—
That thou, O Lord, didst give it birth.
There is a tongue in every flame—
There is a tongue in every wave—
To these the bounteous Godhead gave
These organs but to praise his name!
O mighty Lord of boundless space,
Here canst thou be both sought and found—
For here in everything around,
Thy presence and thy power I trace.
With Faith my guide and my defense,
I burn to serve in love and fear;
If as a slave, Oh, leave me here!
If not, O Lord, remove me hence!

The angel now appears, holding in one hand a shield in which is a mirror, and in the other a letter. In the mirror Patrick sees a great throng of people who seem to call him, and in the letter are the words:

Patrick! Patrick! hither come,
Free us from our slavery!

Then says the angel:

The vocation
God has given thee is to sow

Faith o'er all the Irish soil.
There as legate thou shalt toil,
Ireland's great apostle.

The angel then carries him away, "upborne upon the wind."

Meanwhile, Enius has gained the love of Polonia, and by her is rescued from the death to which he is doomed by the king, not for his crimes, but "for Christ's belief alone," in revenge for the escape of Patrick. Polonia rescues him; they flee together, and Enius thus discloses his purpose:

She must go with me where I,
Seizing on the gold and costly
Gems she carries, so might issue
From this Babylonian bondage.
But a great embarrassment
And a hindrance were a woman
For the end I have in view,
Since in me is love a folly
That ne'er passes appetite,
Which being satisfied, no longer
Care I for a woman's presence,
How so fair or so accomplished.
And since thus my disposition
Is so free, of what importance
Is a murder more or less?
At my hands must die Polonia.

Enius kills Polonia, whose body is discovered by the king and his party, whereupon Patrick appears and restores her to life. Enius, to atone for his crimes, passes through purgatory, the entrance to which is a

convent near a cave in the midst of a precipitous ravine, thus described in *The Cenci* of Shelley, who has here borrowed from Calderon:

> And in its depth there is a mighty rock
> Which has from unimaginable years
> Sustained itself with terror and with toil
> Over the gulf, and with the agony
> With which it clings seems slowly coming down;
> Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
> Clings to the mass of life: yet, clinging leans,
> And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
> In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
> Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
> The melancholy mountain yawns.

Thus, in part, Enius relates his experience, in language suggestive of Dante's *Inferno:*

> Then I found me in black night,
> Whence the light was so ejected
> That I closed on it mine eyes.
> With my lids thus closed together,
> On I went, and felt a wall
> Which in front of me extended;
> And by following it, and groping
> For about the length of twenty
> Paces, came upon some rocks,
> And perceived through a small crevice
> Of this rugged mountain wall
> That a doubtful glimmer entered
> Of a light that was not light,
> As when day the dark disperses.
> With quick steps a path pursuing,
> By the left-hand side I entered,
> When I felt a strange commotion;
> The firm earth began to tremble,
> And upheaving 'neath my feet,
> Ruin and convulsion threatened.

Stupefied I stopped there, when
With a voice that woke my senses
From forgetfulness and fainting,
Loud a thunder-clap reëchoed,
And the ground on which I stood
Bursting open in the centre,
It appeared as if I fell
To a depth where I lay buried
In the loosened stones and earth
Which had after me descended.
Then I found me in a hall
Built of jasper, where the presence
Of the chisel was made known
By its ornate architecture.
Through a door of bronze twelve men
Then advanced and came directly
Where I stood, who, clothed alike
In unspotted snow-white dresses,
With a courteous air received me,
And too humbly did me reverence.
One, who seemed to be among them
The superior, said: "Remember
That in God you place your faith,
And that you be not dejected
In your battle with the demons;
For if moved by what they threaten,
Or may promise, you turn back,
You will have to dwell forever
In the lowest depths of hell
Amid torments most excessive."
Angels were these men for me,
And so greatly was I strengthened
By their counsel and advice
That revived I once more felt me.
On a sudden then the whole
Hall unto mine eyes presented
Nothing but infernal visions,
Fallen angels, the first rebels,
And in forms so horrible,
So disgusting, that resemblance

It would be in vain to look for;
And one said to me: "Demented,
Reckless fool, who here hast wished
Prematurely to present thee
To thy destined punishment,
And the pains that thou deservest;
If thy sins are so immense,
That thyself must needs condemn them,
Since thou in the eye of God
Never can have hope of mercy,
Why hast thou come here thyself
To endure them? Back to earth, then,
Go, Oh! go, and end thy life;
And as thou hast lived, so perish.
Then again thou'lt come to see us;
For hath hell prepared already
That dread seat in which thou must
Sit forever and forever."—
I did answer not a word;
And then giving me some heavy
Blows, my hands and feet they bound,
Tieing them with thongs together,
And then caught and wounded me
With sharp hooks of burning metal,
Dragging me through all the cloisters,
Where they lit a fire and left me
Headlong plunged amid the flames.
I but cried, "O Jesus! help me."
At the words the demons fled,
And the fire went out and ended.
Then they brought me to a plain,
Where the blackened earth presented
Fruits of thistles and of thorns,
'Stead of pink and rose sweet scented.
Here a biting wind passed by,
Which with subtle sharpness entered
Even my bones, whose faintest breath
Like the keenest sword-edge cleft me.
Here in the profoundest depths
Sadly, mournfully lamented

Myriad souls, their parents cursing
From whose loins they had descended.
Such despairing shrieks and cries,
Such blaspheming screams were blended,
Such atrocious oaths and curses
So repeated and incessant,
That the very demons shuddered.
I passed on, and in a meadow
Found me next, whose plants and grasses
Were all flames, which waved and bent them,
As when in the burning August
Wave the gold ears all together.
So immense it was, the sight
Never could make out where ended
This red field, and in it lay
An uncountable assemblage
All recumbent in the fire;
Through their bodies and their members
Burning spikes and nails were driven;
These with feet and hands extended
Were held nailed upon the ground,
Vipers of red fire the entrails
Gnawed of some; while others lying,
With their teeth in maniac frenzy
Bit the earth; and some there were
Piecemeal who themselves dismembered,
And who seemed to die, but only
To revive and die forever.
There the ministers of death
Flung me from them bound and helpless,
But at the sweet name of Jesus
All their fury fled and left me.
I passed on, and found me where
Some were cured, by a strange method,
Of their cruel wounds and torments;
Lead and burning pitch were melted,
And being poured upon their sores
Made a cautery most dreadful.
Then I saw a certain building,
Out of which bright rays extended

From the windows and the doors,
As when conflagration settles
On a house, the flame bursts forth
Where an opening is presented.
"This," they told me, "is the villa
Of delights, the bath of pleasures,
The abode of the luxurious,
Where are punished all those women
Who were in the other life,
From frivolity excessive,
Too much given to scented waters,
Unguents, rouges, baths and perfumes."—
I went in, and there beheld,
In a tank of cold snow melted,
Many lovely women bathing,
With an upturned look of terror;
Underneath the water they
Were the prey of snakes and serpents,
For the fishes and the sirens
Of this sea they represented;
In the clear transparent crystal
Stiff and frozen were their members,
Icy hard their hair was lifted,
Chattering struck their teeth together.
Passing out, the demons brought me
To a mountain so tremendous
In its height, that as it rose
Through the sky its peak dissevered,
If it did not tear and rend
The vast azure veil celestial;
In the middle of this peak
A volcano stood, which, belching
Flames, appeared as if to spit them
In the very face of heaven.
From this burning cone, this crater,
Fire at intervals ascended
In which issued many souls,
Who again its womb reëntered,
Oft repeating and renewing
This ascending and descending.

At this time a scorching wind
Caught me when I least expected,
Blowing me from where I stood,
So that instantly it set me
In the depths of that abyss.
I, too, was shot up: a second
Wind-gust came, that with it brought
Myriad legions, who impelled me
Rudely to another part,
Where it seemed I saw assembled
All the other souls I had seen,
But who here were all collected;
And though this was the abode
Where the pains were most excessive,
I remarked that all therein
Faces bore of glad expression,
Countenances calm and sweet,
No impatience in their gestures
Or their words; but with their eyes
Fixed on heaven, as if thus set there
To ask mercy, ever weeping
Tears of tenderness and penance.
That it was the Purgatory
I at once by this detected,
Where the happy souls are purged from
Their more venial offenses.
I was not subdued even here,
Though the demons stormed and threatened
Me the more: I rather felt
By the sight renewed and strengthened.
Then they, seeing that they could not
Shake my constancy, presented
To my eyes their greatest torments,
That which is in an especial
Sense called hell; and so they brought me
To a river, all the herbage
Of whose banks was flowers of fire,
And whose stream was sulphur melted;
The dread monsters of its tide
Were the hydras and the serpents;

It was very wide, and o'er it
Was a narrow bridge suspended,
Which but seemed a line, no more,
And so delicate and slender
That in my opinion no one
Without breaking it could ever
Pass across. "Look here," they said,
"By this narrow way 'tis destined
Thou must cross; see thou the means.
And for thy o'erwhelming terror
See how these have fared who tried
Before thee." And then directly
I saw those who tried to pass
Fall into the stream, where serpents
Tore them in a thousand pieces
With their claws and teeth's sharp edges.
I invoked the name of God,
And could dare with it to venture
To the other side to pass,
Without yielding to the terror
Of the winds and of the waves,
Though they fearfully beset me.
Yes I passed, and in a wood,
So delightful and so fertile,
Found me, that in it I could,
After what had passed, refresh me.
On my way as I advanced,
Cedars, palms, their boughs extended,
Trees of paradise, indeed,
As I may with strictness term them;
All the ground being covered over
With the rose and pink together
Formed a carpet, in whose hues
White and green and red were blended.
There the amorous song-birds sang
Tenderly their sweet distresses,
Keeping, with the thousand fountains
Of the streams, due time and measure.
Then upon my vision broke
A great city, proud and splendid,

Which had even the sun itself
For its towers' and turrets' endings;
All the gates were of pure gold,
Into which had been inserted
Exquisitely, diamonds, rubies,
Topaz, chrysolite and emerald.
Ere I reached the gates they opened,
And the saints in long procession
Solemnly advanced to meet me,
Men and women, youths and elders,
Boys and girls and children came,
All so joyful and contented.
Then the seraphim and angels,
In a thousand choirs advancing,
To their golden instruments
Sang the symphonies of heaven;
After them at last approached
The most glorious and resplendent
Patrick, the great patriarch,
Who his gratulations telling
That I had fulfilled my word
Ere I died, as he expected,
He embraced me; all displaying
Joy and gladness in my welfare.
Thus encouraged he dismissed me,
Telling me no mortal ever,
While in life, that glorious city
Of the saints could hope to enter;
That once more unto the world
I should go, my days to end there.
Finally my way retracing,
I came back, quite unmolested
By the dark infernal spirits,
And at last the gate of entrance
Having reached, you all came forward
To receive me and attend me.
And since I from so much danger
Have escaped, Oh! deign to let me,
Pious father, here remain
Till my life is happily ended.

VII.

Closing Period of the Spanish Drama.

In the seventeenth century the Spaniards were regarded as the dictators of the drama, and from them men of the highest genius in other lands were not ashamed to borrow. Nowhere else could be found, in such abundance, new plays teeming with romantic incidents, intrigues, disguises and interesting personages, all mingled with scenes from active life and presented with the beauty of language and brilliancy of description characteristic of the great Castilian masters. If Spanish subjects were adapted to the tastes of the French or Italians, and even rendered conformable to rules which the Spaniards themselves despised, this was rather in deference to the authority of the ancients than to please the people, who, indeed, would accept almost anything that came from the Castile of olden days. But this condition of affairs has long since been reversed; for after the days of Calderon no new element was introduced into the drama to give new life to its exhausted vitality, and from this period it fell into a moribund condition. In France and Italy the drama of Spain is almost unknown, in England it is ignored, and

if in Germany it retained a more permanent foothold, it never became completely naturalized.

Decline of the Drama.

The Spaniards have only themselves to accuse for so rapid a decline and so entire an oblivion. Instead of perfecting what they had begun, and advancing in the career of glory on which they had entered, they have only copied themselves and each other, retracing a thousand times their own footsteps, without adding anything to their art, and without introducing into it any variety. They had witnessed two men of genius, who composed their pieces in a few days, or rather a few hours. They thought themselves obliged to imitate this rapidity, and hence they abstained from all care and correction, not less scrupulously than a dramatic author in France would have insisted on them. They considered it essential to their fame to compose their plays without study, if, indeed, we may speak of fame when they aspired to nothing further than the transitory applause of an idle populace and the pleasure of novelty, to which a pecuniary profit was attached, while the greater number did not even attempt to attract to their pieces the attention of their well-informed contemporaries or the judgment of posterity, by committing them to the press.

In the Commedia dell' Arte of the Italians we have those extemporaneous masqued pieces, with given characters, oft-repeated jests and incidents which we have met with twenty times before, but adapted, well or ill, to a new production. The works of the Spanish school

which was contemporary with Calderon, and which succeeded him, may with propriety be compared to these fugitive pieces. The extemporaneous part was produced with a little more care, since, instead of catching the moment of inspiration on the stage, the author sought it by some hours of labor in his closet. They were composed in verse, but in the running and easy form of the *Redondilhas*, which naturally flowed from the pen. In other respects the writer did not give himself more trouble to observe probability, historical facts or national manners than an author of the Italian harlequin plays, nor did he attempt, in any greater degree, novelty in the characters, the incidents or the jests, or pay any greater respect to morality. He produced his comedies as articles of trade; he found it more easy and more lucrative to write a second than to correct the first, and it was through this negligence and precipitation that, under the reign of Philip IV, the stage was deluged with an unheard-of number of dramas.

Collections of Plays.

The titles, the authors and the history of this innumerable multitude of plays have escaped not only the foreigner, who can bestow merely a glance on the literature of other nations, but even those Spanish writers who have exerted themselves most to preserve every production which could contribute to the fame of their country. Each troupe of comedians had its own repository, or collection, and endeavored to retain the sole proprietorship; while the booksellers, from time to time,

printed on speculation pieces which were obtained from the manager oftener than from the author. In this manner were formed those collections of *Comedias varias* which we find in libraries, and which were almost always printed without correction, criticism or judgment. The works of individuals were rarely collected or published, and chance more than the taste of the public has saved a few from the mass which has perished. Thus the opinions of critics on the personal merits of each author become necessarily vague and uncertain. We should have more reason to regret this confusion if the character of the poets were to be found in their writings, if it were possible to assign to each his rank and to distinguish his style or principles; but the resemblance is so great that we could readily believe all these plays to have been written by the same hand, and if any one of them has an advantage over the others, it seems more attributable to the happy choice of the subject, or to some historical trait, romance or intrigue which the author has had the good fortune to select, than to the talent with which they are treated.

Among the various collections of Spanish plays, some of the best are anonymous, especially those published as the works of a poet of the court; *de un Ingenio de esta Corte.* It is known that Philip IV wrote several pieces for the stage under this name, and we may readily imagine that those which were supposed to come from his pen would be more eagerly sought after than others. It is not impossible for a very good king to write very bad plays; and Philip IV, who was anything rather than a good king, or a distinguished man, had

still less chance of succeeding as a poet. It is, nevertheless, curious to observe a monarch's view of private life, and what notion a person entertains of society, who is, by his rank, elevated above all participation in it. Other plays, also, which, though not the work of the king, were written by some of his courtiers, his officers of state, or his friends, might, on that account, attract our notice; but nothing can be more vague than the title of these pieces; for an unknown individual may arrogate to himself at will a rank which we have no means of ascertaining; and the Spaniards often extend the name of the Court to everything within the sphere of the capital. Be this, however, as it may, it is among these productions of a Court poet that we find some of the most attractive of Spanish comedies.

The Devil Turned Preacher.

Such, for instance, is *The Devil Turned Preacher,* the work of a devout servant of St. Francis and a Capuchin monk. He supposes that the devil Luzbel has succeeded, by his intrigues, in exciting in Lucca an extreme animosity against the Capuchins; everyone refuses them alms; they are ready to perish with hunger, and are reduced to the last extremity; and the first magistrate in the city at length orders them to leave it. But at the moment that Luzbel is congratulating himself on his victory, the infant Jesus descends to earth with St. Michael. To punish the devil for his misdeeds, he compels him to clothe himself in the habit of St. Francis and then to preach in Lucca in order to counter-

act the mischief he had done; to ask alms, and to revive the charitable disposition of the inhabitants, and not to quit the city or the habit of the order until he had built in Lucca another convent for the followers of St. Francis, larger and more richly endowed than the former. The conceit is sufficiently whimsical, and none the less so that we find the subject treated with the most sincere devotion and the most implicit belief in the miracles of the Franciscans. The solicitude of the devil, who endeavors to terminate, as soon as possible, so disagreeable a business; the zeal with which he preaches; the hidden expressions by which he disguises his mission and wishes to pass off his chagrin as a religious mortification; the prodigious success which attends his exertions in opposition to his own interests; the only enjoyment which is left him in his trouble—to torment the slothful monk who accompanies him in asking alms, and to cheat him in his gormandizing—all this is represented with a gayety and life which render this piece very amusing in the perusal, and which caused it to be received with transport by the audience when it was given on the stage at Madrid in the form of a regular play. It was not one of the least pleasures of the spectators to laugh so long at the expense of the devil, as we are taught to believe that the laugh is usually on his side.

Agustin Moreto.

Among the rivals of Calderon, one of the most celebrated and most deserving of notice was Agustin Moreto, who enjoyed, like him, the favor of Philip IV;

was, like him, a zealot as well as a comic poet; and, toward the end of his life, a priest, though when he entered into the ecclesiastical state he abandoned the theatre. He possessed more vivacity than Calderon, and his plots give rise to more amusing scenes. He attempted, too, a more precise delineation of character, and endeavored to bestow on his comedies, as the fruits of accurate observation, an interest which is seldom found in the Spanish drama. Several of his works were introduced on the French stage at the time when the authors of that country borrowed so much from Spain. That which was best known to the French people, in consequence of being for a long time acted on Shrove Tuesday, is the *Don Japhet of Armenia,* of Scarron, almost literally translated from *El Marques del Cigarral;* but the latter is not among the best efforts of Moreto. There are to be found, for instance, characters much more happily drawn, with much more interest in the plot, more invention and a more lively dialogue in his comedy entitled *It Cannot Be;* where a woman of talent and spirit, who is beloved by a man of jealous disposition, proposes to herself, before marrying him, to convince him that it is impossible to guard a woman effectually, and that the only safe mode is to trust to her own honor. The lesson is severe, for she assists the sister of her lover in an intrigue, although he kept her shut up, and watched her with extreme distrust. She contrives to arrange interviews with a young man; she aids the sister in escaping from her brother's house, and in marrying without his consent; and when she has enjoyed the alarm into which he is thrown, and has

convinced him that, notwithstanding all his caution and all his threats, he has been grossly duped, she consents to give him her hand. The remainder of the plot is conducted with sufficient probability and much originality, giving rise to many entertaining scenes, of which Molière has availed himself in his *École des Maris.*

Zarate.

There is a play in much the same style by Don Fernando de Zarate, called *La Presumida y la Hermosa,* containing strong traits of character joined to a very entertaining plot. There were still to be found in Spain men of taste, who treated with ridicule the affected style introduced by Gongora. Zarate gives to Leonora, a female pedant, the most conceited language, which does not differ much from that of Gongora, and he contrives at the same time to show its absurdity, while his Gracioso exclaims against the outrage thus committed upon the Castilian tongue. The two sisters, Leonora and Violante, have in this piece nearly the same characters as Armande and Henriette in the *Femmes Savantes;* but the Spaniards did not attempt the nicer shades of character, and those which they drew had little influence on passing events. Leonora finds a lover, amiable, noble and rich, as also does her fair and engaging sister; her learning neither adds to nor diminishes the chances of her happiness, for a stratagem, conceived and executed by a knavish valet, decides the fate of all the characters, and the chief interest of the piece centres in the plot. Though the author has doubt-

less taken some hints from *Les Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière, the piece is largely original, especially as to plan, while the dialogue is fairly entertaining.

Francisco de Roxas.

A comic author who enjoyed the highest reputation in the middle of the seventeenth century was Francisco de Roxas, knight of the order of St. James, a great number of whose pieces we find in an ancient collection of Spanish comedies, and from whom the French stage has borrowed several dramas, including the *Venceslas* of Rotrou and *Don Bertran de Cigarral* of Corneille. The latter is translated from the one entitled *The Plot is Laid Among Fools,* which passes for the best that Roxas has written. In another, called *The Patroness of Madrid, Our Lady of Atocha,* written in antiquated language, apparently to give it more respectability, are united all the extravagances and all the moral absurdities that we have seen exhibited in the religious pieces of Calderon.

Juan de Hoz.

The critics of Germany and Spain have selected *The Punishment of Avarice,* by Juan de Hoz, as one of the best in his class of plays. This piece, though highly humorous, is an instance of that radical defect of the Spanish drama, which, by the intricacy of the plot, entirely destroys the effect of character. Juan de Hoz has painted the character of the miser Marcos in strong colors; but the stratagem by which Donna Isidora con-

trives to marry him so far distracts the attention that the avarice of the principal personage is no longer the striking feature of the piece. There is, moreover, a want of propriety in giving to a comedy a title which announces a moral aim when it concludes with the triumph of vice, and is marked by a shameful dereliction of all probity, even in those characters which are represented as respectable.

Canizarez.

One of the latest of the dramatic writers of Spain in the seventeenth century was Joseph Canizarez, who flourished in the reign of Charles II, leaving behind him a number of plays in almost every class. Some of these are historical, as *Picarillo en España,* founded on the adventures of a Frederic de Braquemont, a son of him who, with John de Bethencourt, discovered and conquered the Canaries; but the historic plays of Canizarez are less romantic than those entirely of his own invention. To conclude our review of this era, neither the comedies of Canizarez, which are the most modern, nor those of Guillen de Castro and Juan Ruys de Alarcon, which are the most ancient, nor those of Alvaro Cubillo, of Aragon, of Francisco de Leyra, of Augustino de Zalazar y Torres, of Christoval de Monroy y Silva, Juan de Matos Fragoso and Hieronymo Cancer, possess a character sufficiently marked to enable us to discover in them the manner and style of the author. Their works, like their names, are confounded with others, and after having described a dramatic

epoch, whose richness at first view astonished us, we quit it with a feeling of monotony and fatigue.

Poetry Under the Philips.

The poetry of Spain continued to flourish during the reigns of the three Philips, in spite of the national decline. The calamities which befell the monarchy, the double yoke of political and religious tyranny, the continued defeats, the revolt of conquered countries, the destruction of the armies, the ruin of provinces and the stagnation of commerce could not wholly suppress the efforts of poetic genius. The Castilians, under Charles V, were intoxicated by the false glory of their monarch and by the high station which they had newly acquired in Europe. A noble pride and consciousness of their power urged them on to new enterprises; they thirsted after distinction and renown, and they rushed forward with increasing ardor in the career which was still open to them. The number of candidates did not diminish, and as the different avenues which led to fame, the service of their country, the cultivation of liberal knowledge and every branch of literature connected with philosophy were closed against them, as all civil employ was become the timid instrument of tyranny, and as the army was humiliated by continued defeats, poetry alone remained to those who were ambitious to excel. The number of poets went on increasing in proportion as the number of men of merit in every other class diminished. But with the reign of Philip IV the spirit which had till then animated the Castilians ceased. For

some time before, poetry had partaken of the general decline, although the ardor of its votaries had not diminished, and affectation, and bombast, and all the faults of Gongora had corrupted its style. At length the impulse subsided; the vanity of the conceit which attached itself to an affected and overloaded style was perceived; and there was no one to point the way to improvement. Spanish writers abandoned themselves to apathy and ease; they bowed the neck to the yoke; they attempted to forget the public calamities, to restrain their sentiments, to confine their tastes to physical enjoyments, to luxury, sloth and effeminacy. The nation slumbered, and literature almost ceased to exist.

Philip V did not influence the literature of Spain by any particular attachment to that of France. Of slender talents, and possessed of little taste or information, his grave, sombre and silent character was rather Castilian than French. He founded the academy of History, which led the learned to useful researches into Spanish antiquities, and the academy of Language, which distinguished itself by the compilation of its excellent dictionary. In other respects he left his subjects to their national bias in the cultivation of letters. Meanwhile, the splendor of the reign of Louis XIV, which had dazzled all Europe, and which had imposed on other nations and on foreign literature the laws of French taste, had, in its turn, astonished the Spaniards. A party was formed among the men of letters and the fashionable world, by which the regular and classical compositions of the French were decidedly preferred to the richness and brilliancy of Spanish imagination.

On the other hand, the public attached itself with obstinacy to a style of poetry which seemed to be allied to the national glory, and the conflict between these two parties was more particularly felt on the stage. Men of letters regarded Lopé de Vega and Calderon with a mixture of pity and contempt, while the people, on the other hand, would not allow, in the theatrical performances, any imitation or translation from the French, and granted their applause only to the compositions of their ancient poets. The stage, therefore, remained, during the eighteenth century, on the same footing as in the time of Calderon, except that few new pieces appeared but such as were of a religious tendency, as in these, it was imagined, faith might supply the want of talent.

Lives of the Saints.

In the early part of the eighteenth century were published or represented dramatic lives of the saints, which in general ought to have been objects of ridicule and scandal, and which, nevertheless, had obtained not only the permission, but the approbation and applause of the Inquisition. Such, among others, are two plays by Don Bernard Joseph de Reynoso y Quinones, the one entitled *The Sun of Faith at Marseilles, and the Conversion of France by Saint Mary Magdalen*, and the other, *The Sun of the Magdalen Shining Brighter in its Setting*. The former was represented nineteen times successively after Christmas of 1730; the latter was received with no less enthusiasm in the following year. The Magdalen, Martha and Lazarus arrive at Marseilles

in a vessel which is shipwrecked by a tempest, and appear walking tranquilly on the raging sea. The Magdalen, called on to combat with the priest of Apollo, is at one time seen by him and by all the people in the heavens, surrounded by the angels, and at another time on the same ground as himself. She overthrows, at a word, his temple, and finally commands the broken columns and fallen capitals to return of themselves to their places. The grossest pleasantries of the buffoons who accompany her, the most eccentric burlesques of manners and history are mingled with the prayers and mysteries of religion. There are also two comedies, more extravagant, if possible, by Manuel Francisco de Armesto, secretary of the Inquisition. Their subject is the life of the sister Mary of Jesus de Agreda, whom he designates as the greatest historian of sacred history. Of the many qualities with which Calderon clothed his eccentric compositions, extravagance was the only one that remained to the modern authors.

But while the taste of the people was so eager for this kind of spectacle, and while it was encouraged by the clergy and supported by the Inquisition, the court, enlightened by criticism and by a better taste, was desirous of rescuing Spain from the scandalous reproach which these so-called pious representations excited among strangers. Charles III prohibited, in 1765, the further performance of religious plays and *Autos sacramentales*, and the house of Bourbon had already deprived the people of another recreation not less dear to them, the Autos-da-fé. The last of these human sacrifices was celebrated in 1680, in conformity to the wishes

of Charles II and as a festival at the same time religious and national, which would draw down on him the favor of heaven. After the extinction of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria the Inquisition was no longer allowed to burn its victims in public, but it continued to exercise the most outrageous cruelties on them in its dungeons.

Luzan.

The school of literary critics which endeavored to reform the national taste and adapt it to the French model had at its head, at the middle of the eighteenth century, a man of great talents and extensive information, who exercised a considerable influence on the character and productions of his contemporaries. This was Ignazio de Luzan, a member of the academies of language, history and painting, a counsellor of state and minister of commerce. He was a lover of poetry, and himself composed verses with elegance. He found in his nation little in the way of criticism, except among the imitators of Gongora, who had reduced to rules all the bad taste of their school. It was for the avowed purpose of attacking them that he carefully studied the principles of Aristotle and those of the French authors; and as he was himself more remarkable for elegance and correctness of style than for strength of imagination, he sought less to unite the precision of the French to the eminent qualities of his countrymen than to introduce a foreign literature in the place of that which they possessed. In conformity with these principles, and in order to reform the national taste, he composed his celebrated *Treatise on Poetry*,

printed at Saragossa in 1737. This work, written with great judgment and a display of vast erudition, clear without languor, elegant and unaffected, was received by men of letters as a masterpiece, and has ever since been cited by the classical party in Spain as containing the basis and rules of correct taste.

Imitations of the French.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a few Spanish authors commenced writing for the theatre on the principles of Luzan and in the French style. Luzan himself translated a piece of La Chaussée, and many other dramatic translations were represented about the same time on the stage of Madrid. Augustin de Montiano y Luyando, counsellor of state and member of the two academies, composed two tragedies, *Virginia* and *Ataulpho*, which are, says Boutterwek, drawn with such exact conformity to the French model that we should take them rather for translations than for original compositions. They are both, he adds, frigid and tame, but the purity and correctness of the language, the care which the author has taken to avoid all false metaphors, and the natural style of the dialogue render the perusal of them highly agreeable. Like Italian tragedies, they are composed in blank iambics. Luis Joseph Velasquez, the historian of Spanish poetry, attached himself to the same party. His work, entitled *Origenes de la Poesia Española*, printed in 1754, shows how much the ancient national poetry was then forgotten, since we find a man of his genius and learning often involving its history in

fresh confusion, instead of throwing new light upon it. His work has been translated into the German tongue and enriched with extensive observations by Dieze. These critics were not deficient in talent and taste, although they were incapable of fully appreciating the imagination of their ancestors; but Spain, from the death of Philip IV to the middle of the eighteenth century, did not produce a single poet who could merit the attention of posterity.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a love of national literature seemed to revive in the narrow circle of Spanish authors. The correctness of the French style did not wholly satisfy them; they felt an attachment to the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and writers of real merit attempted to unite Spanish genius with classical elegance.

Huerta.

The first who ventured to attack the French style was Vincent Garcias de la Huerta, a member of the Spanish academy and librarian to the king. Before applying himself to criticism, he had already won reputation as a poet and writer of romances in the ancient style; but it was with much misgiving that he took upon himself to imitate the old masters of the Spanish stage, who for the last hundred years had been considered as barbarous. He composed the tragedy of *Rachel,* in which he proposed to unite the brilliant imagination of Spanish poetry with the dignity of the French, avoiding the conventional forms of the French drama without sac-

rificing its better qualities. It was performed in all the theatres of Spain, and everywhere received with enthusiasm, two thousand copies being forwarded in manuscript, before it was printed, to various parts of the Spanish dominions, including America. Yet it is by no means a masterpiece, and can only be regarded as a proof of the poetical and national sentiment of a man who was desirous of contributing to the reëstablishment of dramatic art in his native country.

Rachel.

The subject is taken from the ancient history of Castile. Alfonso IX, who was defeated by the Moors in the battle of Alarcos, in 1195, was attached to a beautiful Jewess, called Rachel, whom the nobles and people accused as the cause of the calamities which had befallen the monarchy. He is entreated to terminate a passion which all his court regarded as dishonorable. For a long time he remains undecided between duty and love, when a rebellion, which he had with difficulty suppressed, breaks out afresh. Rachel, while the king is on a hunting excursion, is surprised in the palace by the rebels; her counsellor, Reuben, is compelled to kill her in order to save his own life, and he is himself slain by the king on his return. The dialogue is wholly in unrhymed iambics, without any intermixture of sonnets or lyric verses, and there is no very striking scene, although the deaths at the conclusion are represented on the stage. The language is dignified throughout, and many scenes are highly pathetic; but the characters are

badly managed. The beautiful Rachel does not appear sufficiently often; her counsellor, Reuben, is a repulsive character, and Alfonso is one of the feeblest of monarchs. It seems that Huerta wished to flatter not only the love of the Spaniards for their ancient drama, but also their hatred of the Jews. In another piece, called *Agamemnon Vengado,* he attempts to apply the romantic style to a classical subject; he mingles iambics with octaves and lyric verses, and thus advances a step farther toward the drama of Calderon. In order to re-establish the reputation of the ancient dramatists, Huerta published, in 1785, his *Teatro Español,* in sixteen volumes, in which he inserted many criticisms and invectives against the French stage. His collection consists almost entirely of comedies of the cloak and the sword, and he has not admitted a single play of Lopé de Vega, the historical plays of Calderon, or any of his *Autos Sacramentales,* fearing probably the hostility to which such compositions would have exposed him.

Eighteenth Century Dramatists.

While Huerta won fame by restoring the ancient school, others were successful in introducing the French style on the Spanish stage. In some instances, in imitation of Marivaux, they have painted elegant manners, fashionable sensibility and the slighter interests of the heart; in others they have attempted the higher drama, and sometimes they have risen to comedies of character. Nicolas Gernandez de Moratin is known as an author of regular tragedy, Leandro Fernandez de Moratin as a

comic author, and Don Luciano Francisco Comella as approaching nearer than either to the old national style. Another is Ramon de la Cruzycano, who published a great number of comedies, dramas, interludes and saynetes, the last seeming to have retained all the gayety of olden times. The author has taken pleasure in describing in these little pieces the manners of the people, and introduces market-women, sellers of chestnuts, carpenters and artisans of every kind. The vivacity of the inhabitants of the South, their passionate sentiments, their vivid imagination and their picturesque language preserve, even among the lower classes, something poetical, and ennoble the characters drawn from this sphere of society. Cruzycano has written, under the name of Loa, prologues for the comedies represented before the court, and we there find allegorical beings conversing with men agreeably to the ancient taste. Thus, in the *Vaqueros de Aranjuez,* which served as a prologue to a translation of *The Barber of Seville,* the Tagus, the Escurial, Madrid and Loyalty appeared at the same time with shepherds and shepherdesses. It is true, indeed, that the allegory is not throughout treated with the old-time gravity, and that the shepherds occasionally indulge in jests on these eccentric interlocutors assuming the human form. The works of Cruzycano are composed in redondilhas, and lyric verses are occasionally mingled with them to express passion or sensibility; but this similarity of exterior form only renders the contrast of manners more striking; we think ourselves transported into another world, and we cannot conceive how Spanish words can express sentiments so opposite

to those of the ancient Spaniards. But Cruzycano was writing for the court.

There is no longer any trace in the higher ranks of the courteous gallantry of the cavalier, of the mixed reserve and passion of the women, of suspicious jealousy in the husband, of the cruel severity often shown by fathers and brothers, or of the point of honor so destructive to the happiness of lovers. A cavalier of the Italian type, under the name of Cortejo, is admitted to an intimacy with a young wife; his rights are acknowledged; to him solely belong the private conversation, the first place by her side, the honor of dancing with her, and all the tender sentiments and endearments of marriage; while the husband, exposed to caprice and ill-humor, neglected or overlooked by all the guests in the house, must content himself with merely paying the expenses. The two little pieces of *The Ball* and *The Ball Seen from Behind* show that Spain has adopted the manners of Italy, and another, taken from fashionable life, entitled *The Happy Divorce,* indicates that the Spaniards were well acquainted with the character of a man of successful gallantry, the frivolous pride of these conquests assuming the place of the ancient distinctions of honor.

Yriarte.

The closing decades of the eighteenth century also gave birth to lyrical poets, and to a few works of originality. Thomas de Yriarte, principal keeper of the records of the Supreme Council, in his *Fabulas Litterarias,* published in 1782, attained in some degree to the grace

and simplicity of La Fontaine; and their merit was the more felt, as at that period no good fabulist had appeared in Spain. He never displayed more grace than when he borrowed the redondilhas of the ancient Castilian romances. The following, named *The Bear and the Monkey,* is written and rhymed in this fashion:

THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

A bear with whom a Piedmontese
Join'd company to earn their bread,
Essay'd on half his legs to please
The public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claimed applause,
He asked the ape, "Sir, what think you?"
The ape was skilled in dancing-laws,
And answered, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"
Bruin rejoin'd; "you are not civil!
Were these legs given for you to mend
The ease and grace with which they swivel?"

It chanced a pig was standing by:
"Bravo! astonishing! encore!"
Exclaimed the critic of the sty,
"Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
Began an inward calculation;
Then, with a face that spoke repentance,
Express'd aloud his meditation.

"When the sly monkey called me dunce,
I entertained some slight misgiving;
But, pig! thy praise has proved at once
That dancing will not earn my living."

Let every candidate for fame
Rely upon this wholesome rule;—
"Your work is bad, if wise men blame,
But worse, if lauded by a fool!"

Yriarte also wrote a didactic poem on music, which obtained a considerable reputation, but which, notwithstanding the poetical ornaments with which the author has occasionally interspersed it, is, in the scientific portion of it, little more than rhymed prose.

Boutterwek mentions, as a favorite of the Graces, and as a poet worthy of the best times of Spanish literature, Juan Melendez Valdes, whose poems were printed at Madrid in 1785. From his youth he was a follower of Horace, Tibullus, Anacreon and Villegas; and, if he has not attained the voluptuous grace of the last, he has still adorned his poetry with a moral delicacy to which Villegas had little pretension. The pleasures, the pains and the joys of love, the festivals, the leisure and the tranquil hours of a country life are the subjects which Melendez delighted to celebrate. His lively and romantic genius would characterize him as a Spaniard, but the turn of his thoughts is more allied to England and Germany. Some of his idyls have all the grace of Gessner, joined to the harmonious language of the South.

Decadence.

In the closing period of the literature of Spain, it is with regret that we perceive the brilliant illusions which illustrious names and chivalric manners at first excited, successively vanishing from us. The poem of *The Cid*

first presented itself to us among Spanish works, as the Cid himself among the heroes of Castile, and after him we find nothing in any degree equaling either the noble simplicity or his real character or the charm of the brilliant fictions of which he is the subject. Little that has since appeared can justly demand our unqualified admiration. In the midst of the most brilliant efforts of Spanish genius our taste has been continually wounded by extravagance and affectation, or our reason has been offended by an eccentricity often bordering on folly. It is impossible to reconcile the alliance of such an imagination with so whimsical a taste, and such an elevation of soul with so great a perversion of truth. It may be observed that we have seen the Italians fall into the same error, but they retrieved their reputation, and the age which gave birth to Alfieri, Metastasio and Goldoni may, if it does not rival that of Ariosto and Tasso, at least bear a comparison with it. But the feeble efforts of Luzan, of Huerta, of Yriarte and Melendez, the only boast of their nation for more than a century, serve only to convince us how low their country had fallen. The inspiration of the earlier ages is extinct, and modern culture has been too imperfect and too restricted to supply the place of the riches no longer accorded by genius. The Italians had three periods of letters, divided by two long intervals of rest; that of original vigor, when Dante seemed to draw his inspiration from the force and plenitude of his own sentiments; that of classical taste, when the study of the ancients presented new treasures to Ariosto and to Tasso; and, lastly, that of reason and mind devoted

to the arts, when the elevation of thought and manly eloquence of Alfieri, and the exquisite observation of Goldoni, atone for the want of that fervent imagination which began to be exhausted.

But the literature of Spain has, strictly speaking, only one period—that of chivalry—and its sole riches consist in its ancient honor and frankness of character. It shines forth in all its splendor in the ancient Castilian romances; all the fund of sentiments, ideas, images and adventures of which she afterward availed herself is to be found in this original treasure. Boscan and Garcilaso, indeed, gave it a new form, but not a new substance and a new life. The same thoughts, the same romantic sentiments are found in these two poets and their school, with the addition only of a new dress and a form almost Italian. The Spanish drama awoke, and, for the third time, this primitive source of adventures, images and sentiments was brought into action in a new shape. Lopé de Vega and Calderon introduced on the stage the subjects of the early romances and transferred to dramatic dialogue the language of the national songs. Thus, under an apparent variety, the Spaniards have been wearied with monotony. The prodigality of their images and the brilliancy of their poetry discover only an actual poverty. If their minds had been properly disciplined, and if they had enjoyed freedom of thought, the Spanish writers would ultimately have extricated themselves from this dull routine, and would have entered on the same career as those of other nations.

The fund of images and adventures of which the

Spaniards have so frequently availed themselves is that to which, in our days, the name of romance has been particularly applied. We find here the sentiments, the opinions, the virtues and the prejudices of the middle ages; and since chivalric antiquity has been placed in opposition to heroic antiquity, it is interesting, even in a literary point of view, to observe the manner in which it has been treated by a lively and sensitive people, who rejected all new ideas, all foreign assistance, and the results of experience derived from other principles. The manners and prejudices of olden times present an abundance of riches to the poet, but it is necessary to be elevated above them to employ them with advantage. Æschylus and Sophocles, when they represent to us, with so much sublimity, the heroic age, are themselves raised above it, and employ the philosophy of the days of Socrates to give a just idea of the ages of Œdipus and Agamemnon. It is only by an accurate knowledge of the times that we can expect to give a new interest to the era of chivalry. But the Spaniards of modern days were in no wise superior to the personages who were the subject of their poetry. They were, on the contrary, far inferior to them; and they found themselves unqualified to render justice to a theme of which they were not masters.

In another point of view, also, the literature of Spain presents to us a singular phenomenon. While its character is essentially chivalric, we find its ornaments and its language borrowed from the Asiatics; we find Spain, the most western country of Europe, presenting us with the flowery diction and vivid imagination of the East.

It is not here intended to extol the oriental style in preference to the classical, nor to justify those gigantic hyperboles which so often offend our taste, and that profusion of images by which the poet seems desirous to inebriate our senses, investing all his ideas with the charm of sweetest odors, of beautiful colors and of harmonious language. It may be remarked, however, that the qualities which continually surprise us in the literature of Spain are the genuine characteristics of the poetry of India, Persia, Arabia and the East, poetry to which the most ancient nations of the world, and those which have had the greatest influence on civilization, have concurred in yielding their admiration. The sacred writings, moreover, present to us, in every page, instances of the highly figurative language, which we there receive with veneration, but which is not allowed in the moderns. In these different systems of literature, so far from assigning to any one an exclusive preference over the rest, we should accustom ourselves to estimate them all with justice, and thus to enjoy their distinct and several beauties. If we regard the literature of Spain as revealing to us, in some degree, the literature of the East, and as familiarizing us with a genius and taste differing so widely from our own, it will possess in our eyes a new interest. We may thus inhale, in a language allied to our own, the incense of Arabia and the perfumes of the East. We may view, as in a faithful mirror, those palaces of Bagdad, and that luxury of the caliphs, which revived the lustre of departed ages; and we may appreciate, through the medium of a people of Europe, once the greatest of all European nations.

the brilliant Asiatic poetry, which was the parent of so many beautiful creations.

Recent Dramatists.

The general popularity of the drama made it the most productive of praise and profit of all forms of literary activity in Spain. The poet or novelist, though sure of a better public now than at any former period, is not nearly so well paid, either in money or reputation, as the successful playwright. Hence, to succeed as a writer for the stage has been and is the ambition of most Spanish men of letters. Some of the most successful plays of modern times were written by Martinez de la Rosa, statesman and novelist. What little literature of any value Spain produced in the eighteenth century was destined for the stage. The comedies of the younger Moratin, a writer who lived into the nineteenth, are still played occasionally, and one of his successors, Breton de los Herreros, is probably the best writer Spain has produced since the partial revival of her literature. Nor are plays written only in Castilian. The Catalan stage can show some dramatists who rival the great men of old—even that wonder of ready-writing, Lopé de Vega —at least in the quality of fecundity. The popular Barcelonese, Serafi Pitarra, was probably the most productive playwright in Europe. With the exception of Lopé, none of the writers just mentioned are associated in the minds of foreigners or, indeed, of Spaniards, with that Spanish drama which has taken its place among the great literatures of the world. Beginning with

Moratin, who was almost a copyist of Molière, they have been powerfully influenced by France, which has thus paid back the debt that it owed to the earlier Spanish dramatists. During the eighteenth century French influence was so strong that Lopé de Vega and Calderon were looked upon by many of their countrymen as little better than barbarians. They have had their revenge, however, and their works, or adaptations from them, are now as frequently played in Spain as are those of the great masters of French or English dramatic literature in their native countries. They are also widely read, and efforts are being made to bring back the stage to the peculiarly Spanish models which they created.

French Influences.

We are accustomed to hear the Spanish stage spoken of as a storehouse of plot, intrigue and incident. The reader of Molière is aware that many of the stock incidents and some of the characters of his comedies were taken from the Spaniards; that he even directly imitated them in a few of the least successful of his works, and that from him and before his time these intriguing plots found their way to the English stage. But this justice is rendered to the Spaniards by tradition, not because the foreign reader is directly acquainted with their works. In point of fact, Spanish comedy is now rarely seen except by the light thrown on it by that of France. Guillen de Castro is remembered because his *Mocedades del Cid* inspired the masterpiece of Corneille. Every reader of the *Médicin malgré lui* has heard of the

Acero de Madrid of Lopé de Vega, but how many have read it even in a translation? The French theatre even attacked and for a time overpowered the Spanish in its own land.

The French dynasty, which ascended the Spanish throne in the first years of the eighteenth century, brought with it French customs and literature. The old national stage had expired, as far as that was possible among a people essentially mimetic, during the evil times of Charles II, who figures among Spanish monarchs as "the bewitched." When a revival came in happier days it was under the influence of the classic school. The highest ambition of Moratin and his followers was to write with due regard to the unities and the customs of good society. To them the rules of the classic school were the holy of holies, their native dramatists of the seventeenth century barbarians, or at best beginners, to be patted on the back with condescension. Bohl von Faber, a disciple of the Schlegels, known as an editor of the Spanish ballads, had to fight Calderon's battles against the poet's countrymen. But delivery came from the country which imposed the yoke. Spain, following the lead of her neighbor in literature as in politics, returned to the study of her own theatre under the leadership of Victor Hugo, then fresh from his victory over the classic school. Her numerous playwrights now swore by Lopé de Vega, as they had lately done by Molière. Gorostiza, Breton de los Herreros, Martinez de las Rosa and many others have kept their countrymen supplied with plays which rival those of their great days in at least two particulars—their number and their

defiance of all rules. They are almost nervously eager to disclaim any imitation of the French, but we find some difficulty in accepting their presentations. The best proof they give of their nationality is an unconscious one. Their indifference to character and their love of incident and plot make them give a coloring of their own to the matter they take from France. They are undoubtedly clever playwrights, but it is not of them we think when we speak of the Spanish comedy.

Faulty Editing.

If the Spanish dramatists are more talked about than known, it is certainly not due to any neglect of Spanish literature. *Don Quixote* is probably more read in England than in his native country. The sins of native editors have, perhaps, something to do with it. The early editions were shockingly mangled by pirates, and very little has been done to remove the traces of their handiwork. Even where zealous efforts have been made to restore the purity of the text, plays have been left unnoted, though bristling with reference to bygone customs, persons and places, which require explanation to the Spaniards of to-day as much as to the foreigner. But bad printing and bad editing would not prevent the Spanish dramatists being popular. However badly Calderon was edited, he would be widely read if he possessed one-half the great qualities which A. W. Schlegel found in him. Nor is it necessary to be a Spanish scholar in order to gain at least an approximate idea of his genius. Many of his works have been translated, and part at least of

the *Magico Prodigioso* is to be found consummately rendered in all the more complete editions of Shelley.

Estimate of Calderon and Lope de Vega.

The fact would seem to be that injudicious friends have done the object of their praise their usual ill office. Schlegel persuaded a great many people that Calderon was another and, perhaps, greater Shakespeare. But a little acquaintance with writers for the Spanish stage will dispel any idea that they belong to the class "that sees quite through the deeds of men." Competent judges, who at first were persuaded into believing that they did, ended by deciding that they were only playwrights, and that Calderon in particular was a very overrated playwright. The habit of judging them by the standard of Shakespeare has lowered the Spaniards in the estimation of their most favorable critics. Ford, who knew his *Don Quixote* by heart, wrote in the most superficial manner possible about the stage, and his articles on the subject are full of misplaced pedantry and enthusiasm. Even Lord Holland, who had gone the length of reading more than fifty of Lopé's plays, and who wrote a work on him and on Guillen de Castro, introduces them to his reader almost as if he felt ashamed of them. He stops to tell us that we must not expect from Lopé "deep reflections on morals and government," or "a philosophical view of the nature of man and of the construction of society."

But Lopé never intended to be philosophical. As he tells us in so many words, he wrote his plays to please

the vulgar who paid, and he fully gained his object. His example was in the main followed by other dramatists, and the reader who is content to look only for amusement may open their works with full confidence that he will be amused. But he must be prepared to look for his satisfaction entirely to the plot and the variety of incidents. As a work of which the interest consists in development of character, *Don Quixote* stands alone in Spanish literature. In every other work the interest is centred in the plot. The characters are fixed by custom and serve all writers alike. The Spaniard of the middle ages and of the sixteenth century was essentially a man of action. War and pillage were his favorite means of gaining wealth. When the people wished for the type of a prosperous man they found him in the soldiery of Cortés and Pizarro. A grant of land in the New World, or a commandery of a military order was the aim of a gentleman's ambition, and his way of gaining it was to serve for it in Flanders. As for thought, meditation or the careful weighing of motives and characters, there was no room for them in his life. The Church defined for him with hard and fast rules what was right and what was wrong. It classified his sins and his virtues, assigning to each its exact equivalent reward or punishment. The Inquisition undertook to argue with all who demurred to the Church's teaching. At the play, therefore, or in his novel, the Spaniard wanted to see something in actual progress; he was indifferent as to the character of the actors. No books in the world present less variety of type than the novelas picarescas. From the *Lazarillo* down to the *Gran Ta-*

caño we find the same hero at work. Base-born, impudent, thievish and cowardly, but good-natured and sincerely Catholic, he goes through endless exciting and improbable adventures, to end his life reflecting on the vanities of the world in the galleys, or, perhaps, settling down with the proceeds of his rogueries as a church-going citizen. The Spaniard read these books with never-failing delight, as he had done the monotonous tales of chivalry, and asked for no greater variety than an occasional change of sex in the principal character. The fact that the female rogue had nothing distinctly feminine about her, but was only the male rogue in petticoats, troubled him little. The rogue himself is no doubt a type of a whole class, and is pictured with no small vigor, but that was by the man who wrote the first picaresque novel; his successors copied him exactly, and the type, having been once created, became as conventional as the figure of a saint.

Characteristics of the Recent Drama.

As with the novel, so it was with the stage. There must be an intricate plot and an abundance of incident; the dramatis personæ are merely quantities—forces like the figures on a chessboard, crossing one another and clashing in the endless complications of intrigue. Rest is given from this confusing movement by the tirades, hundreds of lines long, which some of the dramatists put into the mouths of their characters. These harangues are full of conceits and hyperbole. The sun, moon and other heavenly bodies, flowers, jewels, seas, sky and earth are laid under contribution for meta-

phors, to be poured out with the profusion of treasures in a beggar's dream. And the Spaniard seems to feel the same pleasure in seeing all this magnificence rolled out before him as the miser in Horace did to see his heaps of gold. At times these tragedies are not merely ornamental, but contain a rapid summary of the plot—an occasionally indispensable aid for the due understanding of the more intricate plays—and were printed separately, for the convenience of the public. As in the picturesque novels, again, the world of the plays is a half-fantastic one. The players are dressed like Spaniards; the scene is laid in Spanish streets and houses, but the adventures transacted there are the adventures of fairy-land. The player was not asked "to hold the mirror up to nature," or the playwright to be true to life. What the spectator expected from them was a representation of the ideal life of movement, love-making, fighting and money-getting which he would like to lead himself. Just as much probability must be given to the events of the play as will prevent too great a gulf between them and the dull world of reality. They must take place in the world the Spaniard saw before his eyes, and the actors are to be himself and his fellow-men, not represented with any precision of detail or fine shading of individual character, but by a certain number of well-defined types, which appear in the earliest dawn of Spanish dramatic literature and remain almost unmodified to the end. The comedy of cloak and sword continued to give to the last the adventures of the very set of characters which first appears in the *Celestina* of Rodrigo Cota and Fernando de Rojas.

The Spanish drama of to-day, though still under the influence of the French romantic school, is returning once more to the old national models. Meanwhile, the old and ever popular religious performances are not entirely extinct in Spain and may long continue to survive. Whatever may be the future history of one of the most remarkable of dramatic literatures, it may be confidently predicted that, so long as Spain is Spain, her theatre will never be permanently denationalized, and that the revolutions it may be destined to undergo are unlikely to extinguish, in whatever degree they may repress, its conservative elements.

VIII.

The Spanish Stage and Dramatis Personæ.

With the stage, as with other Spanish institutions, the greatest attention is given, not to that which is most worthy, but to that which pleases best. Thus, a bull-fight will attract an assemblage ten times as large as will the finest drama of Lopé de Vega or Calderon. The former may be a splendid spectacle, but it is by no means the most creditable to the country which affords it, and, from an historical point of view, hardly deserves its reputation. In its present form, this is not only one of the worst, but also one of the newest entertainments in the country, little more than a hundred years old. When a bull-fight is mentioned in an old comedy or tale, it is as a sport in which the gentlemen of the day and their servants took an active part. When Aarsens de Sommelsdyck saw it in 1655, it had become vulgarized, but the ring was still open to all comers provided with the necessary arms and courage. The sober Hollander even thought it a "pretty sport enough," though not one good to take part in. Twenty years later the countess d'Aulnoy could, without being ridiculous, select the ring as the scene of one of those

romantic love-stories which the reader of her book of travels is constantly surprised to find cropping up amid shrewd observations on the world of sober reality, and lively pictures of the discomforts of Spanish travel. It was not till comparatively modern times, after generations of national decay and ignorance, that the bull-ring passed entirely into the hands of professional fighters. The end of the eighteenth century, the lowest point of Spain's degradation, saw the complete organization of the bull-fight, and its final victory over the older and nobler amusement of the theatre, which it has degraded, though it could not destroy. The theatre is many centuries older, and is by far the best of the historical institutions established in Spain for the public welfare. It has naturally been modified in the course of time, and has been powerfully influenced by the French; but it still retains a marked character of its own. The dramatic is probably to-day, as it was in the time of Lopé de Vega, the most vigorous branch of Spanish literature.

Playhouses were probably established earlier in Spain than in any other European country, and, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Church to close them, have continued to be numerous and flourishing down to the present day. Every city has not a bull-ring, but every town of importance, and some of very little importance, has its theatre or theatres. The numerous provincial divisions of the country, which have been politically so fatal, have been, on the whole, favorable to the stage. The actors and playwrights of the capital have never dominated their provincial rivals in Spain as they have

in France and England. The continued existence of dialects independent of the Castilian renders it almost as impossible that a successful Catalan actor, for example, should seek his fortune in Madrid as that an American player should betake himself to Paris. Then the national capabilities of the people supply a vast number of actors who can always perform a part with spirit, if not with very good taste. Many performers of great local repute have a double profession, following a trade by day and treading the boards by night. Nor is the acting of plays confined by any means to the regular theatres. Societies of amateurs are to be found even among the work-people; and, though their attempts at acting tragedy or high comedy are often sufficiently absurd, they contrive to look at home on the stage, and are born actors of farce.

There is nowhere in Spain any subsidized theatre like the Français. The government has never patronized the stage, and if it did, it is very doubtful whether any three Spanish actors of note could be got to work together. But the national stage is probably not inferior to that of other European countries. The weak point is undoubtedly tragedy. The same weakness which makes the dignified Spaniard overact his part in private life drives Spanish histrions into fustian on the stage. In comedy they are infinitely better, and in the lower kinds of it are second to no people in the world, playing with an abandon and relish which seem to make their work a real pleasure to them.

The theatres are general meeting-places for the whole population. Numbers come apparently as much to

meet their friends as to witness the performance. As the right of entering the house is secured by a payment distinct from that required for the seat, the theatre lends itself easily to the purposes of a club, or assembly-room, between the acts. Men smoke in the passages or saloon, and even transact business there. In warm weather they use the gardens attached to the regular summer theatres. The ladies, meanwhile, carry on animated conversations with one another, or, with the help of their fans, with those of the other sex. This is one of the most cherished customs of a people very conservative of old customs. A young lady and gentleman will make signals to one another across a theatre with an absence of gêne which is pleasant to see, and an almost touchingly good-natured make-believe that they are doing something very secret and romantic.

Looking back from some resting-place in his *Pleasant Wanderings,* somewhere between 1593 and 1603, Agustin de Rojas, player and playwright, made a survey in poetic form of comedy, and in particular of Spanish comedy. Detailing its growth from its feeble infancy to the almost exuberant vigor of its early manhood, he dated the end of its childhood from the appearance on the stage of four well-marked characters who continued to occupy it to the end. These are the dama, or lady; the viejo, or old man, occasionally called barba, or beard; the galan, or lover, in his double character of accepted or rejected suitor; and the clown, at first styled the bobo, and later the gracioso. These characters were but rude and unpolished at first, but whatever change

they were to undergo was to be a change of form, not of character. The dramatists of the seventeenth century treated these types as the Spanish sculptors of the previous century had treated the traditional figures of Virgin and saint. They made works of art out of the rude attempts of earlier times, but it was by following the path their predecessors had pointed out. It is true that the later writers by no means confine themselves to four persons. Their stage is crowded by a far greater number; but when we examine them closely, we do not find that by increasing the dramatis personæ they have also increased the characters. Their greater wealth is shown somewhat like the alderman's increase of fortune, which he could only display by making two dishes smoke on the board where one had smoked before. Lopé de Vega or Calderon, finding the four too few for the proper development of their intricate plots, doubled or even trebled them. They added an old woman to the old man, a maid-servant to the gracioso; but these additions are, in fact, only repetitions of already existing types, which they never attempted to vary, any more than a chess-player attempts to alter his bishop or his knight

Characteristics of Comedy.

Spanish comedy has, indeed, a marked resemblance to a game of chess. The number of the pieces which are moved to and fro on the board is determined at least by a maximum, and therefore has an element of stability wanting to the personages of the comedy, but in other respects the resemblance is sufficiently close. The func-

tions and power of the rook are not more rigidly fixed by rule than the character and actions of the galan. One piece moves on the white square, another on the black, but in other respects they are identical. One galan is successfully loving and jealous, another is jealous and loving but unsuccessful; and except in the result, we can see no difference between them. On the chess-board and the stage alike, when once we have learned the character of the pieces our interest centres entirely in the moves. Even the historical characters—kings, queens and warriors—have to bow to traditional usages. They become viejos, damas and galanes when presented in a comedy, or, indeed, in dramas of a tragic nature; for it must be borne in mind that Spanish dramatists never divided their plays into tragedy and comedy, and that these terms applied indifferently to the same pieces.

But, although it would be difficult to select any number of personages from the works of the Spaniards which are interesting as delineations of human character, the general types have an undoubted literary value. They are generalizations of mankind as seen in Spain, presented not so as to be as close as possible to reality, but as best fitted for the purposes of the stage. Had the dramatist tried to be strictly true to life, he would have been met at the outset by an almost insuperable difficulty. His main subject is love, and the customs of all Southern nations in the matter of marriage render courtship quite superfluous. The Oriental jealousy of the Spaniard, and the strict supervision of the Church, debarred him from falling back on the resource found by

the modern French novelist in a similar difficulty. Conjugal infidelity might be the subject of tragedy, but, unless the Spanish dramatist intended to make his comedia depend for its interest on terror and the fiercer passions, he must leave it alone. The older writers seldom touched it. Having, then, to draw love ending in marriage, they were forced to represent it as breaking through social laws, and to give their characters, and in particular their women, a certain conventional character.

Sphere of Women.

What the domestic life of women was in Spain we have ample means of knowing. Without trusting altogether to comedies or novels, we get from them many ideas of what the reality was. We see that women lived in a degree of seclusion little less than Oriental, and in a perfectly Oriental dependence on the head of the family. We learn that marriage was, as still it is to a great degree, a mere matter of business arrangement, in which the inclination of the parties most interested is the last thing taken into consideration. The evidence of travellers completes that of the comedies, for they state deliberately, and with every appearance of founding their statements on careful observation, that the women of a Spanish family hold a position only a little higher than that of the servants, and enjoy infinitely less freedom. The heroine who is to marry the lover of her own choice against the wish of her parents, must therefore employ as much ingenuity, and display as much daring, as the prisoner who is breaking out of

jail. The opportunities which this situation offers for intrigue, plot, counterplot and incident, made it a great favorite among the Spaniards, to whom such things form the most delightful of recreations — when presented in the form of a story. No matter how much the details may vary, the situation and characters are always essentially the same. The main elements are passion and jealousy. The enamored dama must be ready to sacrifice herself and everybody else for the sake of her galan. Her sense of honor and delicacy may be painfully obtuse, but the readiness of her wit must be beyond dispute. She must be as easily inflamed with jealousy as with love, but ready to forgive much intermediate infidelity for the sake of final victory.

Spanish critics of modern date profess to find a distinct character, if not in individual heroines, in the damas of different writers; but a foreigner will find it impossible to distinguish between the Belisas, Teodoras and Elenas of Lopé de Vega and the ladies of similar names who are the soul and life of the comedies of Tirso de Molina and Alarcon. As far as we can feel any human interest in the dramatis personæ of these bright pieces, it is almost entirely in the dama. She loves with such utter abandon, she sacrifices herself so readily for her generally unworthy lover, her resources are so many and so ingenious, her conversation so light and witty, that we cannot help thinking Don Felix or Don Felipe has been rewarded very much beyond his merits when the baffled but pacified father finally withdraws his opposition. But our sympathy is not for the individual, but for the type. We find all the heroines affecting us

in exactly the same way. Not only do we meet the same dama in every piece, but even twice or thrice in the same piece; and when at the end of the third act the author pairs off his damas and galanes, and winds up his tangled plot more or less neatly, we feel no more anxiety about the future happiness of the ladies than we do about the female dolls of an Italian puppet-show. We are so obviously looking at puppets that, when Doña Serafina, the second dama, after embroiling everything during three acts to prevent the marriage of Doña Beatrix, the first dama, to Don Garcia, the first galan, is given in marriage without a murmur to Don Lopé, the second galan, who philosophically accepts her as the next best thing to Doña Beatrix, we are neither shocked nor surprised. The bright little figure, in her picturesque dress, has finished the weeping, laughing, scolding and wooing she had to go through, and has gone back to her box to lie there till she is taken out to go through the same or a slightly varied round of emotions.

The Galan.

On the galan it is hard to look with any degree of tolerance. If the drama is an idealized type of the passionate and loving side of woman's nature we can only hope, for the credit of young Spain, that the artistic function of the galan is to give her full opportunity for self-sacrifice, not to represent anything already existing in life. Such writers as the Schlegels and Count Schack have dwelt in their writings at no small length on the lofty sense of honor displayed by the heroes of

Spanish plays, and what they say is true enough as to honor of the braggard and duelling type; but in the proper sense of the word nothing is more conspicuously absent from the character of the lover in Spanish comedy than a sense of honor or even of the commonest honesty. In *The Slave of Her Lover,* one of the most brilliant comedies in the Spanish language, "Lopé de Vega," says one of his critics, "has sounded all the depths of a woman's tenderness;" yet in this very piece he presents us with a hero—the object of this tenderness, which he is supposed to return—who is a masterpiece of selfish cowardice. He shows us this galan making love from the basest motives to another than the heroine, and, excusing himself, or at least accepting the excuse given by his valet, the gracioso, that "a few loving words are not a notarial act." In *The Dog in the Manger,* the cringing hero, after deserting a woman he has already promised to marry, for the sake of his mistress, a Spanish duchess of Malfy, receives, without wincing, a proposal to murder the servant to whom he owes all his good fortune, in order that he may thereby make his secrets safe. Yet in both cases the galan is presented to us as rather a fine fellow, nor is the slightest sense of their meanness displayed by any of the characters in the comedies. The hero of *The Dog in the Manger* is even allowed to boast of his natural frankness.

The Sense of Honor.

It is true that the word "honor" is forever on the lips of the galan. The very men who have just been dis-

playing a callous impudence in their actions are on fire in a moment to resent an offensive word, fighting with the readiness and zest of Bret Harte's California gamblers. Again they are represented, with an utter want of artistic consistency and truth to nature, as performing actions of more than human magnanimity. Their delicate sense of honor is a mere regard for public opinion. They are not accurate pictures of real men, but as dramatic types they throw a curious light on the moral condition of the people and time that produced them. They came into the world with those moral treatises of the Jesuits which have been consigned to an immortality of dishonor by Pascal. Comparing the frequent baseness of their conduct with their lofty pretensions and their curious touchiness about mere words, one is inclined to look for their model not in the instinctive purity of the ermine, as Schlegel did, but in the great principles of Tartuffe: "Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense." For the rest there is no more variety of individual character in them than in their dramas. Even in comedies which are supposed to have been written with the express purpose of developing character we find not a human being with certain idiosyncrasies, but an embodied quality. But perhaps it is out of place to look on them as capable of either morality or immorality. The most satisfactory course is to treat them as Charles Lamb would have had us treat the personages of the drama of the Restoration; that is, as beings belonging to a fairy-land of intriguing comedy. Looked at from that point of view, we cannot fail to recognize their merits; but it is only from this

standpoint that we can concede their merits. Certainly this class of comedy does not teach true morality, any more than do the plays of Congreve, Wycherley and other Restoration dramatists; for we cannot accept as such the overstrained and somewhat squeamish "sense of honor," which then belonged to the Spanish character, as still in a measure it does.

Minor Characters.

The minor characters of almost all comedy exist for the purpose of helping or hindering the love affairs of the hero and heroine. This is their natural function on every stage, and on the Spanish more eminently than on any other. An English or French dramatist may give them an attraction of their own; he may even gain forgiveness, at least from his reader, for the introduction of a superfluous character by making it interesting in itself as a representation of human nature; but an unnecessary personage is unpardonable in a Spanish comedy. With us, to such characters as Launcelot Gobbo, in *The Merchant of Venice,* is allowed more of the stage than his importance in the working of the plot entitles him to; but, apart from the humor of his character, he has a distinct artistic function. He throws a light on the Jew's household and character. A Spanish dramatist might, perhaps, have abolished Gobbo, but more probably he would have kept him on the stage from first to last, made him the close attendant of Shylock or of Antonio, and an indispensable part of the machinery of the plot. He would have been, in short,

the gracioso of the piece, and have been employed in perpetually doing something—the point of interest to the Spanish audience being not the character of Jessica's father or of her home, but the exact method of her escape.

Such plot as the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* possesses is in no wise helped by the dancing and fencing masters, tailors and philosophers who fill the stage around the central figure during the first two acts; but the whole interest of Molière's comedy is centred in the character of M. Jourdain, and, in so far as they illustrate that, these apparently superfluous figures have a truly artistic function to perform. But it is one which no Spanish audience would have understood. From their point of view, minor personages not engaged in helping on the action of the intrigue have no more business on the stage than a third knight on a chess-board. The ablest dramatists are no doubt guilty, in their inferior pieces, of multiplying the number of actors without increasing the number of characters; but the laws of a literature are to be deduced from its best, not from its worst, productions. If, then, we take any number of the masterpieces of the Spanish stage, and, disregarding all mere repetitions of the same type as superfluous, fix our attention on the general models, we find that to the last they were no more than developments of those mentioned by Agustin de Rojas in the *Viage Entretenido*. They include the old man—barba or viejo—or, rather, old age, of which the natural function in comic literature is to oppose the wishes and be baffled by the ingenuity of youth; and the servant, or gracioso, with his counterpart, the maid,

always the assistants, and frequently the inspirers of the lovers in their strategems.

The Barba.

The natural position of the barba toward the heroine is that of father, the only one which gives him power to dispose of her hand; or he may stand in a similar position toward the hero. There are comedies, no doubt, in which he is neither. In the historical comedies the role of the viejo is often taken by the king, and in one, at least, of the comedies of Lopé de Vega he appears as the lover of the heroine; but in these cases his office of disturber of the course of true love is filled by a mother, aunt or, perhaps, elder brother exercising paternal power as the head of the house. Nevertheless, this is the normal function of the barba himself, and the character conferred on him by tradition is eminently well fitted for its discharge. He is choleric and self-willed to the last degree, always ready to arrange his daughter's marriage without consulting her on the subject, keeping his word at least to the ear with great tenacity, and, above all, ready to shed, like water, the blood of whosoever offends his honor. He threatens his children as if he possessed the power of life and death, and proposes to sacrifice young gentlemen, found under balconies at improper hours, with an utter disregard for life.

It is surely obvious that such a character as the viejo cannot be regarded as a truthful representation of anything in Spanish society. The blind want of criticism

which made Schack and others accept him as such is only in keeping with other learned absurdities which Germany has poured forth on the theatres of England and Spain; but the attempts of Ticknor, one of the best critics on the literature of the peninsula, to derive him and his sense of honor from the Goths are equally beside the mark. The viejo is simply the head of the ordinary Spanish family typified, and with his paternal powers, in reality very large, exaggerated to suit the optique du théâtre, by a race of dramatists possessing exaggerated notions of stage effect. His sense of honor is in perfect keeping with that of the galan. It is the honor of show and parade which makes him threaten with death a daughter who has been guilty of talking to an unauthorized lover from a balcony, and overlook as things of no moment a long course of mendacity and immorality which ends in a marriage. The whole subject is one that belongs properly to the drama of morals; but it is well to remember, if we wish to understand the meaning of the word honor in the dramatic literature of Spain, that the ideas of chastity which made Mary Lamb say she would not think Queen Caroline a better woman "if she were what you call innocent" are and always have been unintelligible to Spaniards. For the rest we cannot help liking the fiery, polite and somewhat addle-headed old graybeard. He plays his part with spirit, and always ends by coming to reason. A sense of what is due to the dignity of age kept Spanish writers from producing, and would have kept Spanish audiences from laughing at, the imbecile père of Molière's comedy. As with their sense of honor, so with their dignity, the

Spaniards carry both to excess, albeit they are entirely unconscious of the dignity of labor.

The Gracioso.

The barba takes precedence of the gracioso by right of his years and dignity, but he is a much less important or, at least, a much less necessary personage. The former may appear only at the beginning or the end of the piece, but the latter must be in sight throughout. He is always by the hero's side, ready to execute his plans and equally ready to inspire him; he carries messages, hoodwinks the watchful parent, makes love to the heroine's maid, or keeps watch while Don Juan is making love to Belisa in the balcony; but by far the most important of his duties is to make jokes for the groundlings. The character cannot be said to be peculiar to the Spanish stage. Under one shape or another he appears in all comedy — as the slave of Terence and Plautus, the clown of England and Germany or the valet in France. Stasimus is a gracioso, and so are Shakespeare's Launcelot Gobbo, and Molière's Covielle in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme.* The scene in which Covielle and the heroine's maid echo and parody the quarrel of their master and mistress might be taken word for word from a comedy of Alarcon's or Calderon's.

But there is another character in *The Merchant of Venice* besides "good Master Gobbo" to whom the name of gracioso might almost be applied. Gratiano has many of his characteristics and the fact that Gratiano is no

mere lackey does not affect the question. The gracioso is a servant, but this was an age when one gentleman might, without loss of status, serve a man richer or more powerful than himself. The high and poetic loves of Portia and Bassanio are reflected and almost parodied by the loves of the retainer and the maid. This is a stock incident on the Spanish stage. The exact parallel maintained in the last acts between the offenses, excuses, pardon and final discoveries of the truth by the two husbands differs only in its infinitely superior beauty and taste from many a scene of Lopé de Vega's. During the fourth act Gratiano's action has another resemblance to that of the gracioso. His taunts and railing at the Jew express the emotions of the spectator—of the spectator on the stage, at least—and he acts as choragus to the visible or invisible chorus who witness the action of the poem in the ideal poetic land in which it passes. He is a higher character than the gracioso, but he acts in an altogether higher world than that of the Spanish stage. The perpetual presence of the gracioso on the boards is at first sometimes difficult to explain. He is, indeed, a most useful fellow, but it is not always clear why he should be allowed to talk such "an infinite deal of nothing," and of singularly offensive nothing.

The Spanish comedy, like that of Shakespeare, deals with the tragic emotions of pity and terror, but it mingles its pity and terror with much vapid buffoonery. A French commentator defines Scapin as "l'esclavage que se venge," and many critics have boldly maintained that the Spanish Scapin, with his tasteless parody of

his master's doings, owes his existence to a profound artistic idea, but it is probable that much good philosophical criticism has been wasted in both cases. The rascally, self-seeking slave of Menander, who found his way, very little changed, on to the stages of modern Europe, came into existence because he was a useful factor in a comedy. Molière, a much deeper thinker than any of the Spaniards, used him as a mouthpiece by which to utter his keen observations of life; and Calderon or Lopé used him to make jokes, some good, many bad, but most of them indifferent. His parody of the hero is not due to an artistic desire to give the comic with the tragic side of every question; if it shows anything at all but the inborn love of the groundlings for buffoonery, it is their sense of the utter hollowness of the hero's grand sentiment. On what supposition, except want of taste or want of feeling, are we to account for such scenes as that in the *Magicó Prodigioso,* in which the gracioso burlesques his master's blood-signed contract with the fiend and strikes his own nose to make it bleed when he wants to sign? The Spaniards have always loved parody, and in their comedy they see no offense to taste when the fiery declamation of the galan is immediately echoed in a vulgar parody by the gracioso. Putting aside all idea of artistic intention on the part of the inventors of the gracioso, and accepting him as a necessary factor of the plot and the speaker of the jests by which the dialogue is salted, we find him often a very funny fellow. His familiarity with his master, which is necessary for the discharge of his duty, is natural enough in Spain; and his char-

acter, which varies as little as that of the other dramatis personæ, is well adapted for the stage. He is shrewd, greedy, cowardly, but faithful, with a defective sense of the importance of truth, but a good heart.

The other minor characters are mere repetitions of those sketched above. The maiden aunts and scheming widows are only the barba with a change of sex; the maid is the gracioso over again. The social follies of the day are now and then referred to and satirized; in historical comedies public officers appear, but there is no attempt to make them play a definite part, and for obvious reasons they are not ridiculed. Manners and men alike yield in importance to the plot and take a uniform character, that it may run the smoother.

Historical Characters.

Almost the only exceptions to the uniformity of type in the dramatis personæ of the Spanish stage are a limited number of historical personages who were dear to the heart and familiar to the imagination of the people, and who appear again and again. The number of historic plays is very great in Spanish literature. The dramatist, addressing himself, like his English contemporary, to the people at large and not, like the French school, to the highly cultivated society of a court, naturally drew his materials from the sources most familiar to his audience; and these were the ballads and the legends of saints. Pieces founded on the latter can hardly be classed with comedy, though there is no want of plays, professedly religious, which have an amorous

and intriguing character sufficiently at variance with their pious pretensions; but such pieces are only religious in name. The saint who figures in them serves to preserve dramatist and player from the "evil eye" of the Inquisitor, as the horseshoe on the barn-door kept out witches. The religious plays proper belong to a very different branch of literature. In their final form they are something peculiar to Spain and must be studied by themselves. They may here be left out of the question, since their object is the inculcation of morality or the teaching of dogma, and not the display of character. Their hero is always the conventional Catholic saint, a type which, on the stage or in the breviary, is not susceptible of much greater variety than the ordinary galan of comedy.

In most of the secular historical plays the Spaniard's preference for action over every other kind of dramatic element has made the writers careless enough about the characters they introduce. Probably the subject has been taken because it offered the materials for a good plot, and in that case characters and manners are alike an exact copy of the contemporary Spanish drama. Nero plays the guitar, makes love to a lady in a balcony and fights with and escapes from the alguacils at Rome. St. Cyprian and his contemporaries do the same in Antioch, while all talk in the inflated conventional style of the Spanish stage hero. This indifference to time and place is just as conspicuous, though perhaps not so obviously absurd, in pieces founded on old ballads. The Infantes of Lara and the Bastard Mudarra speak in an alembicated dialect very unlike the chronicles. But historical

events were made the subjects of plays for other than their merits as stories. Among a people who read very little, the stage is the one great means of expressing national sentiments of all kinds. Thus the unlettered Spaniard, whose whole intellectual food was his ballads and his lives of the saints, learned how Columbus discovered America from a play of Lopé de Vega's, exactly as he gained his scanty knowledge of the events narrated in the New Testament from an auto. The gaining of a great victory or the surrender of an obstinately defended city in the Low Countries was immediately brought before the public; it would, perhaps, be too much to say that it was dramatized. The standing masks were transported to the scene of action, and the victorious general introduced into the midst of them in a sufficiently inartistic way. Some of these generals would seem to have been exceptionally popular with Madrid theatre-goers, so popular as to induce writers of such assured eminence as Calderon to introduce them when there was no dramatic necessity for their appearance.

Ruy Díaz.

But in most of these plays we cannot help feeling that the audience is mainly interested in hearing its praises sung or in seeing three acts of lively movement. There are, however, some in which are embodied the national ideas of heroism, some through which the people, in the decay of their freedom, found a means of giving expression to their wishes for better government and, perhaps unconsciously, criticising their rulers. The

hero of these plays is not that type of Castilian chivalry and crusading zeal, the Cid. Ruy Diaz is the hero of the noblest historical play in the Spanish language, but it is a work which stands by itself. It may be doubted whether justice has ever been really done to the *Mocedades del Cid* of Guillen de Castro, and here no reference is made to the debt which Corneille owed him and loyally acknowledged. The admirers of the Spaniard, among whom his own countrymen have not been the most prejudiced, have unfortunately thought it necessary to be unjust to the great Frenchman who used his work, but who was in no sense his imitator, or else, like Lord Holland, they have erred on the side of condescension.

Guillen de Castro does not require the disparagement of other writers to maintain his high place in literature; still less does he want patronage. He should be compared, not to Corneille, who belonged to and wrote for an utterly different world, but to his successors in Spain. The comparison is wholly to the advantage of the Valencian poet. Writing before the overwhelming popularity of Lopé de Vega had fixed the national drama, he drew his inspiration straight from popular tradition and the ballads, using them as Corneille used them, and giving their spirit in a form of his own. What little addition he made to the received legends was just what was necessary to make the marriage of Jimena with the slayer of her father fit for dramatic representation. In all other respects he has kept to the spirit of the times with a fidelity that will make his work forever fresh and delightful. The flowing ease of his verse, the per-

fect truth to nature of his passion, the absence of self-consciousness and affectation in his characters place his work apart among Spanish historical plays. When, in the second part, he makes Doña Urraca reproach the Cid from the walls of Zamora in the very words of the old ballad, we feel that they are in perfect keeping with his own verse. They would have been strangely out of keeping with the conceits, quibbling and overstrained sentiment of later men. But Guillen de Castro belonged to the school of Valencia, which preceded the efflorescence of Lopé's drama in Madrid, and so had the good fortune to escape the blight of bad taste called "cultismo," which fell on the Spanish literature of the seventeenth century.

It is surely characteristic of the then state of the Spanish drama that "the greatest Castilian" should have temporarily ceased to be a hero, and that his next important appearance on the stage should be in Diamante's poor imitation of Corneille. Perhaps his countrymen were guided by a just instinct in thus neglecting the hero, whose character was hardly in keeping with that of the willing slaves of the Phillips and the inquisition. The pious hatred of infidels of which the *Cid* of poetry, though not the Cid of history—a daring free lance and only half a Christian—was the great type, found, however copious expression. Lopé dramatized events of the last war against Granada, and Calderon chose for one of his heroes a Portuguese prince, who elected to live a slave among infidels rather than suffer himself to be ransomed by the surrender of a city which his Christian countrymen had won from the Moslem. There is not

wanting in their works a certain nobility of sentiment, a worthy poetic expression of the undying hate which made the bearers of the cross refuse to recognize the intrusion of the crescent as legitimized by any length of existence among them, while it could still feel that the Moor, too, was a soldier and a gentleman. But this is not the general attitude of the Spaniard of the seventeenth century toward his conquered enemy. The hate of the Inquisitor is more common among them than that of the patriot. There is little trace of the liberality which made the unknown writer of the old ballad rebuke the betrayer of the Infantes of Lara by the example of Moorish chivalry. We more commonly find the barbarous fanaticism of the contemporary historian, who tells how in his youth he saw the Andalusian riders return from forays against the Moors with the heads of their slaughtered enemies hanging from their saddle-bows, and throw the trophies to their children to play with. Bigotry was held to excuse even profanity. The Inquisition, which worried the saintly Luis de Leon for translating the *Song of Solomon* into the vernacular, allowed a troop of players to perform a piece written by a churchman, based on the story that the knights of St. Iago refused to accept Jesus of Nazareth as their patron because he was a Jew. It may be doubted whether even Voltaire would have ventured so far.

Peter I.

But the subject of Spanish history plays is not always war or crusading or bigotry, or even love. The best of

them, always excepting Guillen de Castro's, deal with the relation of subject and sovereign. The historic figure which towers "from the sword-hilt upward" over all others on the Spanish stage is that of Peter I of Castile. The name of this famous king is commonly associated with the epithet cruel, but the men of the sixteenth century found another—el Justiciero—the just but not merciful. Well-nigh every dramatist from Lopé de Vega downward has brought him on the stage, and all are unanimous in the character they give him. He is the Haroun-al-Rashid of Spanish literature. If the comparative neglect of the Cid is suggestive, still more so is the abiding popularity of his king. The monarchy was so great a thing in Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that we can well understand how it should have gathered around it a vast body of legend and poetry. But why should it have been typified by this man? How came it that story-teller and dramatist should have passed over Ferdinand the Saint, the deliverer of Andalusia, or James of Aragon, the conqueror of Valencia, or even Peter's own father, Alfonso, who freed Spain forever from the fear of Moorish invasion by his great victory on the Rio Salado? And Peter did many of those things "against which," the Inquisition might have told him, "damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared." His chosen ministers were Jews; his guards were Moors; he hunted his enemies down like game, and he brought a foreign prince and army into Castile. The people forgot all these crimes, and even those dramatic murders for which their memory is particularly tenacious, and

remembered only that throughout his reign he had protected the humble and had warred down the proud. In crushing the great nobles he was fighting their battle, and therefore they made him a type of a just and perfect king.

It has been sometimes maintained that the latter-day popularity of Peter was due to mere sycophancy, and in individual cases it may have been so. Learned professors and slavish courtiers were doubtless to be found in plenty, ready to flatter their master by lauding a despot born before his day; but the cruel king had always had his tradition. His death and his love for Maria de Padilla had been the subject of pitying ballads, and a host of popular traditions existed, in which he figured as the king of the Commons, the disguised sovereign who steps in between the oppressive noble and the weak man of the people. We know that Peter was fighting purely for the royal power; but men of the following centuries, groaning under aristocratic anarchy, may be excused for thinking that it was better to pay tribute to one eagle than to a hundred vultures. So this man, who, as Froissart had heard tell, was little better than a pagan, became the type of law and order and even-handed justice for everybody. It is, perhaps, only reasonable to suppose that he was held up as an example to later sovereigns, who, with far more than his power, had none of his will to use it. When Moreto brings the king, the representative of all law, face to face with the noble who defies all law, or Alarcon shows him throwing into prison a favorite accused of a shameful misuse of his favor, it is probable that they were

reading a lesson to the actual occupant of the throne. Such, at least, was the unconscious meaning of Peter's popularity. He is the Spaniard's ideal of a king, a European Koshru Nushirvan, protecting the poor man's life or goods, and soothing his envy by striking down every head that towered above its fellows. Nor is that ideal much changed at the present day, as must be apparent to all who study the political conditions of Spain. Peter is still applauded on the stage, and we have Señor Castelar's own democratic word for it that Spain must be governed by "a man with a stick." This vulgar modern substitute for the rod of justice is, in the Spaniard's opinion, the best ornament of a sovereign's hand, and he loves to see it smite—particularly the great.

Portuguese Drama.

In connection with the drama of Spain may be briefly mentioned that of Portugal, and first it may be said that many poets of the latter nation used the language of both—the Portuguese for soft and impassioned sentiment, and the Spanish for elevated and heroic thoughts. Our knowledge of Portuguese poetry is, indeed, almost restricted to the *Lusiad* of Camoens, one of the world's great epics, though others, as Ribeyro and Macias, Saa de Miranda, Montemayor and Ferreira, were by no means destitute of merit. The Portuguese cared for only two species of poetry, the epic and the pastoral, and to the latter they attached themselves with remarkable pertinacity, transferring the thoughts and actions of the existing world to nymphs and shep-

herds, though nothing could be more contrary to dramatic life and action.

Saa de Miranda.

One of the first among the classic writers of Portugal was Saa de Miranda, who, in imitation of Italian authors, attempted to confer on his country a drama similar to that of the Romans. He emulated Ariosto and Machiavelli, Plautus and Terence, producing, among others, two plays which may be referred to the class of erudite comedy in the literature of Italy. One of them is entitled *The Strangers* and the other *Os Villalpandios,* the latter term referring to two Spanish soldiers introduced on the scene. The action is placed in Italy, but the author would have done better if he had introduced the manners of his native country, with which he was conversant. In parts the dialogue, written in prose, is in evident imitation of Terence, but is very spirited. As in his eclogues he had refined and elevated the language of shepherds, so in his representations of common life Miranda sought to give dignity to his subject.

Inez de Castro.

One of the most famous of Portuguese tragedies is Ferreira's *Inez de Castro,* based on the well-known story which has since been so often dramatized. He raised himself far above the contemporary writers of Italy, taking the Greeks as his model, for he had no other. The drama of Spain was not yet in existence

and that of Italy was only just coming into notice; yet, in some of the passages, we are strongly reminded of the stately language of Alfieri. Among others belonging to the classical school are Jorge Ferreira de Vasconcellos, the author of several comedies and of a romance founded on the Round Table; Estivan Rodriguez de Castro, physician and lyric poet, and Fernando Rodriguez Lobo de Soropita, who edited the poems of Camoens.

The Lusiad.

But there is one man who stands alone, in whom is centred the literary glory of his times, and whose works have been more widely read than those of all the other poets of the Portuguese nation. That man is Luis de Camoens, the chief and almost the only literary boast of his country, the sole poet of Portugal whose celebrity has extended beyond the peninsula, and whose name may be ranked among the great ones of the earth. As with Shakespeare, such is the force of genius in a single individual, that in him is mainly concentrated the literary renown of an entire nation, standing in solitary grandeur before the eyes of posterity, while a crowd of lesser objects disappears in its superior light.

In his great epic of the *Lusiad*, on which the fame of Camoens mainly rests, it seems to have been his object to produce a work altogether national. Though the chief subject of the poem is the Portuguese conquests in India, the author has included all the great exploits achieved by his compatriots in other quarters of the world, together with whatever of splendid and

heroic deeds historical narration or popular fable could supply. In the opening lines the object of the *Lusiad* is clearly expressed:

> Arms and the heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
> Through seas where sail was never spread before,
> Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
> And waves her woods above the wat'ry waste,
> With prowess more than human forc'd their way
> To the fair kingdoms of the rising day:
> What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers past,
> What glorious empire crown'd their toils at last,
> Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
> And all my country's wars the song adorn;
> What kings, what heroes of my native land
> Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand:
> Illustrious shades, who levell'd in the dust
> The idol-temples and the shrines of lust;
> And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
> To holy faith unnumber'd altars rear'd:
> Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,
> While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

While the *Lusiad* is not dramatic in form, it is intensely dramatic in tone, for it is no mere history in verse, but a veritable poem, investing its subject with a passionate, if visionary, emotion, and filled with richness and variety of detail. With all the enthusiasm of Tasso and all the luxurious fancy of Ariosto he enjoyed an advantage over both in combining the finest affections of the heart and soul with the glowing pictures of the imagination. But that which essentially distinguishes him from the Italians, and which forms the everlasting monument of his own and his country's glory, is the national love and pride breathing through

the entire work. It was written at a time when the fame of his country had risen to its highest pitch, when the world appeared to have assumed a different aspect under the influence of the Portuguese, and when the most important objects had been attained by the smallest of states. Portugal at this time had risen from being a mere district or county to a foremost rank among the nations of the earth, her exploits even surpassing those of Spain.

The work is the more remarkable as being written by a man who passed his life amid poverty and hardship, serving for many years in the Indies and at one time suffering shipwreck at the mouth of the Gambia, and of all his effects saving only the *Lusiad*, soaked with the waves through which he bore it to shore. So many and aggravated were his sufferings that, returning to his native land when past middle life, Camoens was seized with a violent fever, and, unhonored and unknown, the man who had shed lustre on his country died in a public hospital. "Who would have believed," he wrote when on his death-bed, "that on so small a theatre as this wretched couch, Fortune would delight in exhibiting so many calamities?" More than two centuries later this neglect and indifference was partly atoned for by José Maria de Souza Botalho, who devoted his time and fortune to producing a suitable memorial to the first of Portuguese poets. In 1817 he caused to be published in Paris a splendid edition of the *Lusiad*, embellished with all that the arts of typography, design and engraving could contribute. He would not permit a single copy to be sold, but pre-

sented one to each of the principal libraries in Europe, Asia and America.

Gil Vincente.

In the dramatic field the literature of Portugal is extremely barren, only one name, that of Gil Vincente, requiring special mention. Others produced merely comedies and tragedies borrowed from classic authors, as did Camoens himself in his *Amphitryon* and *Seleucus*. Gil Vincente was, in a measure, the founder of the Spanish theatre, serving as the model on which Lopé de Vega and Calderon established a more perfect drama. In his rude attempts we find all the defects exemplified in the romantic drama of the Castilians; yet there is a certain fertility of invention, an air of probability in the dialogue, and an animation and poetical smoothness of language which justified the high character enjoyed in his own country as well as abroad. His weakest productions are those entitled comedies, resembling rather novels in dialogue, feeble in plot and development and with incidents ill-connected. His tragi-comedies are merely rough outlines, though they afterward led the way to the heroic comedy of the Spaniards. His best works are entitled farces, though approaching much nearer to comedy than such as were written under that name. They exhibit much spirit in style, much discrimination of character, but there is little invention in plot.

At times, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the promise of a Portuguese drama began to show itself in Lisbon. Especially did this appear in a

series of comic operas, played without the recitative and probably with borrowed music, in the manner of French vaudeville. They were written by a Jew named Antonio José, and though coarse and illiterate, contained a genuine vein of humor and gayety, together with a certain vigor of subject and diction. For several years the people flocked in crowds to see them, and the nation seemed to be on the point of possessing a drama of its own, when José was seized and burned by order of the Inquisition at an auto-da-fé held in 1745. Thereupon the managers closed the theatre, alarmed lest a similar fate should overtake themselves.

Among others who attempted from time to time to fill the void in the national literature was Antonio Correa Garcao, who attempted to reform the stage and to present his country with some pieces written in imitation of Terence. The first, entitled *Theatro Novo*, was rather a sketch of the principles of dramatic art than a comedy proper. Another, named *Assemblea*, was a satire on the fashionable world.

Osmia.

In 1778, the academy of Sciences having offered a prize for the best Portuguese tragedy, conferred it on *Osmia*, which proved to be by the countess de Vimeiro, though the name of the authoress long remained unknown. On opening the sealed envelope accompanying the piece there was found only a direction, in case the play should prove successful, to devote the proceeds to the cultivation of olives as an industry from which

Portugal might derive great advantage. In *Osmia* the countess displays a singular purity of taste, an exquisite delicacy of feeling and an interest derived rather from sentiment than from actual occurrences, as is natural with her sex. The piece is composed in rhymed iambic verse and is one of the best which the Portuguese theatre can be said to possess.

To the above might be added the names of many recent writers, as of Manoel, Azavedo, Gomez, Cardosa and Valladarez, but after the seventeenth century the Portuguese theatre was mainly given over to Italian opera and Spanish comedy, and its further annals need not here detain us.

HYMEN.

(COMEDIA HIMENEA.)

OF

BARTOLOMÉ DE TORRES NAHARRO.

(Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HYMEN, a Lover.

BOREAS, } *his Servants.*
ELISO, }

PHEBE, his Sweetheart.

MARQUIS, her Brother.

DORESTA, her Maid.

TURPEDIO, a Page.

MUSICIANS, who speak and sing.

It should here be explained that the word "day" is the technical name simply, in the early Spanish drama, for those divisions known later as acts.

ARGUMENT.

Day first.—Hymen, the lover of Phebe, is roaming late at night about the dwelling of his lady-love, accompanied by his servants; these he leaves to mount guard about her door while he goes to arrange for the early morning serenade. The servants, once alone, speedily show their cowardice, and when the marquis, brother of Phebe, arrives with Turpedio, his page, they flee. The marquis, suspicious of his sister's honor, as he has learned of the frequency of Hymen's serenades, wishes to awaken her, but is dissuaded by Turpedio's excellent reasons, and both retire.

Day second.—Hymen returns, accompanied by his servants and a few musicians, who sing to the picking of their guitars some amorous verses. Phebe suddenly appears at the window and speaks with Hymen, to whom she promises, after much urging, that her door shall be left open the following night. Hymen leaves, filled with joyful hopes. The marquis and Turpedio see them at a

distance as they retire; the marquis wishes to engage with them, but is persuaded by the page to postpone his vengeance until they are better armed.

Day third.—Boreas reprehends Eliso for not being willing to accept some presents offered by their master to both. Doresta, Phebe's maid, comes to the window; Boreas pays his addresses to her and begs that the following night, when Hymen comes to see her mistress, she will permit him, Boreas, to enter. Doresta concedes this favor, and he and Eliso leave. Turpedio now appears and speaks to Doresta, but she spurns him, and they separate after many harsh words.

Day fourth.—Hymen charges his servants to guard carefully the door and enters Phebe's house, while Boreas and Eliso remain in the street, trembling with fear. The marquis appearing, with his page, the servants fly, leaving behind their master's mantle on the ground. From this the marquis infers that Hymen is within with his sister. Wild with rage, he breaks down the door to seek them.

Day fifth.—Phebe comes out of the house, fleeing before her brother, who follows with a naked sword; she begs him to spare her lover, confesses her love and claims she is not guilty, simply unfortunate in this love. The marquis wishes to blot out the stain upon his honor with her blood, and is about to kill her, when Hymen arrives and with great tact and courtesy softens the marquis, obtains his pardon and, finally, the happy permission to wed his sister.

DAY FIRST.

SCENE—Street in front of the Marquis' house. Night.

Enter Hymen, Boreas and Eliso.

Hymen.—(Before a closed window.) May God preserve, sweetheart mine, your gracious presence, my sole felicity! It is too bold, perchance, to thus enslave myself without permission, but, blinded by love at a glance, it was too late to speak before I thought upon my fate. Of love for you I am dying, and yet you leave me here out in the street, making my misfortunes public; like those sportsmen who, satisfied to have killed the game, abandon it to the dogs. Where'er I be, there shall I complain of your injustice, for I bear you in my heart, while you leave me in the street. Ought you to permit him to suffer and die for you, who has committed no fault?

Boreas.—Now, we're commencing once more to speak of our great chagrin!

Hym.—What are you saying, you rascal?

Bor.—I say, sir, that we had better go; we can return tomorrow; then perhaps we'll stand a better chance.

Hym.—No; go, rather, and find my guitar; I'll sing airs so full of passion that all the world will be touched, save her, whose heart is insensible to pity.

Bor.—You cannot pick it, sir; it lacks one string, and the others are badly frayed.

Hym.—It matters little; bring it hither, the burden of my sorrow will accord it.

Bor.—Even though you grow angry, sir, I must insist we'd better leave.

Hym.—Is it already time to sleep?

Bor.—Rather time to get up, sir.

Hym.—Silence, you fool; you little know my pangs of love.

Bor.—You make a great mistake, sir, if you think me such a clown. I am well assured that the pain you conceal is greater far than what you show; I know that if you die for her no one can blame, since persons have been known to die of love for

this lady, who, indeed, have known her not save by reputation, and who counted so sweet a death precious quite as life itself.

Eliso.—That's the way to talk, we'll get on!

Hym.—What's that you're muttering between your teeth, you lazy hulk?

Eli.—I say that doubtless we shall soon be obliged to take him to the other madmen in the asylum at Valencia.

Hym.—May the evil eye seize you! And who is it you must take to Valencia? Dare you speak so of me?

Eli.—You said so, not I, sir.

Hym.—Oh you ass, you imbecile!

Eli.—But even if I am, sir, it will not be well for your lordship to be found here. The marquis, Phebe's brother, is often in this street. He has good servants, you have better; however, take my advice, throw love to the dogs and save us broken heads.

Hym.—I shall remain; let those who fear leave.

Eli.—Very well, sir, to prove how much we fear, and to judge our valor, retire yourself; we'll remain here and answer if they appear.

Hym.—Watch with care, there's sure to be more than two of them.

Eli.—Let ten come, fiends take them; they'll not go away bragging.

Bor.—Yes, let them come, provided they don't flee——

Hym.—If they say nothing to you, do not attack them. Make as little noise as possible. And for my sweetheart's sake, should they be insolent, content yourself with badly scaring them.

Eli.—Go calmly, sir, and let us act; we'll not let your name be dragged in the dirt.

Bor.—Speak low, and let us know what's best to be done.

Hym.—I caution you, Eliso, to be constantly on guard.

Eli.—You are too kind, my friend, since I know so well how to guard myself against the perils of this world. (Hymen leaves.)

Bor.—Now that we are alone, let us save our skins in some secure place like two good comrades; to fly from care and to avoid blows, what better could we do?

Eli.—At this moment I love you more than ever!

Bor.—I should like, however, to confide in you some things about a certain girl of mine, who is deeply smitten. But, to tell the truth, I feel ill at ease here.

Eli.—Have no fear, we can chat in peace, for if we hear anyone coming we can both run well.

Bor.—But perhaps we cannot, the street may be occupied.

Eli.—Even if it should be, we can yet escape, by the moon's favor, among the ruins of these fallen buildings, without being seen. We shall save our lives with our honor unblemished.

Bor.—By the Powers above, you speak well; I quite agree with you—but, look there, in that corner, I see something, I know not what.

Eli.—It's nothing save the shadow of the wall.

Bor.—But look you well in every part.

Eli.—I have looked closely; it is as I tell you.

Bor.—In truth I swear there was not left a drop of blood in my veins.

Eli.—Overcome these fears, else, should need arise, you cannot run. Please me with your tale of love, while both watch to see when we must run.

Bor.—Since you wish to know my little love affair, I will tell you the truth. When our master, Hymen, became enamored with his Phebe, I fell in love with Doresta, her maid; she is a pretty, gentle creature, in beauty like her mistress; in fact, I know no girl that is her equal.

Eli.—But have you spoken to her? Do you know she loves you? Look out lest you strike a snag.

Bor.—Without having spoken I can swear she loves and longs for me, unless her eyes have played me false.

Eli.—As for me, I believe in a girl's love only when, like Saint Thomas, I have felt the wound.

Bor.—I am sure her love equals mine.

Eli.—And have you not heard the maxim: Unhappy he that places faith in man? If that be true of man, how much more unhappy he that places faith in woman. One must learn to enjoy without being shorn, to hear and not to credit, to possess and to renounce woman. Still, I do not say it as their enemy.

Bor.—That's to be rude and boorish. It's easy to be seen, my comrade, that love has left you untouched as yet, else you would not think the true lover so free to act. He that loves sincerely abandons his liberty from the first day, and can do nothing not commanded by love. It is not well to judge and to blame others in unknown matters. If you do not love, yet shall you love; if you do not suffer, you shall suffer one day; you shall fall in the snare and give love your whole confidence, applauding its pains. In vain you say to-day: Fountain, I will not drink of your waters. It is woman that gives honor and pleasure to life.

Eli.—Your argument is vigorous, but directed against an unarmed knight. It's useless to kick against the pricks, or whistle jigs to a mile-stone. Our time would be better employed if spent in search of something to break our fast. Let us go.

Bor.—All right, though I do not care to eat so early. (They leave.)

Enter the Marquis and Turpedio.

Turpedio.—(Loudly.) Who goes there? You answer, perhaps fight with your feet? Return awhile, my gallant fellows, and carry away something for boasting.

Marquis.—Who was it, Turpedio?

Tur.—I know not; doubtless some dastardly mantle thieves.

Marq.—Couldn't you recognize them? Make haste, perhaps it's Hymen.

Tur.—By all that's holy, sir, I think not. They would not have taken flight.

Marq.—Rather, he's sure to flee to save discovery.

Tur.—It may be, but still he comes each day and night with serenades and morning songs.

Marq.—Dares he to continue this, I swear by all that's holy, I'll shorten his steps.

Tur.—Why bother yourself, sir? It is a pastime of the palace, a custom of the court; without it we should have none worthy of the name. Let him regale the girl.

Marq.—I love revelry myself, but by all that's holy, not before my own door, and I have known more than one which, beginning in song, has ended in tears.

Tur.—I suspect what disquiets you, but be at ease, my mistress Phebe is not one to doubt. What a maid to dupe!

Marq.—Let us knock on the door and see what happens. I cannot leave without speaking to her.

Tur.—But she is not yet awake, sir; and it will be ill-bred to waken all the street.

Marq.—Where shall we go, then?

Tur.—To Silleria street, sir; it soon will be daylight, and that lady you know there will open to us and we can breakfast.

Marq.—No, let us remain; it is nearly time for the day-break treat of morning song; if her lover is coming he will certainly soon be here. Let's stay and see what sort of a song and dance he gives her.

Tur.—But he isn't coming with dancers, sir, although we've been dancing attendance upon his coming for ten hours or more, tramping about this town, with little profit or honor. 'Tis well, perhaps, for the young—males, of course—to take a stroll after supper, but to remain without, as we have, is to pass the bounds of sense.

Marq.—So be it, we'll sleep till day and leave my sister tranquil. To-morrow I'll know what's up. Give me my guitar awhile, I'll twang it as we go to the house of my charmer; she that wishes still to play the virtuous.

Tur.—'Tis but a play, sir.

DAY SECOND.

SCENE—The same as day first.

Enter Hymen, Eliso and Boreas.

Boreas.—There's no one here, sir.

Hymen.—Speak lower, I fear some one may be near.

Bor.—No, I watched them go singing down that street to the right, sir; they are already far.

Hym.—All right, call our musicians and let them give our morning song.

Eliso.—Here they come.

Hym.—Call them; what is detaining them?

Eli.—(To the musicians, unseen as yet.) Come, move on, what are you waiting for?

Hym.—Speak lower, you rascal. What cries are those I hear?

Eli.—I've already called them more than once. Do you expect me to carry them here on my back?

Hym.—Now, don't spoil my fun; be quiet here; at home you can grumble and growl as much as you please.

Enter the Musicians.

First Musician.—What shall we do, sir?

Hymen.—Why, strike up at once, of course.

Second Musician.—(To the first.) Oh let up on that discord!

Fir. Mus.—Let up yourself, you imbecile!

Scc. Mus.—Listen to the vulgar fellow. (Turning to Hymen.) What do you wish us to sing and play, sir?

Hym.—The couplets first, and then the chorus. I pray you, however, make your accents so soft and touching that my sorrow may be detected in your voices; perhaps, too, that may relieve my pain. (The musicians play and sing awhile.)

Hym.—That's enough for to-day, my friends; short and sweet pleases best. Besides, the lady has appeared at the window; I wish to speak to her. Go, and may God go with you! (The musicians leave.)

Boreas.—Mark, sir, now's your time.

Hym.—O happiness, greatest of happiness!

Phebe, at the window.

Phebe.—But who are you?

Hymen.—He who was not, nor shall be an hour, were you to die.

Phe.—I do not understand you, sir; I'm not good at riddles; you'll have to speak more clearly.

Hym.—I perish for this very reason, that you do not understand me, while you understand so well how to slay me.

Phe.—May I ask your name?

Hym.—Think of the love that your beauty inspires and the fire your love kindles and you will know who I am.

Phe.—Gentleman, I beg you, tell me your name.

Hym.—I am he who lives alone in you, devoted to adore and eager to do homage to you. I am the unfortunate Hymen, who, had he no hopes in your bounty, would not wish to know you, for while you were still unknown has he suffered much sorrow for you and would willingly die, though his death would do you no service. But since you grant me life, I hold it to be well used if, while employed by you, I lose it.

Phe.—I pray you will pardon me, sir, but I do not know you.

Hym.—Then I sink into oblivion.

Phe.—No, I should put you in a better place than that, though I lose by it.

Hym.—I gain so much love that I cannot think of loss. However, if I merit love at all, it seems that you owe me more, since I suffer less than I merit.

Phe.—I am pleased to hear you talk, yet saddened by your complaints. Pray believe me, sir, I wish I were able to relieve and so could serve you.

Hym.—I would to God that to cure my ills, which have no hope except in you, you were as willing as you are able!

Phe.—I would that God had granted me the gift to heal by touch!

Hym.—This and all other gifts lie within your bounty, since God has created you so beautiful, but I, though unworthy, need only your volition.

Phe.—You merit more than you ask, though I know not what it is. I shall do it with willing heart, if, as you say, it is possible, though I fear harm.

Hym.—How happy you make me, sweetheart mine! You have understood me well. I do not wish to detain you longer,

your heart will tell you what I ask; my love is worthy of those favors, which to the grantor seem hardest to bestow, are esteemed the most—such is the boon I ask of you.

Phe.—But tell me clearly in what manner I can serve you.

Hym.—That when I come to-night your door may be opened to me.

Phe.—God protect me!

Hym.—What, my sweetheart, you revoke the favor?

Phe.—Yes, it would hardly be proper for me to open my door at such an hour.

Hym.—You promised me, however.

Phe.—How can you ask to have the door opened, when at such hours men are apt to be discourteous.

Hym.—Do not speak thus, sweetheart mine; if you wish to cure the ills I suffer, seek not to withdraw your promise. You know that my love forbids me to displease you, and you ought not to offer such a weak excuse. Your refusal will cost my life.

Phe.—I can no longer resist your importunity, nor do I wish to be at war with you. If you come, I shall do what you ask, but you must be what you ought.

Hym.—I must be your slave, a captive to your charms. I leave happy with the grace I have received.

Phe.—Go, and may God go with you!

Hym.—My sweetheart, may he remain with you! (Phebe retires from the window.)

Boreas.—(Coming forward.) Since you have now obtained your longed-for wish, redeem your pledge to us; the gifts you promised for this happy event.

Hym.—Most willingly, my brothers; it is but right that I should do so. You, take this satin blouse; and you, this doublet of brocade. Another day I'll give you greater value.

Bor.—May God keep you in his memory, and may you grow in fame and honor without a peer! May you be so great a victor that nothing may be wanting to your desire, since you do not lack gifts nor hesitate to give them.

Eliso.—I do not wish your brocade; it is neither just nor

right that you denude yourself to dress your servants. Have better sense; such generosity is folly.

Bor.—You are right.

Hym.—I wish to give not only this, but more.

Eli.—We do not wish a hair.

Hym.—Why?

Eli.—Because we do not wish it, sir; besides, it is more fitting that you shine than we, sir.

Hym.—Be still, my brothers, be what you will; if I do not die I shall give you more than clothes and jewels. I am to you a brother, not a master.

Eli.—For this, sir, we take the will for the deed, with many thanks. If you will permit us, however, to retire, it will please us more. It will soon be day, and we can return this evening, Boreas and I, and reconnoitre as we promenade.

Hym.—So be it. May God protect my Phebe! (He leaves with his servants.)

Enter the Marquis, with Turpedio.

Turpedio.—Hist, hist, sir, listen; did you see where they were going? They doubtless came from here.

Marquis.—Oh, the devil! why were we retarded? they would not have got away.

Tur.—Let them go, sir, don't let it worry your lordship; the coming night they cannot escape us; we're sure to entrap them.

Marq.—How can we arrange things so that I can see everything? for though it cost my life and all I have, I am determined to know just what is going on. And if I find them together, I promise the true God, on the faith of a gentleman, to kill them both. Life is well lost for honor.

Tur.—We must arrive first, sir. Concealed in the corner of that street, we can see all without being seen, and from there, if we watch sharply, we can see him enter. Immediately we will charge and take the door, then you may do your will.

Marq.—It is a good plan, and without waiting longer let us break our fast and sleep the balance of the day, since we

must be wide awake this night. It will be well, perhaps, to be accompanied, else seeking wool we may return shorn.

Tur.—You and I, my lord, with the aid of God, will suffice. Besides, a secret known to more than two ceases to be one. So, if you think it well, we will come alone, that it may not be known whether your sister conducts herself ill or no. We must be prudent, for your honor depends on the course we adopt.

Marq.—That is why I wish to be accompanied; I do not wish my vengeance to fail me.

Tur.—As to that, you may be sure lovers do not wish numerous companions; if accompanied at all, only his two servants will be with him, and these fellows fall over each other in their haste to escape the shadow of a projecting roof.

Marq.—Yet his lance has already gained him fame.

Tur.—What care we for that or his arms. They are not Hannibals. Let us arrive well armed and we two can easily master four of them, if need be.

Marq.—I yield to your counsel and confide in you; still, we had better leave, for fear we may be overheard. For intrigue, walls have ears.

DAY THIRD.

SCENE—The same as the preceding day.

Enter Boreas and Eliso.

Boreas.—Now then, Eliso, my comrade, though I desire neither to tire nor to vex you, still my confidence in you and my affection compel me to unburden myself. I hope you will not get angry. Good servants ought to be loyal and faithful to their master, but not to such an extent as to affect their pockets. You will readily recall that last night you did not wish to accept the present offered by Hymen, and I, on your account, also refused mine. Do not tell me it is loyalty; I call it by its right name, utter folly, the greatest I have ever seen you commit, since you have lost the price of ten years' service.

Eliso.—Do not wonder at my refusal of his present; in truth, I felt ashamed to see him dressed more poorly than you

or I. If when rich he forgets us he must answer to God; meanwhile, we shall live, nor shall we lack something to cover our nakedness.

Bor.—In vain you seek to excuse yourself with so poor a reason. No one but a fool, when he can have two mantles, contents himself with one, and even if good servants should resent the poverty of their master, this is not a case in point, as our master is rich, as I reckon, having always at his service a thousand ducats. I must say that, knowing you to be a sensible fellow, I am astonished that you do not consider, whatever presents he may give us, that he does not pay as well as we serve. Frequently he allows himself to be robbed down to his shirt by rascally sharps. Think, you are spending youth and toil in his service.

Eli.—Boreas, whatever you say, you do not search another master. I'll risk an eye you cannot find a better; all of them make faithful servants suffer and are prodigal to those who have no need. They give bread to those wanting teeth.

Bor.—It often happens that they keep the wages of our long labor; hence, we must be careful to receive with open hands what they give and ask for what remains to them. We are obliged not only to work with all our might, but must work hard to get our pay. It is death in life.

Eli.—I mark well what you say, my comrade, and henceforth shall follow your advice. I regard as lost all the time I have spent without consulting you, and since it is clear that you are right and I wrong, I confess my folly, acknowledge your superiority, and from this very day you will see that I know how to obey your commands.

Bor.—It pleases me, brother Eliso, to see that, like an honest fellow, you hope for good and refuse what is bad. Let us be on guard, else the almshouse awaits our old age. Without shame or fear, if a finger be offered you, seize the entire hand, so that you in turn can be generous.

Eli.—That's enough; I've had all I want, and more, of poverty. We agree on this point and, having thrashed it over pretty well, let's drop it. The time is ripe; speak to Doresta, whom I see at the window.

Bor.—I see her. My wish is granted!

Eli.—Go then, and speak to her; I'll remain around here and listen to what you say and how you say it, so that I can learn to court, too.

Bor.—You can't fool me. The drum is in the hands of a person who knows how to play it.

Eli.—Speak lower, she's looking at us.

Bor.—(Turning toward Doresta's window.) Doresta, my sweetheart, may God preserve your beauty and gentle graces.

Doresta.—(At the window.) Were it not for the company, I should answer you in a way that would silence you for good.

Bor.—But why, my dear Doresta?

Dor.—Because you mock me. If you return, my answer shall displease you. Learn that, although homely, I do not envy even Phebe.

Bor.—You must not get vexed, my dear, if I repeat simply what everybody says that sees you.

Dor.—Do you wish me to speak frankly? Such as I am, beautiful or homely, I do not lack admirers.

Bor.—Would to God that, since I have seen you, I loved myself as I cherish you!

Dor.—That's very fine—but, go tell it to the marines.

Bor.—Try me, command me to the utmost of my ability; I wish to serve and to prove by obedience that my love equals my promises.

Dor.—Had you thought me a woman that would snap you up at once, you would not, perhaps, have made me such fine offers.

Bor.—If you will stop and think a moment, Miss, you will see you are treating me unjustly.

Dor.—How can you call such fair words and such a gracious reception injustice?

Bor.—Because I dare not speak my mind freely; certain of your responses make me sick at heart.

Dor.—'Tis truly a pity to make you suffer so; but, tell me, will you die of it?

Bor.—It would be nothing strange.

Dor.—Very well, my gallant fellow; those who dance must pay the fiddler.

Bor.—'Pon my word I'm quite willing to pay the fiddler, if I'm allowed to dance, but so far as I can see, dear Doresta, I'm paying much and dancing little, receiving much pain and giving none.

Dor.—How can you tell? Cannot one suffer without showing it, as you complain without suffering?

Bor.—Would to God my pains touched you!

Dor.—Would you have me make public those things best concealed for your good name and mine? I pray you, you who are so sensible, not to ask such folly.

Bor.—I do not wish to tire you longer, for I think I understand you, and I will owe you many thanks if you will kindly command me to come to you at an hour when you can open your door to me.

Dor.—Do not ask such a thing; I see no way to arrange it.

Bor.—This very night, if you choose, when the door is opened to Hymen you can open to me.

Dor.—By his life and Phebe's drive that from your head. My mistress exacts that he enter alone.

Bor.—But fix it up so that you can grant me this grace.

Eli.—Give her till to-morrow night. You're importunate.

Bor.—Will you consent, my sweetheart?

Dor.—Quite willingly, sir, so that I shall not contradict your friend. May the grace of God accompany you!

Bor.—May I, for my consolation, remain in yours!

Dor.—Be of good cheer, for God died for all.

Bor.—Good-bye, and may Heaven preserve you. (Doresta retires from the window.)

Eli.—I should never have believed, Boreas, that you had so skillful a touch in this difficult business if I had not seen with my own eyes how you wormed yourself into Doresta's favor.

Bor.—We had better leave, our master must expect us.

Eli.—We can chat as we go, for we've plenty of time. (They leave.)

Enter Turpedio (Doresta reappears at the window).

Turpedio.—I would kiss the hands of the secret object of all my thoughts, the most beautiful Doresta.

Doresta.—You arrive seasonably, Señor Turpedio, but why to so small a saint so great an offering?

Tur.—You are so great a saint that most of those who see your charms and many graces believe you divinity itself. As to me—I do not dare to speak what I think.

Dor.—How charming! May Heaven bless you! Have you anything else to say?

Tur.—And you ask me this? Then you are my enemy, knowing how I wish to serve you.

Dor.—Have I done you any ill?

Tur.—You could do no greater.

Dor.—Very well, from to-day on I shall treat you without courtesy.

Tur.—In what way?

Dor.—By asking you to leave me alone.

Tur.—Ah! you're doubtless awaiting some little lover.

Dor.—Larger than you, in everything.

Tur.—I shouldn't be surprised; you merit the greatest gutter-snipe that ever tramped in mud.

Dor.—You're only a child.

Tur.—You'd find me man enough for you.

Dor.—Oh, leave me. I care nothing for your love.

Tur.—Abandon me and may God abandon you likewise!

Dor.—I swear I'll complain to the marquis and he'll probably tan your hide.

Tur.—Try it once and I'll give you so many bad days that you'll not lack evil years.

Dor.—What presumption in a little insolent rascal!

Tur.—I swear by Samson the strong, that I'll bring you evil days. I have something by my side to chastise your insults.

Dor.—You need not attack me, for I am not frightened by your menaces in the least; I have but to tell your master and

he will stripe your back with many blows—fit punishment for such a child.

Tur.—Would I could reach you, I'd slit your nose for that, you trollop, you demirep.

Dor.—That's what you need.

Tur.—I burst with rage. The devil!

DAY FOURTH.

SCENE—The following night, at the same place.

Enter Hymen, Boreas and Eliso.

Hymen.—Now, my brothers, you, Boreas, and you, Eliso, remember what I have just told you. I place myself in your hands; be sharp to watch while I am with Phebe.

Boreas.—Be tranquil, sir; you enter under favorable auspices, and we will die, if necessary, for your good name and ours.

Hym.—I rely upon you.

Eliso.—We desire it, sir.

Hym.—Is it time to call her?

Eli.—It's rather early; give the townsfolk time to fall asleep.

Bor.—On these occasions, sir, if too much time be given, repentance time arrives.

Hym.—Right you are. Come, knock, we'll go together and see.

Bor.—Sir, we must change our plans. Phebe wishes no one to enter with you.

Hym.—Then I go alone. (He enters house.)

Eli.—May God go with you!

Bor.—The devil goes with him, more likely.

Eli.—No, he crossed himself as he entered.

Bor.—Peace; good heavens! you spoil everything I arrange.

Eli.—I certainly spoiled nothing, brother.

Bor.—Then, when I wished to knock why did you, like a fool, say it's rather early. It's idiotic to await misfortune. Had we been surprised while he were here we were dead, or dishonored if we quit him, and to him, God alone knows what might have happened. Now, alone as we are, if we wish to flee, almost any falsehood will later answer. My advice is, save our skins.

Eli.—Well, say no more; he's entered.

Bor.—Say, what do you think?

Eli.—And you, speak out frankly, letting the dead past go and occupying ourselves only with the present.

Bor.—I'm so beside myself that I wish I'd never been born, rather than find myself in this scrape.

Eli.—Be quiet, brother, it's too early to complain.

Bor.—May an ill voyage await him that placed me in this danger and laid upon me these cares! Never a man of my kindred knew sword from buckler, but I, greatest fool of my line, come here with no wish to kill and much less desire to be killed myself.

Eli.—Well, you're a sensible fellow; we'll do as you say.

Bor.—We'll not await the combat, but leave at once, rather than have our throats cut here.

Eli.—And if he doesn't find us when he comes?

Bor.—I'll not lack for talk; leave it to me.

Eli.—Since there's remedy for all, let's stay awhile; should we hear anyone coming we'll put ground between us.

Bor.—It's easy to say, but if we cannot run fast enough?

Eli.—And why?

Bor.—Because I cannot. These weapons are quite heavy, and I dare not leave them. Besides, fear has short legs, and I can scarce move now.

Eli.—Very well, my brother Boreas, away with the arms, since to save the steel you may well lose your belt and skin. I warrant, the weapons gone, you'll run fast enough.

Bor.—Yes, but if I lose the arms my master will accuse me of cowardice. I'd rather throw myself in yonder stream than fail in fair excuse.

Eli.—If you cannot carry them, give them to me. Then you can flee and I'll render good account.

Bor.—But the mantle, what would he say should I lose it?

Eli.—For the mantle's loss you'll easily find excuses aplenty. You can say, if you wish, that, forced to wield the sword, you abandoned it, for fighting men, before they engage, are used to doff the mantle.

Bor.—Wait, I'll fold it up like this.

Enter the Marquis and Turpedio, each with sword in hand.

Turpedio.—Who goes there? (Boreas and Eliso flee for their lives.)

Marquis.—Kill them, kill them—where have they been?

Tur.—They passed this way, sir, but I have the mantle.

Marq.—By Death's head, I swear that if they had not escaped they should have been well chastised.

Tur.—Listen, sir. Here is, I think, something that will clear your doubts. 'Tis Boreas' mantle, Boreas, the servant of Hymen.

Marq.—Are you sure?

Tur.—Most certain, sir.

Marq.—How many were they?

Tur.—Two only; and by this mantle doubtless the two servants of that man.

Marq.—Then, by the Powers above, the traitor now must be within the house.

Tur.—If that be so, let's at him quick.

Marq.—Come here; first, we'd better think how we may get him.

Tur.—We'll knock at once, since we must enter.

Marq.—But he'll surely get away if he hears us.

Tur.—As you wish a quick and certain method to dispel these doubts and end this enterprise, we'll kick in the door and enter in a trice; nor need we fear to be perceived, since before we are barely heard we'll be upstairs, where we can strike first and hard.

Marq.—Come, let us on, we've tarried now too long; give me the mantle.

Tur.—Take this buckler.

Marq.—Give it here, I understand you well.

Tur.—We'll go with naked sword and let our motto be: No sooner said than done.

Marq.—If he comes within your reach, leave him with no need of doctor or surgeon.

Tur.—Enter quickly, I charge myself with all the rest. (They smash in the door and enter the house.)

DAY FIFTH.

SCENE—Room in the Marquis' house.

Enter Phebe, the Marquis and Turpedio.

Marquis.—(Pursuing Phebe.) Woman of evil life and traitoress, where are you going?

Turpedio.—Mercy! my lord, mercy!

Phebe.—Alas! alas! unfortunate being that I am!

Marq.—What means this conduct, madam? Think you it was to cover us with so great dishonor that we guarded you with utmost care? Confess to this page your sins, for, having soiled our ancient race, you must die. I save your life by killing you.

Phe.—You are my lord and brother. Cursed be the day that gave me birth! I'm in your hands, and demand death rather than life. I wish to die, since I was born in such an inauspicious hour. The tomb shall receive what Hymen has not yet possessed.

Marq.—(To Turpedio.) Did you wound him?

Tur.—No, his fleetness saved his life.

Phe.—My lord, after asking you to be as little cruel as you can while putting me to death, I beg you to accept my life but spare his; for if I knew that he must die I should forget my own woes and think alone of his.

Marq.—It behooves you to reconcile your soul with God.

Phe.—Seek not to torment me by increasing my fears, and permit me, in this my last discourse, at least to show pity. The heart finds solace in recounting its woes.

Marq.—Then tell me how your intrigue happened.

Phe.—I shall do so in order that you may know how it comes that I die at your hands rather than of love for him who merits it so well. (Calls Doresta.)

Enter Doresta.

Doresta.—I'm here, madam.

Phebe.—Come, you were a witness to my happiness, you shall be of my misfortune.

Turpedio.—My lord, she, too, is a traitoress.

Dor.—And you, the enemy of all that's good.

Marquis.—Let her speak.

Phe.—Yes, I shall tell how destiny has led me to this sad end, where I and my well beloved die one death. I die for this true lover, who by his tender passion became my precious, gentle and noble lord and master, whose merit is so great that life itself is well employed when lost for him. The sole regret of my sad youth is that I did not enjoy, while it was yet possible, the happiness so much desired. I shall die longing, my heart torn by the pangs of love. Would that I had listened to Hymen, I could then die without regret, and he could live with no just complaint. Perchance, he may curse me, since what he asked with so great insistence and I burned to give I refused always. Unfortunate being that I am, must I die thus!

Marq.—In the midst of all my cares would you have me believe you irreproachable, when I have seen what I wish I'd never seen for your own good and honor?

Phe.—Do as you will, my brother; with the help of God I'll not complain. My father—whom God has received in glory—left me subject to you, and since you will, ingloriously, to put me to the sword, strike, but listen. Grant me some moments of that life you are about to take. I do not care to live, even if you had not resolved to slay me, for it is folly to wish for

life without hope of happiness. Nor do I complain of death, as I was born mortal. I lament the death, which comes too late; had it come before I learned to know Hymen it would have been received with joy, but, seizing me in such a moment, where is the man or maid who would not mourn my fate? Never have I been a traitoress; if I have killed anyone, I know not whom, nor do I know it if I've stolen. My love was just and right, because I loved my husband only, and virgins, when the love-time comes, should be willing to die for those who would die for them; such a death insures their deathless fame. Then come, O Death! whene'er you will; I wait with seeming joy, for such an end should make me happy though it must sadden others. May every mortal be distressed by my misfortune; may all animals give new signs of sorrow and birds lose their sweet song; may the earth tremble and the sea be stirred to its depths; in the darkened skies may the sun lose its brilliancy and the moon its silvery sheen; may the stones be covered with mourning, the brooks cease to flow and the trees prove sterile; may everything bear funereal signs of my unfortunate destiny!

Marq.—Be quiet, my sister; I am already saddened but too much by your approaching death, and it's an accursed necessity; if I am touched to pity and condone, your anguish must be more. Be prudent and remember that the tender-hearted surgeon effects no cures. If you fear death, recall that from our birth it hovers over all, and 'tis folly, I am told, to fear what cannot be avoided. I know not why you cherish this life so full of sorrow, when through death you may enter life, where suffering cannot reach you. Here, in this sea of misery, where all are plunged, the old and the beardless, the poor with poverty, the rich with care, everyone with uncertainty as to the future, must we all be full of pain. Do not fear the voyage, but leave this cursed world to accomplish the noble end for which you were created. But, first, confess yourself.

Phe.—(On her knees.) I confess that since my birth I have committed no greater sin than being honest. I merit all my sorrows for having afflicted Hymen while I mortified myself. I confess that she sins grievously and deceives herself who refuses to profit by these beauties of an instant which the earth must consume; before God I accuse myself of this.

Marq.—This is not the confession that your soul requires; confess again.

Phe.—I demand, then, pardon of God if my love were not as keen as my lover's, for had it been as true and passionate I should not die, alas! like this.

Marq.—Your time has come. (He raises his sword.)

Enter Hymen, with his servants.

Hymen.—Stop, sir. (Holding the marquis' sword arm.)

Marquis.—(Tearing himself loose.) What do you say? page.

Turpedio.—Yes, my lord.

Marq.—Come here by my side.

Tur.—(Sword in hand.) I'm here, sir.

Hym.—Do not let passion get the better of you, I pray. Calm yourself; believe me, that will prove of most advantage to all.

Marq.—But who are you, sir?

Hym.—He that desires most the honor and felicity of Phebe. My name is Hymen, and Phebe was and is my wife; we've mutually pledged our word upon it.

Marq.—Think, sir, if you are a knight, that it is presumption to believe you can obtain her forcibly.

Hym.—God does not wish it, nor do I, but with the courtesy that is your due. That justice alone may decide my pretensions, ask Phebe her will, and if she accepts me for husband, as I am already in the sight of God, it will be but just and right that you accept me. You know you will lose nothing by this alliance; as to race and other things you have little advantage over me, and this I say, for you, yourself, can testify to its truth.

Marq.—I know that you are equals and the marriage suitable, but you should certainly have conducted the negotiations in quite a different way.

Hym.—I know when to employ the third party; I take a wife for myself alone, and I wished to assure myself concerning her.

Marq.—And you, madam, what did you wish? You have not spoken nor told the relations that exist between you.

Phebe.—I say that since you must see what an ill road you've taken you had better bid us adieu.

Marq.—Why so?

Phe.—To give you leisure to reflect upon the design you had to kill me, for, without the troublesome interference of relatives, I married, and married well.

Marq.—Thank God for that mercy!

Phe.—Amen.

Hym.—I desire, madam, that the past be forgotten. While he wished, it is true, to kill you, he acted like an honorable man, and could not do otherwise without tarnish to his reputation.

Marq.—Let us speak of it no longer, as all has ended well. May it please the divine Messiah, my sister, that your days be long and your happiness great! You have married better than you thought.

Hym.—Then join our hands, and, if you wish, henceforth we shall be good brothers and conduct ourselves as such.

Marq.—(To Phebe.) Do you agree?

Phe.—I am delighted.

Marq.—(Taking a hand of each and placing one in the other.) Join hands.

Eliso.—God be praised!

Boreas.—(To Eliso.) Yes, thanks to God, we are relieved of our dishonor.

Marq.—What shall we do now?

Hym.—If you agree, we shall go to my home, where your reception will testify my joy; and there, too, we can set the marriage day.

Eli.—(Approaching.) Before you leave, we offer ourselves, Boreas and I, to Madam Phebe, as devoted servants.

Phe.—I accept you as brothers.

Bor.—We kiss your feet and hands.

Eli.—We offer, also, to the marquis our desire to serve, and ask his pardon for the past.

Tur.—To the Señor Hymen I offer myself as faithful valet.

Phe.—To complete the merry-making that shall crown our pains, let us marry Doresta, my maid, to one of these young fellows.

Marq.—To which?

Phe.—To the most gallant.

Hym.—Each believes himself to be the man.

Phe.—They are certainly all good fellows.

Marq.—Well, how can we arrange it?

Phe.—Let Doresta choose, for I think she loves Boreas or Turpedio.

Tur.—As to me, I ask nothing of her.

Doresta.—May Heaven confound you!

Tur.—By Heaven, I swear I——

Marq.—Peace, you rascally fool.

Phe.—No more of this. (To Doresta.) Take the one you wish.

Hym.—I charge myself, my lady, to marry Doresta according to her taste, if she confides in me. But we must drop it for the moment and hasten away, as it is not fitting that the sun should surprise us here.

Marq.—Good-bye, then.

Hym.—If you love us, come and see my mansion; we'll divert ourselves with song as we go.

Marq.—For love of you I go willingly, if my sister, your bride, accompanies us.

Phe.—With pleasure.

Hym.—On our way, sir; now, let us sing.

Marq.—What shall it be?

Hym.—The triumph that swells my heart, the passion that has conquered all obstacles.

Marq.—Sing victory, victory, conquerors, sing victory in love. (As they leave, all strike up an amatory chorus.)

The *Hymen* of Naharro is, perhaps, the best specimen of old Spanish comedy—as it existed before the time of Lopé de Vega—with the single exception of *Celestina*. It forms one of a series of eight commedias —a term applied by the Spaniards to any kind of drama —published in 1517, as what he terms "the chief among the firstlings of his genius." He claimed some knowledge of the ancient drama, divided his plays into jornadas, or days, to correspond to acts, and opened them with a prologue. Various in subject and sometimes odd in form, his plays were so gross as well as audacious in tone that they were soon prohibited by the Inquisition.

THE SEVENTH FARCE

(PASO SEPTIMO)

OF

LOPÉ DE RUEDA.

(Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TORUVIO, a Peasant.
AGUEDA DE TORUEGANO, his Wife.
MENCIGUELA, his Daughter.
ALOJA, a Neighbor.

SCENE—ZAMORA.

The Seventh Farce.

PRELUDE.

The argument of the *Paso Septimo*, as usual with the farces of Lopé de Rueda, is of the slightest, turning merely on a family dispute as to the sale of olives, the first tree for which has only just been planted. From the future proceeds vast returns are expected; but the father would sell them at a moderate price, while his wife would demand one that seems extravagant. The daughter receives a beating from her mother for taking her father's part, and the quarrel is settled by the kindly intervention of a neighbor.

Enters Toruvio.

Toruvio.—God defend me! but what a storm broke upon me in the mountain yonder! It seemed as though the bottom had dropped clean out of the sky and let whole clouds fall on my head. I'll bet, too, my wife hasn't supper ready. May rabies kill her! (He calls loudly.) Hallo there! my daughter Menciguela! Everybody must be asleep in Zamora. (He knocks.) Agueda de Toruegano, don't you hear me?

Enters Menciguela.

Menciguela.—Mercy! father, must you smash in our door?

Tor.—What a fuss you make! how you chatter! and where is your mother, miss?

Men.—She's gone to a neighbor's house, to help her sew.

Tor.—Devil take the sewing, her and you. Go and call her.

Enters Agueda.

Agueda.—Now then, my fine fellow, I'm here. Since you've returned home with such a mean little bundle of fagots, I suppose there'll be no living with you.

Tor.—What! to you, playing the fine lady, it seems a mean little bundle of fagots! Yet I swear by all that is most holy that I and your foster-son together were not able to get it on my back.

Agu.—Indeed, evil be the hour—but how wet you are!

Tor.—I've just had a little soup—of water. Wife, as you value your life, give me something to eat.

Agu.—What the deuce can I give you, when I have nothing?

Men.—Mercy! father, but this wood is soaked.

Tor.—Yes, it's soaked, yet your mother will say it's only with dew.

Agu.—Run, my daughter, and cook a couple of eggs for your father's supper, then make his bed at once. (Menciguela leaves.) Now, I feel certain, husband, that you didn't remember to set out that olive-tree shoot that I asked you to plant.

Tor.—What else detained me then, but planting it?

Agu.—Now, be quiet, husband—but where did you plant it?

Tor.—Yonder near the black fig-tree. Down there, you remember—where I gave you a kiss.

Enters Menciguela.

Men.—Father, you may come to supper now; everything's ready.

Agu.—Husband, you don't know what I've been thinking. That olive-tree shoot that you planted to-day, six or seven years from now will bear four or five large measures of olives, and by sticking in a shoot here and a shoot there, in twenty-five or thirty years we'll have olives to burn.

Tor.—That's true, wife; and won't that be fine!

Agu.—Now, look here, husband; do you know what I've been thinking? I'll gather the olives, you load them on our ass and take them to market, and Menciguela shall sell them in the plaza. (Turning to Menciguela.) But see here, my daughter, I forbid you to sell them for less than two Castilian reals the small measure.

Tor.—What! two Castilian reals? Don't you see what a burden that will be on our conscience; how it will prick us every day? Fourteen or fifteen dineros the small measure is quite enough to ask.

Agu.—Silence, I tell you; the tree is of the very finest variety. Why, it's from Cordova.

Tor.—Well, even if it is from Cordova, my price is enough to ask.

Agu.—Now, don't split my head open. (Turning to her daughter.) See here, my daughter, again I command you not to sell them for less than two Castilian reals the small measure.

Tor.—What! two Castilian reals! (Turning to his daughter.) Come here, Menciguela; how much must you ask the small measure?

Men.—Whatever you desire, father.

Tor.—Fourteen or fifteen dineros.

Men.—So much shall I ask, father.

Agu.—What! so much shall I ask, father! Come here my daughter; how much must you ask?

Men.—Whatever you command, mother.

Agu.—Two Castilian reals.

Tor.—What! two Castilian reals! I promise you that if you do not do as I command, I shall give you more than two hundred lashes. How much must you ask?

Men.—As much as you told me, father.

Tor.—Fourteen or fifteen dineros.

Men.—I shall do so, father.

Agu.—What! I shall do so, father! (Beating her.) Take this, and that—you shall do as I command.

Tor.—Let her alone.

Men.—Oh! mother, you are killing me!

Enters Aloja.

Aloja.—What does this mean, neighbors? Why are you beating the girl?

Agu.—Alas! sir, this rascally fellow wishes to sell things under price; wishes to ruin my family; some olives that are as large as walnuts.

Tor.—And I swear by the bones of my forefathers that they are not even as large as pineapple seeds.

Agu.—Yes, they are.

Tor.—No, they're not.

Alo.—Now, madam, my neighbor, you'll kindly do me the favor to go inside, and I'll try to straighten things out.

Agu.—Straighten it out or muddle it up! (She leaves.)

Alo.—Now, señor neighbor, what about these olives? Bring them out here and I will buy them, even if you have twenty large measures.

Tor.—But, señor, they're not the kind of olives you think them; they're not olives we've got in the house, they're olives we've got in prospect.

Alo.—Well, bring them out anyway; I'll buy them all at a just price.

Men.—Two reals the small measure, mother says she must have.

Alo.—That's very dear.

Tor.—Doesn't it seem so to your honor?

Men.—And my father, fifteen dineros.

Alo.—I want to see a sample.

Tor.—God defend me! Señor, your honor does not wish to understand me. To-day I planted the shoot of an olive-tree; my wife said that six or seven years from now it will bear four or five large measures of olives; that she will gather them, I take them to market, and our daughter sell them. Now, in spite of all that's just, she asks two reals the small measure. I say my daughter shall not ask so much; my wife says she shall; this caused the strife.

Alo.—Oh! so diverting a strife has never before been seen!

The olive-trees are not planted, and yet they have already laid a burden upon the back of the girl.

Men.—Doesn't it seem so, sir?

Tor.—Don't cry, my dear. That girl, señor, is as good as gold. Now go, my daughter, and set the table. I promise to buy you a frock with the proceeds of the first olives sold.

Alo.—Now you go also, neighbor, and make peace with your wife.

Tor.—Good-by, señor. (He leaves with his daughter.)

Alo.—What strange things we see in life! Yes, we certainly do. The olives not planted, yet they have caused quarrels!

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

(EL PERRO DEL HORTELANO)

OF

LOPE DE VEGA.

(*Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIANA, COUNTESS DE BELFLOR.
THEODORE, her Secretary.
OCTAVIO, her Squire.
FABIO, a Servant.
MARCELA,
DOROTEA, } *Maids.*
ANARDA,
TRISTAN, Theodore's Servant
MARQUIS RICARDO.
CELIO, his Servant.
COUNT FREDERIC.
LEONIDO, his Servant.
COUNT LUDOVICO.
CAMILO, his Servant.
FURIO,
LIRANO, } *Lackeys.*
ANTONELO,

SCENE—NAPLES.

As in other Spanish plays, the acts are indicated by days.

ARGUMENT.

Day First.—Diana, countess de Belflor, catches sight of a fleeing man, one night, in her apartments. In response to her loud cries the servants arrive; one by one she puts them to the question and finally discovers that Marcela has had a secret meeting at night with Theodore, the secretary. In the morning Diana calls her secretary and, pretending to have been asked by a friend, a woman of rank who loves a servant, to write a letter, asks Theodore to correct it and frame a reply. Theodore admits he can live without Marcela and blesses his great good fortune in winning the love of the countess.

Day Second.—Diana learns that Theodore has broken with Marcela, and smilingly informs him that she has decided to marry either Count Frederic or the Marquis Ricardo, and asks his advice as to which one she had better choose. Theodore, dumbfounded, stammers a reply and runs to renew his former relations with Marcela, whereupon Diana dictates to him a letter,

which, although it plainly tells him he is a fool, renews his hopes. He breaks again with Marcela, tells the countess he loves her and is calmly told that it is the duty of a servant to love his mistress. He now accuses her of being the dog in the manger, threatens to marry Marcela, is given some slaps in the face, and in return for his blood-stained handkerchief, which Diana wants, receives two thousand crowns.

Day Third.—The marquis and count decide that Theodore is too high in the favor of the countess, and make arrangements to have him assassinated. Happily, Theodore's servant, Tristan, is selected as the bravo to do the deed. Theodore, fearing for his life, resolves to go to Spain, whereupon Diana concludes that in spite of his lowly birth she will marry him. Tristan, however, with ready wit, provides him a noble father and the comedy ends amid general rejoicings, in which even the marquis and the count take a share.

DAY I.

SCENE I.

A room in the apartments of the countess Diana. Night.

Enter Theodore, in an embroidered mantle, and Tristan, his valet, running.

Theodore.—Let us flee, Tristan, this way.
Tristan.—How disgraceful!
Theo.—Did anyone recognize us?
Tris.—I don't know; I presume so. (They leave.)

Enter Diana.

Diana.—Ah! stop, stop, sir. Listen—is this the way to treat me? Stop, I say—hallo! is there no servant here? No

one? Was it a man I saw, or did a dream delude me? Hallo there! is everyone asleep?

Enter Fabio.

Fabio.—Did your ladyship call?

Diana.—(Aside.) In my present excitement his calmness maddens me. (Aloud.) Run, you fool, for you merit this name; run and see who the man is that has just left this room.

Fab.—This room?

Dia.—Run, and answer only with your feet.

Fab.—I follow him.

Dia.—Learn surely who he is.

Fab.—What treason! what iniquity! (He leaves.)

Enter Octavio.

Octavio.—Although I heard your voice, I could scarcely credit that it was your ladyship calling at such an unusual hour.

Diana.—You make a very pretty shooting star—you travel so rapidly! You retire early and, when men enter my apartments, indeed, almost my bed-chamber itself, you come at leisure when I in desperation call. Is this the action of a faithful squire?

Oct.—I could not believe it was your ladyship calling.

Dia.—Let us imagine it was some one else. Go, retire again lest harm befall you.

Enter Fabio.

Octavio.—But, Señora——

Fabio.—I never saw the like; he flew like a falcon.

Diana.—Did you note nothing?

Fab.—What?

Dia.—A mantle embroidered with gold that he wore?

Fab.—As he was descending the stairs I——

Dia.—The men of my household are worthy only of serving old women!

Fab.—He extinguished the lamp with his hat; descended in the favoring darkness of the doorway, drew his sword—and disappeared.

Dia.—You're a wet hen.

Fab.—What should I have done?

Dia.—A fine question! caught him and killed him.

Fab.—But suppose he were a gentleman; do you think it wise of me to throw your reputation into the public street?

Dia.—A gentleman here? What do you mean?

Oct.—Is there no one in Naples who loves you? who would marry you, and, meanwhile, would use every means to see you? Are there not a thousand gentlemen whom a desire to marry you has blinded with love? besides, you say he had a gallant's mantle, and Fabio saw him throw his hat at the light.

Dia.—Doubtless it was a cavalier who, out of love, sought to corrupt my servants. Such honorable servants I have, Octavio! But I must learn who it was. His hat was adorned with feathers; it must be still on the stairs. Go get it.

Fab.—Do you think I can find it?

Dia.—It is clear, you imbecile, that flying he dare not stop to seek it.

Fab.—I'll take a light, Señora, and see. (He leaves.)

Dia.—If I verify my suspicions, not a servant shall remain in my household.

Oct.—You will do well, since they have dared to trouble your tranquility. But, although perhaps indiscreet to speak to you upon a displeasing subject, especially when you are justly irritated, I must say your unwillingness to marry is the cause of all the folly shown by those who wish to win you.

Dia.—You know something?

Oct.—I know only that you have a reputation for beauty and unwillingness to marry. The thoughts of many are fixed upon the Count de Belflor.

Enter Fabio.

Fabio.—I ran across this hat: it would be hard to find a worse.

Diana.—That is the hat you found?

Octavio.—I never saw a filthier.

Fab.—Well, this is it.

Dia.—You're sure this is the hat?

Fab.—Do you think I would deceive you?

Dia.—Fine feathers, these!

Fab.—Belonging to some thief.

Oct.—Doubtless he came to rob.

Dia.—You'll drive me crazy, you two.

Fab.—Nevertheless, this is the hat.

Dia.—But I tell you I saw feathers, waving plumes—and they resolve into this?

Fab.—As he threw them on the lamp, they doubtless burned. Icarus, flying too near the sun, burned his feathers and fell into the white foam of the sea. 'Tis the same tale. Icarus—that's the hat; the sun—that's the lamp; and the sea—that's the stairs where they fell.

Dia.—I'm in no joking mood, Fabio; this requires serious thought.

Oct.—There will be time to learn the truth.

Dia.—What time, Octavio?

Oct.—Sleep now, and to-morrow we can ascertain——

Dia.—I cannot sleep—I am Diana, and I swear I will not rest until I learn the truth. Call all my women. (Fabio leaves.)

Oct.—What a miserable night we shall pass!

Dia.—Occupied by care could I sleep? Could I forget that a man has been within the house this very night?

Oct.—It would be wise to inform ourselves cautiously; to make secret researches.

Dia.—You are too prudent, Octavio. To sleep after such an adventure would be an excess of discretion.

Enter Fabio, with Dorotea, Marcela and Anarda.

Fabio.—I have brought only those who may be able to enlighten you; the other women of the household are wrapt in slumber. The maids of your chamber alone could have heard anything.

Anarda.—(Aside.) This night the sea will run high and its waves rage! (Aloud.) Do you wish to be alone with us?

Diana.—Yes. (To Fabio and Octavio.) You two go.

Fab.—(To Octavio.) Inviting examination!

Octavio.—(To Fabio.) She's crazy.

Fab.—(To Octavio.) And suspects me! (Both leave.)

Dia.—Dorotea, come here.

Dorotea.—What does your ladyship wish?

Dia.—I wish to know the names of the men who usually roam about this street.

Dor.—Señora, the Marquis Ricardo, and occasionally Count Paris.

Dia.—Answer with entire truthfulness the question I shall now ask.

Dor.—What have I to conceal?

Dia.—With whom have you seen them talking?

Dor.—Were you to call on me a thousand times I could give but one answer: I have seen them speak with none of this house, but you; you only, Señora.

Dia.—Has no message been given you? Has no page entered?

Dor.—Never.

Dia.—Retire to yonder corner.

Marcela.—(To Anarda.) Pleasant inquisition!

Anarda.—(To Marcela.) Most severe.

Dia.—Listen, Anarda; who is the man that left the house awhile ago?

Ana.—The man?

Dia.—Yes, the man who left this room. Come, I know your tricks. Who brought him here to see me? In whom did he confide?

Ana.—Do not believe that any of us would be so bold. No one would dare to introduce a man into your apartments. No one is capable of such treason. No, Señora, you must not think this.

Dia.—Listen. Let us go farther away. If you are not deceiving me, then I have reason to suspect it was to meet one of my maids that the man entered.

Ana.—Seeing you, Señora, so justly agitated forces me to frank speech, though by so doing I am false to the friendship I owe my friend Marcela; she loves a man who returns her love, but I've not been able to discover who he is.

Dia.—It is an error to conceal anything; you have told me the greater part, why refuse the rest?

Ana.—I am a woman; therefore, as you know, am tormented by the secrets of others. But let it suffice you to learn that he came for Marcela. You need not fear for the honor of your house; he comes only to talk, and has been coming but a short time.

Dia.—What impudence! a fine reputation I, an unmarried woman, will have! Men entering my house at night! For the count, my late husband's memory—infamous——

Ana.—Be calm and let me explain. The man who comes to talk with Marcela is not a stranger in your house, and he can come without danger to your reputation.

Dia.—Then it is one of my servants?

Ana.—Yes, Señora.

Dia.—Which one?

Ana.—Theodore.

Dia.—The secretary!

Ana.—I know only they have spoken; further I know nothing.

Dia.—Leave me.

Ana.—Use your best judgment. Don't be rash.

Dia.—I am more tranquil, now that I know he did not come for me. (She calls Marcela.)

Mar.—What do you wish Señora? (Aside.) I tremble already.

Dia.—Have I not confided to you my honor and my inmost thoughts?

Mar.—What have they said of me that could make you question my well-known loyalty?

Dia.—Your loyalty?

Mar.—How have I offended?

Dia.—Is it not an offense to allow a man to enter my house, my very apartments, at night, to speak with you?

Mar.—It is Theodore, who is love-stricken, and whenever he sees me, says sweet things by the score.

Dia.—Sweet things by the score. Upon my faith, 'tis a year of most excellent harvest! You should thank high heaven!

Mar.—I mean, as soon as he sees me, his tongue at once translates the language of his heart.

Dia.—Translates? 'Tis a strange expression; but what does he say?

Mar.—'Tis difficult to remember.

Dia.—You can if you try.

Mar.—Once he said: "For those bright eyes I'd sell my soul;" another time: "By those eyes I live;" and again: "Desire, awakened by your beauty, robbed me of sleep." Afterward he asked for a single hair with which to enchain his longing. But why should I repeat these trifles?

Dia.—At least, these trifles pleased you well?

Mar.—I own it, since I have reason to believe that Theodore's intentions are honorable—that he wishes to marry me.

Dia.—Doubtless. Love is quite proper when its end and aim is marriage; do you wish me to arrange for yours?

Mar.—Ah! how happy you make me. As you have shown me so much mercy and have been so generous, I will frankly confess: I adore him. There is none other in all the city so able and so prudent, so loving and at the same time so discreet.

Dia.—I already know his merits by reason of the office that he fills.

Mar.—There is a wide difference, however, Señora, between a knowledge of his merits, based on the cold cere-

monious work he does for you and that born of familiar intercourse—the tenderness, sweetness and vivacity of his amorous discourse.

Dia.—Marcela, I have resolved to marry you, when the proper time arrives, but I owe something to myself and the name I bear. I cannot permit these conversations to continue, and I must appear to punish you, since your companions know you have been meeting Theodore in my house. Be discreet, and when occasion offers, I will serve you. Theodore has been raised in my house, and for you, Marcela, I have the feelings of a relative rather than a mistress; be assured I shall not forget your good services.

Mar.—Your creature casts herself at your feet.

Dia.—You may go now.

Mar.—My gratitude will be eternal.

Dia.—I wish to be alone; go.

Ana.—(To Marcela.) What happened?

Mar.—(To Anarda.) Her cares have become my happiness.

Ana.—Has she already learned your secret?

Mar.—Yes, and knows, too, that it is one pure and stainless. (They both bow three times, then leave.)

Dia.—(Alone.) A thousand times I have noted the beauty, grace and cleverness of Theodore; were it not for the distance birth has placed between us, I should love him. Love is our common nature; but I regard my honor as a treasure of greater value than love. I respect my rank, and even to think of such a love degrades me. Envy will remain, for if anyone can justly envy the happiness of another, I can. I would that Theodore could raise himself to me or that I could lower myself to him!

SCENE II.

The same room in the apartments of the countess. The next morning.

Enter Theodore and Tristan.

Theodore.—I have not been able to rest a single moment.

Tristan.—You have good cause for wakefulness, for you are lost if identified. I advised you to retire, but you would not listen.

Theo.—Who can resist love?

Tris.—You shoot well, but only glance at the target.

Theo.—'Tis the way all clever marksmen do.

Tris.—You would succeed better had you a proper appreciation of danger.

Theo.—Do you think the countess recognized me?

Tris.—Yes and no; she may not have actually recognized, but she certainly suspects you.

Theo.—When Fabio followed me down stairs I was at the point of killing him.

Tris.—How dexterously I extinguished the light with my hat.

Theo.—Darkness stopped him just in time, for had he wished to come nearer I should have known how to stop him.

Tris.—While descending, I said to the lamp: We are strangers to this house. The lamp made answer: You lie. To revenge the insult, I threw my hat in his face.

Theo.—To-day I look for death as my portion.

Tris.—You lovers are always sighing and complaining.

Theo.—What can I do in this great peril, Tristan?

Tris.—Cease to love Marcela, for the countess is not a woman that will permit amours in her house.

Theo.—And how can I forget her? 'Tis impossible.

Tris.—I'll teach you how to choke your love.

Theo.—Now shall I hear folly!

Tris.—Skill conquers all, and my art is easy. In the first place, you must firmly resolve to forget your love and that you will not return to her even in thought. If a spark of hope remains, you cannot forget her cherished image. Be firmly resolved and imagination's play will stop at once. Have you not noted that when the spring run down, the watch wheels cease to move? 'Tis so with love when the spring of hope becomes inactive.

Theo.—And will not memory constantly renew my sorrow, by recalling the charms of which I am deprived?

Tris.—It is an enemy from which it is difficult to separate; but imagination can aid us to conquer.

Theo.—In what way?

Tris.—By thinking constantly of the defects and not at all on the graces of your mistress. Love is born by thinking of charms and being blind to imperfections. Do not let your fancy paint her in rich robes, brilliant on a balcony. Remember the words of a sage: "Their beauty is half dress-maker." Imagine her body to be that of a penitent scourged for her sins, rather than one to be draped in rich fabrics. Remember her defects, 'tis the sovereign remedy. At table you need but to recall some disgusting spectacle and, behold! your appetite is gone. Have ever present to your mind Marcela's defects, and if she returns to your thought memory will destroy love.

Theo.—What an ignoble surgeon! 'Tis the plan of a clod-dish charlatan; you have not studied, Tristan, therefore you do not understand women. They are as clear and transparent as crystal.

Tris.—As crystal, yes—and as fragile; for you have hit an exact comparison. I know, however, another method, one that succeeded well with me. Even I was once in love; in love with a bundle of falsehoods, fifty years old, with so large a bay-window that all the papers of a sheriff's office might have been kept therein. Indeed, the Greeks would have been more at ease in it than within the Trojan horse. Have you never heard of that huge nut tree, whose hollow trunk gave shelter to an entire family? This corpulence could have sheltered them likewise. I wished to forget her, but my perfidious memory constantly recalled the orange flower, the lily, the jasmine and the snow. However, I hit upon a clever trick, and, like a man of sense, began to think of clothes-baskets, old trunks, huge rag-bags and hogsheads of swill; then was my love turned to disdain, and of my mistress, huge as she was, not a vestige remained.

Theo.—But Marcela has no defects and I cannot forget her.

Tris.—Then curse your luck and follow the foolish enterprise.

Theo.—But she is all charm, what can I do?

Tris.—Think of her charms until you lose the favor of the countess altogether.

Enter the countess.

Diana.—Theodore.

Theodore.—(Aside.) It is she!

Tristan.—(Aside.) If she learns the truth there'll be three of us bounced at once.

Dia.—Theodore, one of my friends, mistrusting her own skill, has asked me to write this letter. Forced by friendship to oblige, and being but little acquainted with the phrases of love, I bring it to you for correction. Theodore, take it and read.

Theo.—If you composed it, Señora, I should try in vain to equal it. It would be arrogance in me to pretend to correct it. Send it as it is.

Dia.—Read it, read it, I say.

Theo.—I am surprised at your lack of confidence in yourself; but I will read it to learn a diction with which I am entirely unacquainted—that of love.

Dia.—Entirely unacquainted with love?

Theo.—A knowledge of my defects has restrained me; I have no confidence.

Dia.—So I see; and this is why you go about concealed in a mantle?

Theo.—I, Señora? when? where?

Dia.—My steward told me that, chancing to go out last night, he met you wrapt in a mantle.

Theo.—'Twas but a pleasantry. Fabio and I oft play a thousand tricks.

Dia.—Read, read.

Theo.—I thought perchance some envious one had spoken.

Dia.—Perhaps you have given cause for jealousy; but read.

Theo.—Yes, I wish to see this miracle of ingenuity. (He reads:) "To love because one sees others loving is envy: and before one loves, to be jealous is a marvelous invention of love which has been held impossible. My love is caused by jealousy. I am sad because, being the more beautiful, I cannot obtain the felicity I envy in another. Without a motive I am suspicious and jealous without love, although I feel I ought to love, since I wish to be loved. I neither consent nor refuse. I wish to remain silent, yet to be understood. Let him understand who may, I understand myself."

Dia.—What do you think of it?

Theo.—If such be the lady's thought, it could not be more beautifully expressed. But I confess that I do not understand how love is caused by jealousy, since jealousy usually is born of love.

Dia.—I have reason to suspect that my friend has seen this young man with pleasure, but without love. Upon learning, however, that he is paying his addresses to another, jealousy has awakened love. May it not be so?

Theo.—Without a doubt, Señora; but this jealousy had a cause, and this cause, was it not love?

Dia.—I do not know, Theodore; the lady told me only that she had never felt for the cavalier aught but kindness until she learned he loved another; since then a thousand indiscreet desires have forced her to lay bare her soul and to renounce the indifference in which she had hoped to live.

Theo.—Your letter is charming, I could not hope to equal it.

Dia.—Enter my apartment and frame an answer.

Theo.—I dare not even try.

Dia.—Do this for my sake.

Theo.—Your ladyship wishes to test my ignorance.

Dia.—I shall await you here; return as quickly as you can.

Theo.—I leave to execute your commands. (He leaves.)

Dia.—Approach, Tristan, and listen.

Tris.—I hasten at your command, but I cannot come in these breeches without a feeling of shame. My master, your

secretary, is a trifle short of cash these days. I have told him in vain that the handsome habits of his valet ought to be his richest ornament—a mirror wherein to see his greatness. Though doubtless he is unable to do more.

Dia.—Does he gamble?

Tris.—Would to heaven! He that games can always get money, here or there. Formerly kings learned a trade, so that if perchance they lost their states they could still live. More happy he who in his tender youth has learned to game. 'Tis a noble art, for it sustains with little labor. A skillful artist will paint his genius into a canvas, which a fool may value at less than ten dollars, while a gambler has but to say, "even," to gain a hundred per cent.

Dia.—In brief, he does not play?

Tris.—He is too prudent.

Dia.—Then 'tis certain he has love affairs.

Tris.—Love affairs? What a joke! why, he's as cool as ice.

Dia.—An amiable young bachelor, well formed and courteous, and yet he courts no one?

Tris.—I look after his horse and clothes, but I do not stick my nose into his love letters or his amours. All day he is employed in your service and I suspect entirely occupied.

Dia.—But at night, does he never go out?

Tris.—I am not with him, my hip is bruised——

Dia.—How did that happen?

Tris.—I can answer as the badly married, when they say the scars of their face are due to jealousy. I fell on the stairs.

Dia.—You fell on the stairs?

Tris.—Yes, I fell and rolled from top to bottom; my ribs cōunted each step.

Dia.—It must have been your fault, Tristan, if you threw your hat at the lamp.

Tris.—(Aside.) Oh, the devil! She knows all.

Dia.—Why do you not answer?

Tris.—I sought to recall when—Oh, yes, now I remember, it was last night. There were some bats flying about; I chased

them with my hat and struck at one, when out went the lamp; then I lost my footing and rolled to the foot of the stairs.

Dia.—'Tis nicely told, but listen; in a book of secrets I remember to have read that the blood of bats is used to remove hair; I must have these bats bled to uncover this hair-breadth escape.

Tris.—(Aside.) It bids fair to be a serious scrape. Must I go to the galleys for some bats? (He leaves.)

Dia.—How anxious I have become!

Enter Theodore.

Theodore.—Your orders are executed, Señora.

Diana.—You have completed it?

Theo.—With little confidence, but it was your will and I have obeyed. Read it, Señora.

Dia.—(Reading.) "To love because one sees others love would only be envy, if love did not preëxist; for she who had never thought of love would not love simply because she had seen others love. Love which sees the one longed for in another's power declares itself; for as color mounts to the face in the loved one's presence, so does the tongue betray that which moves the soul. I say no more, and forswear happiness, because if I should err my lowliness would offend her greatness. I speak solely of what I understand, and I will not understand that which I do not merit for fear others should falsely believe that I believe I merit it."

Dia.—You've kept well within the bounds of decorum.

Theo.—You are ridiculing me.

Dia.—Heaven forbid!

Theo.—What do you really think of it?

Dia.—Of the two, yours excels, Theodore.

Theo.—I ought to regret it, for it is dangerous for an inferior to excel. A tale is told that one day a king said to his favorite: I am not content with this message I have just composed; write me another, then will I choose between them. The favorite did so, and his was chosen; as soon as he saw the

king's preference he returned home quickly and said to the eldest of his three sons: Let us fly from this kingdom immediately, for I am in dire peril. The son, in consternation, asked the cause. The king, responded the father, has discovered that I know more than he. Oh, that this letter has not done like for me!

Dia.—No, Theodore, if I prefer your letter 'tis because it so happily follows the idea I suggested; nor think because I highly esteem your pen I have lost all faith in mine, even though I am a woman, liable to err and not very discreet, as I fear I have just but too well shown. You say you fear your lowliness will offend her greatness; you are deceived, for when one truly loves this never happens; however unequal the rank, love never offends. This is reserved for hatred or indifference.

Theo.—So nature teaches; yet we learn that Phaeton, driving the golden horses, was cast on rugged rocks, and Icarus, with waxen wings, was precipitated into the crystal sea, both because they dared approach the sun.

Dia.—But the sun would have done nothing of the sort had it been a woman. If you are ever tempted to love one highly born, be confident, for love is greater than rank and women are not stone. I take your letter, I wish to review it at my leisure.

Theo.—Pardon, it has a thousand faults.

Dia.—I do not find even one.

Theo.—You wish to reward me. I have your letter.

Dia.—You may keep it, or better still, destroy.

Theo.—Destroy it?

Dia.—Yes, what matters such trifling loss when there is risk of one so great. (She leaves.)

Theo.—(Alone.) She leaves. Who would ever have believed that so wise and so noble a woman would have condescended to make known her love so brusquely? But perhaps I deceive myself—yet she said: "What matters such trifling loss when there is risk of one so great." So great? so great a loss? yes; doubtless, if she meant herself—but why should I disturb myself? 'Tis pleasantry alone, perchance. But no, the countess is so sensible, so wise. Such pleasantry

is not in keeping with her character. The greatest lords in Naples pay her court, and I, more than her slave, would be in peril of my life. Perhaps she has learned I woo Marcela; on this she chaffs me. Could mockery, though, paint her cheeks so deep a hue and make her tremble as she spoke? As the rose colors and opens to the touch of the sun, so, animated by the warmth of love, she colored a more brilliant tone and opened her heart to me. It cannot be an illusion or mere banter. Stop, insensate heart, you seek greatness! . . . but no, it is her beauty that attracts . . . and yet she is as discreet as she is beautiful. . . .

Enter Marcela.

Marcela.—Dare we chat awhile?

Theodore.—Yes, let us embrace the opportunity, however dangerous; for you, my dear Marcela, I would willingly die.

Mar.—To see you I would expose myself to a thousand deaths. I have awaited day with an impatience equal to that of a dove alone on her nest, and when I saw Aurora announce the rising sun I said: Now shall I see the sun of my life, nay, my life itself. Many things have happened since we parted. The countess swore she would not rest until she had identified the intruder, while false friends, envious of my happiness, treacherously told her of our love; for there is no true friendship among women serving one household. In brief, she has run down our secret, the huntress Diana; but I can assure you that all is well. I told her your intentions were honorable, that you wished to marry me; indeed, I did more, I confessed I adored you. I told her your good qualities, your cleverness, your wit, painted you in such glowing colors that I moved her heart in your favor to such an extent that she has promised soon to marry us. I feared she would be angry and drive us both from the house, but she is as generous as she is illustrious, and her clear mind has recognized your merits. Happy, indeed, are those who serve a kind mistress!

Theo.—She promised, you say, to marry us?

Mar.—Are you surprised that she favors one so near to her?

Theo.—(Aside.) I was deceived. Fool that I was, I thought the countess spoke of me. Thought that so noble a falcon would seek such unworthy prey.

Mar.—What are you mumbling?

Theo.—Marcela, the countess spoke with me, but she did not give me to understand that she knew it was I that ran from her apartments.

Mar.—She thoughtfully concealed it, in order not to be obliged to punish us in any way but by marriage, for 'tis the sweetest punishment that could be given those that love.

Theo.—Say, rather, that it is an honorable remedy.

Mar.—And you consent?

Theo.—With happiness and joy.

Mar.—Prove it to me.

Theo.—With my arms; the best signature to a love contract is a tender embrace. (They embrace.)

Enter Diana.

Diana.—I see you are mending rapidly! I should be quite content, for those who reprimand, love quick improvement; I beg you don't disturb yourself; go right on!

Theodore.—Señora, I was just telling Marcela the chagrin I felt as I left your apartments last night, for fear you might think my project to marry her an offense to you. This thought nearly killed me; but Marcela assures me that in uniting us you aim to show your bounty and greatness of soul. For this answer I embrace her, and believe me, Señora, if I wished to deceive you, my imagination would not fail. I recognize, Señora, that to one as discerning as yourself it is best to speak truth.

Dia.—Theodore, you have failed to pay due respect to the honor of my house, and you merit punishment, for the generosity I have shown you both did not justify such license. When love passes certain bounds it ceases to be a valid excuse. Until your marriage, for decorum's sake, I must keep Marcela under lock and key. I cannot run the risk of your being seen

together by the other servants, who might follow your example and place me under obligations to marry all. (She calls Dorotea.) Hallo! Doretea.

Enter Dorotea.

Dorotea.—What is your wish, Señora?

Diana.—Take this key and lock Marcela in my room. There I have some work I wish her, without fail, to perform; you must not think me vexed with her.

Dor.—(To Marcela.) What's the trouble, Marcela?

Marcela.—(To Dorotea.) The force of a powerful tyrant and my evil star. She locks me up because of Theodore.

Dor.—(To Marcela.) This prison you need not fear; love can pick all locks. (They leave.)

Dia.—So, Theodore, you wish to marry, do you?

Theodore.—I wish to do nothing, Señora, that will not please you, and believe me, my offense is less than you have been led to believe. You know envy, with her serpent's tongue, doth not dwell in deserts or on mountain tops, as the poet hath it, but in the palaces of the great.

Dia.—Then it is not true that you love Marcela?

Theo.—Well, I could live quite easily without her.

Dia.—Yet she told me for her you'd lost your head.

Theo.—'Tis of so little account, the loss would be slight. But I ask your ladyship to believe that, although I know Marcela to be worthy of much love, yet I do not love her as much as she merits.

Dia.—But have you not said sweet, endearing things that might have charmed hearts more difficult to conquer?

Theo.—Words are cheap.

Dia.—What did you say to her? Tell me, Theodore, that I may learn how men make love.

Theo.—They desire, they demand, they dress with a thousand fancies one poor truth—sometimes even one is lacking.

Dia.—Yes, but I wish the exact words.

Theo.—Your ladyship is pressing. Well, I said: Those eyes, those brilliant orbs lighten my darkness; the coral and the pearl of that celestial mouth——

Dia.—Celestial?

Theo.—Yes, this and similar words are the alphabet of love.

Dia.—You have bad taste, Theodore. Be not vexed, but I have lost much of the good opinion I had of you. Marcela has many more defects than charms; I know her intimately and must often scold—I do not wish to disgust you, but there are things if I should tell—but never mind, we'll drop her charms and defects, for I'm content that you should love and marry her—you, a skillful lover, now advise me in the interest of the friend of whom I have spoken and who for a long time has loved a man in birth beneath her. If she tells her love, she fails in the respect she owes herself, and if she is silent, jealousy devours; for this young man, though not lacking in wit, little suspects so great a love and is fearful and timid when near her.

Theo.—In truth, I know little of love, Señora, and know not what to counsel.

Dia.—Say, rather, you do not wish. What did you say to Marcela? What gallantries? Ah! if walls could talk——

Theo.—The walls could have nothing to say.

Dia.—Stop; you blush, and that which your tongue denies the tell-tale red confesses.

Theo.—I took her hand only, and cannot see why she complains, for I returned it to her.

Dia.—But that hand, like hand of queen, always returned kissed?

Theo.—(Aside.) Marcela was a fool. (Aloud.) It is true that I dared to cool the ardor of my lips upon the lily and the snow——

Dia.—The lily and the snow? I'm delighted to learn this remedy 'gainst fever of the lips. Now tell your counsel.

Theo.—If this lady loves a man so far beneath her that she feels the love degrading, let her conceive some clever rùse and in disguise embrace him.

Dia.—But would he not suspect? Would it not be better to slay him?

Theo.—We are told that Marcus Aurelius had the gladiator slain that was loved by his wife; but such crimes are worthy only of the heathen.

Dia.—To-day in this city, if we may believe what we hear, there are Faustinas and Messalinas aplenty, but the Lucretias are few and far between. Write me a sonnet on that subject, Theodore. Good-bye. (She falls purposely.) Oh! I have fallen, why do you stare? Give me your hand.

Theo.—(Extending his hand.) Respect forbade my offering it.

Dia.—Why cover with the corner of your mantle?

Theo.—Thus have I seen Octavio offer his, when accompanying you to mass.

Dia.—But what a hand! it must be seventy years of age. A hand so shrivelled that the cloth which covers it serves for a shroud. To wrap a hand before offering it to one who has fallen is to act like he who, called upon for help in sudden combat by a friend, runs for his coat of mail: before he can return the friend is dead. Besides, if the hand, like the man himself, be honorable, why veil?

Theo.—Please receive my thanks for the kindness you have shown.

Dia.—When you become a squire, then you can offer your hand wrapt in an ample mantle. To-day you are a secretary. But I caution you, be careful not to relate my fall if you desire to rise. (She leaves.)

Theo.—(Alone.) Can I trust this to be truth? It may be, since Diana is a woman; yet when asking for my hand all womanly fear was driven from her charming countenance by the roses of her cheeks. Her hand trembled; I felt it. What shall I do? I shall follow my happy destiny, even though the outcome be doubtful. I abandon fear to embrace courage—but to abandon Marcela—'tis unjust—women ought not to receive such insult as the price of their favor—yet they abandon us as they please—out of interest, of mere passing fancy. Of love they die as little as men die.

DAY II.

SCENE I.

Theodore's room.

Enter Theodore.

Theodore.—New desire that assails me, avaunt! get thee gone!—dissolve into tenuous air. What folly to listen to this tormenting desire;—and yet where prize is great, is daring small; and priceless treasure exculpates my hope—but its foundations?—am I not building a diamond tower upon decaying straw?—No, it cannot be the fault of my desire if love has raised it to so high a pitch that I stand back affrighted—it is because I'm placed too lowly. But, let me lose all, if needs must, in following these vain yet flattering thoughts—for, after all, it is not to lose, to lose in such an enterprise. Others felicitate themselves upon their happiness, but I, to-day, upon my ruin; it is so glorious that happiness itself can justly envy it.

Enter Tristan.

Tristan.—If, in the midst of all your disturbing thoughts, you can give a moment to Marcela, here's a letter; she consoles herself for banished pleasures by writing to you. Ordinarily, we care little to see those of whom we have no need. Great lords, and you imitate them well, when in favor, are overwhelmed by proffered friendship; once fallen, their friends fly as though my noble lords were stricken with the plague. Marcela has fallen from favor—this letter, would it be well to disinfect it?

Theodore.—Give it to me, fool, although doubtless it ought to be disinfected, since it came here in your hands. (He reads.) "To Theodore, my husband"—my husband? What drivel! how silly!

Tris.—It is silly, isn't it?

Theo.—Ask Fortune if from the height to which she has raised me I can stoop to pick such an humble flower?

Tris.—Read it for my sake, however divine you may have grown. I can recall the time when Marcela, now an humble flower, was an eagle with splendid plumage.

Theo.—After gazing at the sun one cannot see even gold; I am astonished that I can see her at all.

Tris.—You maintain your dignity well—but what shall I do with the letter?

Theo.—This. (He pulls the letter from Tristan's hands and tears it.)

Tris.—What! you destroy it?

Theo.—Without hesitation.

Tris.—But why?

Theo.—Thus can I answer most quickly.

Tris.—You are unjustly rigorous.

Theo.—Do not wonder; I am another man.

Tris.—Methinks you lovers are apothecaries in love. Recipe: to be taken: suspicion and quarrels, followed by a bleeding. Recipe matrimonial: a bitter drug which needs various sweetenings and is purged by ennui and care after ten days of pleasure. Recipe: a celestial dose called Capricorn, of which you die unless patient. Recipe: jewels, laces and rich trifles for soothing applications. Finally the prescriptions must be paid for, love is dead, the papers torn; but you ought not to have destroyed Marcela's without first reading.

Theo.—Drink has obscured your wit.

Tris.—I fear that ambition has done as much for you.

Theo.—Tristan, each can have his share of happiness in this world; those who do not attain it fail because they dare not recognize their opportunities and aspire after fortune. I will die in this enterprise or be Count de Belflor.

Tris.—There was a Cæsar once who had for his device: "Either Cæsar or nobody." When failure came, a witty fellow wrote: "You wish to be Cæsar or nobody, your wish is fulfilled—and more; you were Cæsar, you are nobody."

Theo.—Nevertheless, Tristan, I embrace this enterprise; let fortune do what she will.

SCENE II.

A room in the apartments of the countess.

Enter Marcela and Dorotea.

Dorotea.—If among your companions there be one who shares your sorrow, I am she.

Marcela.—While I was imprisoned in that room my love for you increased by reason of your many kind services, and I assure you, Dorotea, you have no greater friend. Anarda doubtless thinks that I am ignorant of her intrigue with Fabio; this made her bold to tell of my affair.

Enter Theodore and Fabio.

Dorotea.—'Tis Theodore, now.

Marcela.—My life, my love!

Theodore.—Drop it, Marcela, drop it.

Mar.—But, my dear, I adore you.

Theo.—Be careful what you do and say. The tapestries of palaces have been known to speak, and the figures on them are to remind us that perchance behind them lurks a living listener. Fear has given voice to mutes and surely tapestries may talk.

Mar.—Have you read my letter?

Theo.—I tore it up without reading. I have received such a lesson that together I destroyed my love and letter.

Mar.—And those are the pieces in your hand?

Theo.—Yes, Marcela.

Mar.—And you renounce my love in this way?

Theo.—Is that not better than being ever in peril? Let us renounce these vain projects.

Mar.—(As though dazed.) What were you saying?

Theo.—I have decided to no longer give the countess cause for complaint.

Mar.—Alas! I have but too often perceived this sad truth.

Theo.—Good-bye, Marcela, may heaven keep you! We can be friends, at least.

Mar.—Can you, Theodore, say this to Marcela?

Theo.—I say it because I wish to be tranquil and desire to respect the honor of this house.

Mar.—But listen, I want to tell you——

Theo.—Leave me.

Mar.—Monster, can you cast me off in this way?

Theo.—What foolish rage! (He leaves.)

Mar.—Tristan, Tristan, what does it all mean?

Tristan.—Only inconstancy; Theodore is simply imitating certain young women of my acquaintance.

Mar.—Young women of your acquaintance?

Tris.—Yes; women all sugar and honey—women in whose mouths you'd think butter wouldn't melt.

Mar.—Explain what you mean.

Tris.—I have nothing more to say; Theodore has spoken. I am the handle of this sword; the seal on the letter; the mantle when he travels; the shadow of his body; the tail of the comet; the nail on his finger; I must be cut in pieces to be separated from him. (He leaves.)

Mar.—What do you think of that, Dorotea?

Dor.—I do not dare to think, and you had better be careful what you say, for tapestries may have ears.

Enter the countess, with Anarda.

Diana.—Such has been the occasion; do not mention it again.

Anarda.—But I am confused myself by the excuse you have given me: here is Marcela, Señora, talking with Dorotea.

Dia.—(Aside.) I could scarce meet an object more disagreeable to my sight. (Aloud.) Leave the room, both of you.

Marcela.—(To Dorotea.) Either she suspects or is jealous of me. (They leave.)

Ana.—May I speak freely?

Dia.—Speak as freely as you like.

Ana.—The two lords who have just left are fairly dying of love for you, while your disdain for them exceeds that shown by Lucretia and other classic matrons. When one is so haughty it sometimes happens——

Dia.—Your talk already tires me.

Ana.—With whom will your ladyship marry? The Marquis Ricardo, by his generosity and gallantry, does he not equal or even surpass our greatest lords? And would it not honor the finest lady in the land to become the wife of your cousin Frederic? Why did you so disdainfully dismiss them both?

Dia.—Because one is a fool, the other a simpleton, and you, Anarda, both rolled in one. I love them not, because I love; and I love because I hope for no fulfillment.

Ana.—Heavens! what do I hear! You—are in love?

Dia.—Am I not a woman?

Ana.—Yes, but cold as ice, which the fiery sun may touch but cannot cause to burn.

Dia.—But this ice has entirely melted at the feet of one most humble.

Ana.—Who can it be?

Dia.—Shame and knowledge of what I owe the honor of my house forbid my naming him.

Ana.—But, after all, Señora, 'tis a man; one of our own species, and I cannot see what harm it is to love him. Pasiphae and Semiramis loved less wisely.

Dia.—She who loves can hate if she will. Hate is the better choice; I will cease to love.

Ana.—But can you?

Dia.—Without a question. I have loved when I wished to love; I shall cease to love at my pleasure. (A guitar is heard.) I hear music; who is singing?

Ana.—Fabio and Clara.

Dia.—We'll listen awhile, perhaps their song may lighten my care. (Fabio and Clara, behind the scenes, sing to the picking of the guitar.)

Ana.—The song we have just heard contradicts you.

Dia.—I understood it well; but I know myself, and I shall prove that I can hate.

Ana.—That calls for superhuman force.

Enter Theodore.

Theodore.—Fabio has just told me, Señora, that you charged him to call me.

Diana.—You have kept me waiting long.

Theo.—I came as soon as I learned your commands. If I have failed in speed, pray pardon me.

Dia.—Have you seen these two lovers, the suitors for my hand?

Theo.—Yes, Señora.

Dia.—Are both comely and well formed?

Theo.—They are.

Dia.—I do not wish to decide without your counsel; which one would you advise me to marry?

Theo.—What counsel can I offer, Señora, in a matter which depends solely upon your taste? Whichever you may choose to place over me as lord and master will, in my eyes, be the better one.

Dia.—You reward me badly, Theodore, for esteeming you a worthy counsellor in such an important matter.

Theo.—But, Señora, have you not among your retainers one more ripe in age and wisdom? Octavio, your squire, has large experience and his age——

Dia.—I wish to choose a master that shall please you. Tell me, do you prefer the marquis Ricardo? Is he the finer man?

Theo.—I think he is, Señora.

Dia.—Then I choose the marquis. Go and get the reward given a bearer of good news. (She leaves with Anarda.)

Theo.—(Alone.) Was ever being so unfortunate! resolution more prompt or change more sudden? My fine projects

come to this! I wished on angel's wings to mount to heaven, behold how lowly I have fallen. How foolish he who trusts in vows of love! How loosely tied is lover's knot between unequals! Ought I to be blamed if those sweet eyes seduced me? They would have done as much for Ulysses—yet, what have I lost, after all. I'll play I've been delirious and fancied these mad thoughts. Vain ideas, return to that fool's paradise from whence you came: they fall more quickly who would rise too high.

Enter Tristan.

Tristan.—I come with beating heart to seek you. Is it true what they tell me?

Theodore.—Alas! Tristan, it is true if they tell you I am cruelly deceived.

Tris.—I have just seen two noble lords, stretched out each in an arm chair; the countess yawning; but I little thought she'd made her choice.

Theo.—Well, Tristan, she came just now, this weather-vane, this ever-changeable, this monster of instability, she came and ordered me to counsel which of the two she should marry, for she said she did not wish to marry without my advice. I was thunderstruck, and so like unto a fool I could not even answer folly. At last she owned the marquis pleased her best and charged me to announce the news.

Tris.—If I did not see you in such a sad state, and know it is inhuman to add to your affliction, I should recall to your mind your aspiration to become a Count.

Theo.—Yes, I admit I did aspire, and even yet——

Tris.—You can blame no one but yourself.

Theo.—Yes; yet how easy to believe a woman's eyes.

Tris.—I've often said, my dear master, there is no poisonous cup more dangerous than these same eyes of women.

Theo.—I am so angry and ashamed that I scarce dare to raise my eyes to look one in the face. 'Tis finished; now shall I bury in oblivion both love and aspiration; 'tis the sole remedy left to me.

Tris.—What contrition and repentance! but Marcela's left; return to her.

Theo.—Here she comes. We shall soon be friends.

Enter Marcela.

Marcela.—(Before she sees them, soliloquizing.) How difficult to feign a love one does not feel! How painful to forget! The more I seek to drive Theodore from my thoughts the more readily he returns.

Theodore.—Marcela, you do not speak; have you forgotten me?

Mar.—I have forgotten you so well that I wish I were someone else, so as never to recall you. I wish never to see nor to think of you, though you may rest assured I shall ne'er forget your conduct. How dare you name me? How can you twist your tongue to say that name, Marcela?

Theo.—I wished only to test your constancy, but I fear you have so little as to be scarce worth the test. I hear you have already cast your eyes upon another to replace me in your love.

Mar.—Never, Theodore, does a man of sense test either woman or glass; but do not think I can be deceived by such a shallow excuse. I know you, Theodore, and know that thoughts of shining gold have blinded reason. Well, how goes your enterprise? Will it succeed as you fondly wish? Will it not cost you more than it is worth? Are there no charms equal to the divine attractions of your adorable mistress? . . . But what's the matter, Theodore? you seem disturbed; has the wind shifted quarter? Do you return to one of your own rank, or do you come to mock and jibe at my credulity? Yet will I willingly confess, Theodore, you have given to my hope one happy day.

Theo.—If you wish to punish, Marcela, I bow submissively to your will—but, think, love is generous, so be not too severe: vengeance is cowardly in a conqueror. You have conquered, Marcela; pardon my error if aught of love remains for me. If I return to you, it is not because I cannot longer pursue

the hopes you spoke of; 'tis because attempted change revived your image; may your love revive likewise, since I confess you conquer.

Mar.—God is my witness that I do not wish to destroy the foundations of your greatness. Cherish your mistress; you do well. Persevere; for if now you quit, your mistress will accuse you of cowardice. Follow the happiness offered by your pride, as I already follow that offered by love. Be not offended that I have chosen Fabio, since you, yourself, abandoned me. If I have not bettered myself, he can at least right my wrong. Good-bye; I tire of talk with you and fear that Fabio, already half my husband, may come in and catch us here together. (She turns to leave.)

Theo.—Stop her, Tristan.

Tristan.—Listen, Señora, even if he stopped adoring you for an instant, he is more than willing to begin again. He mends the wrong of leaving you by coming back. Pray listen to me, dear Marcela, listen.

Enter Diana and Anarda.

Diana.—(Aside.) Theodore and Marcela here together!

Anarda.—(Low, to Diana.) To see them talking seems to irritate you.

Dia.—(Whispering to Anarda.) Draw this portière and screen them from our sight. Jealousy awakens my love.

Marcela.—For heaven's sake, Tristan, leave me.

Ana.—(Whispers to Diana.) Tristan seeks to reconcile; they must have quarreled.

Dia.—(Aside.) That lackey-pimp drives me mad.

Tristan.—The lightning does not flash and pass more rapidly than passed from Theodore's thought the cold charm of the countess. He despises her riches and counts your vivacious beauty a greater treasure. His love was like a shooting star. Come here, Theodore.

Dia.—(Aside.) The rascal's a clever courtier.

Theodore.—If she's already engaged to Fabio, and owns she loves him, what's the use of calling me?

Tris.—(Aside.) Now the other's getting huffed.

Theo.—Better let them get married.

Tris.—You, too! 'twould be a fine revenge, indeed. Here, come now, stop fooling; give me your hand and make peace.

Theo.—Fool, do you hope to persuade me against my will?

Tris.—For my sake, give me your hand, Soñora.

Theo.—Have I ever told Marcela that I loved another? yet she has owned——

Tris.—'Twas but a scheme to punish you.

Mar.—It was no scheme, it is the truth.

Tris.—Keep still, you foolish girl; come, I tell you. Have you both lost your wits?

Theo.—I asked her first, but I swear by all that's holy I'll not renew——

Mar.—May I be struck——

Tris.—Hush, hush, do not swear.

Mar.—Though very angry, I fear I'll faint.

Tris.—Try to be calm and I'll——

Dia.—(Aside.) How very adroit the rascal is!

Mar.—Let me alone, Tristan; I've something to do.

Theo.—Yes, let her alone, Tristan.

Tris.—Very well, she can go; I'm not stopping her.

Theo.—Retain her, Tristan.

Mar.—I will stay, my love.

Tris.—Why don't you both leave; no one hinders.

Mar.—Ah! my beloved, I cannot leave you.

Theo.—Nor can I leave you; no rock in the sea is more firm.

Mar.—Come to my arms!

Theo.—What delight to press you in mine!

Tris.—Since you had no need, why did you trouble me?

Ana.—(Whispering to Diana.) How do you like this sort of thing?

Dia.—(Low, to Anarda.) Now have I seen how much is worth the vow of man or woman.

Theo.—How could you say so many insulting things, Marcela?

Tris.—All is again harmony and peace. I'm quite content, for it disgraces a go-between not to conclude a bargain.

Mar.—If ever I abandon you for Fabio or any other, may I die of chagrin caused by you!

Theo.—To-day is my love reborn, and should I ever fail to adore you, may I, as just punishment, see you in the arms of Fabio.

Mar.—Do you wish to atone for your fault?

Theo.—What would I not do for you and to be with you.

Mar.—Say that all women are homely.

Theo.—Compared with you, most certainly. Now let me see what else you wish.

Mar.—I'm still somewhat jealous. Since you claim to be my love, tell me—it matters not that Tristan be here.

Tris.—Not in the slightest, even though you would speak of me.

Mar.—Tell me the countess is homely.

Theo.—She's ugly as the devil.

Mar.—Say she is giddy, rattle-headed.

Theo.—Extremely so.

Mar.—Is she not affected?

Theo.—No one could contradict it.

Dia.—(Whispering to Anarda.) I shall have to disturb them, otherwise I know not to what lengths they may go. I'm cold as ice and yet I burn.

Ana.—I beg you, Señora, do not let yourself be seen.

Tris.—If you'd like to hear the countess ridiculed, her affected speech and mincing manners, just listen to me.

Dia.—(Whispering to Anarda.) Listen to his ridicule! Did you ever hear such impudence?

Tris.—Now, in the first place, she——

Dia.—I'll not be fool enough to await the second.

Enter Diana, followed by Anarda, from behind the portière.

Marcela.—I must be going, Theodore. (She bows to the countess and leaves.)

Tristan.—Heavens! the countess!

Theodore.—The countess!

Diana.—Theodore.

Theo.—Señora, will you permit——

Tris.—(Aside.) The storm breaks, the thunder peals; I'll not await the lightning. (He leaves.)

Dia.—Anarda, bring yonder table. I wish Theodore to write a letter at my dictation.

Theo.—(Aside.) I tremble from head to foot. Could she have heard our talk?

Dia.—(Aside.) Jealousy has rekindled my love, which burns more fiercely than before. This ingrate loves Marcela—and I, have I not charms enough to be loved? Yet he still thinks of me, though but to mock.

Theo.—(Aside.) She mutters and sighs. In palaces one must learn to be silent. Would to heaven I had borne in mind that tapestries have ears and walls can speak!

Anarda.—I have brought the table and this small writing-desk.

Dia.—Approach, Theodore, and make ready to write.

Theo.—(Aside.) She'll have me slain or drive me from her house.

Dia.—Write—but you cannot be comfortable with your knee on that hard floor—Anarda, bring hither a cushion.

Theo.—Thank you, Señora, I'm very comfortable.

Dia.—Do as I say.

Theo.—(Aside.) These honors make me suspicious, following so closely upon anger and just cause for complaint. I fear she will not be as careful to keep my head comfortably on my shoulders. (Aloud.) I await your pleasure, Señora.

Dia.—I wish you to write. (She sits down.)

Theo.—(Aside.) I would that I could cross myself a thousand times.

Dia.—"When a woman of rank has declared herself to a man beneath her, it is despicable in him to speak to another. But he who knows not how to appreciate his good fortune, may hè remain, what he is, a fool."

Theo.—"A fool." You wish to add nothing else?

Dia.—What else would you have me add? Fold it and seal.

Ana.—(Whispers to Diana.) What is it you are writing, Señora?

Dia.—(Whispers to Anarda.) Folly inspired by love.

Ana.—(Whispers.) But whom do you love, Señora?

Dia.—Cannot you see, simpleton, when it seems to me I hear the very stones reproach me?

Theo.—The letter is sealed; it lacks but the address.

Dia.—Upon it place your own, Theodore; but keep it from Marcela. Perhaps you may be able to comprehend if you read it at your leisure. (She and Anarda leave.)

Theo.—(Alone.) What strange confusion! What inconstancy! What fits and starts in the fever of her love!

Enter Marcela.

Marcela.—What did the countess say, my precious one? I waited trembling in the adjoining room.

Theodore.—She told me that she wished to marry you with Fabio; the letter that she had me write is to be sent to her country estates, and commands money to be forwarded for your dowry.

Mar.—What's this you say?

Theo.—You know how imperious she is. She does it for your good; and since you are to marry Fabio, I trust you will neither in sport nor earnest mention me again.

Mar.—But listen——

Theo.—It is too late to complain. (He leaves.)

Mar.—(Alone.) No, I cannot believe that to be the true cause of this outrage. Some new hope given by my foolish mistress has brought about this change. In her hands he's

like an endless chain of buckets: when he's down she fills, and when he rises high she empties him of hope. Alas! for me, Theodore, most ungrateful! As soon as her greatness strikes your sight I am forgotten; if she loves you, you leave me; if she leaves you, you love me. Could patience or love endure this?

Enter the Marquis Ricardo and Fabio.

Marquis.—I came here with all speed, for I am very anxious to thank her for this gracious kindness.

Fabio.—Go quickly, Marcela, and tell the countess that the Marquis Ricardo has arrived.

Marcela.—(Aside.) Tyrannical jealousy! where will you lead me, vain and foolish thoughts?

Fab.—Are you not going?

Mar.—At once.

Fab.—Yes, go at once and tell her that our new master, her husband, awaits her here. (Marcela leaves.)

Marq.—I choose you for my valet, Fabio. I shall give you a purse of shining gold and a horse of purest race. You have served the countess and I wish you to be my friend.

Fab.—Behold me at your feet!

Marq.—'Tis a reward too little for my great happiness.

Enter the countess.

Diana.—Your lordship here?

Marquis.—Ought I not hasten to thank you for the most gracious message you sent me by Fabio? the pleasant news that after that refusal, which nearly caused my death, you have deigned to choose me for your husband—or, rather, for your slave; permit me to thank you on bended knees for a gift so large that I fear it will turn my brain. Little did I hope to merit so great a boon. My happiness exceeds my fondest hopes.

Dia.—I seek to recall the circumstance, but seek in vain. I, send for you? Surely, you are jesting.

Marq.—Fabio, what does this mean?

Fabio.—Think you I should have dared to tell such news and bring you here, unless by command of Theodore?

Dia.—Marquis, 'tis Theodore's error; he heard me praise and rate above my cousin Frederic your rare and generous qualities. From this he fancied I had chosen you. I pray your lordship to pardon and forget the folly.

Marq.—Were it not that your presence insures his safety, I should not be able to contain myself. Believe me, I still humbly beg for your favor, and trust that my constancy will finally triumph. (He leaves.)

Dia.—Do you think this a smart trick?

Fab.—Can your ladyship blame me?

Dia.—Call Theodore at once. (Aside.) How lightly tripped the marquis, and I how weighted with sorrow!

Fab.—(Aside.) Here's that purse of shining gold and blooded horse gone to pot. (He leaves.)

Dia.—(Alone.) Tormenting jealousy, where will you not lead me? What unfortunate beings we are when we follow the sad counsels of this passion, which breaks down all the barriers erected by virtue. Danger surrounds me on all sides, and if in this storm and stress I abandon myself to love, can I avoid shipwreck?

Enter Theodore and Fabio.

Fabio.—(To Theodore.) He wished to kill me; but, to speak the truth, the loss of gold and horse touched me more.

Theodore.—Take my advice. Count Frederic is sick at heart over her ladyship's choice of the marquis; go, announce the marriage broken off and he'll reward you liberally for the welcome news.

Fab.—I shall run. (He leaves.)

Diana.—I'm glad he's gone.

Theo.—Torn by conflicting emotions, I read and reread your letter for an hour. I fathomed your thought and found my cowardice due solely to respect. I frankly own I was a

fool, since the bounty shown me should have destroyed all timidity. I love you, Señora, with a love profound yet respectful—pardon, I tremble——

Dia.—I believe you, Theodore. Why should you not love me; I am your mistress, and duty demands your love, since I esteem and favor you beyond my other servants.

Theo.—I fail to comprehend this language.

Dia.—There is nothing to comprehend further than my words express; do not permit yourself to pass this limit even in thought. Curb your desire, for the most trifling favor given by a woman of my high rank to one so humble as yourself ought to suffice to make you happy and content for all the balance of your life.

Theo.—I beg your ladyship to pardon my boldness, but there are times when your brilliant mind fails to aid your judgment. Was it well or right to offer me so large a hope, that I, unable to bear such great happiness, must lie sick in bed more than a month? No sooner do I look upon another than you inflame, and if I burn, you become ice. Leave me to Marcela and pardon if I recall that oft-told tale of "The Dog in the Manger." Filled with jealousy, you are not willing that I should marry Marcela, and as soon as I abandon her, you treat me in a way that drives me mad and makes me think your bounties are but vain illusions of the night. Eat or permit eating. I cannot be sustained by such uncertain hopes, and shall return to her, who, at least, loves me.

Dia.—This I cannot permit, Theodore. You must renounce Marcela. Choose any other girl you wish, but Marcela, never; my decision is irrevocable.

Theo.—Your decision is irrevocable? and does your ladyship think that power to love or not to love depends upon our will? Can I, to please you, love one not to my taste? I adore Marcela and she returns my love—'tis honorable and——

Dia.—You villain, your insolence shall cost your life. (She slaps him.)

Theo.—What is your ladyship doing?

Dia.—(Slapping him again.) Treating you as an infamous wretch like yourself should be treated.

Enter Fabio, with count Frederick.

Fabio.—Stop, sir; stop.

Frederic.—Perhaps we'd better; but, no, we'll enter. What's the matter, Señora?

Diana.—Nothing; merely one of those disagreements common at times between mistress and servant.

Fred.—Is it convenient to receive my call?

Dia.—Yes, I wish to speak to you.

Fred.—I regret that I came when you are in such an ill humor.

Dia.—Always pleased to see you, Frederic. Don't let that trifle worry you. Follow me into my apartments, I wish to share with you my intentions regarding the marquis. (She leaves.)

Fred.—Fabio, I suspect that this anger conceals a secret.

Fab.—I do not know. I am confounded to see her ladyship treat Theodore in this outrageous fashion; she never did so before.

Fred.—His blood flows freely. (Fabio and the count leave.)

Theodore.—(Alone.) Is this the way great ladies love? She is a fury, not a woman. Charming hand, why did I not cover you with a thousand kisses in recognition of this loving punishment? I little thought, however, to find that hand so hard: 'twas but to approach me that you struck; none other would have found delight in this proof of love.

Enter Tristan.

Tristan.—I'm like a coward's sword. I arrive when 'tis too late.

Theodore.—Alas! Tristan.

Tris.—What does this mean, Señor? your handkerchief is stained with blood.

Theo.—'Tis jealousy that would drive in love.

Tris.—High heavens! 'tis a strange jealousy.

Theo.—Be not astonished at this folly of amorous desire.

She views my face as a mirror reflecting her dishonor, and hence she wishes to destroy it.

Tris.—If a Johanna or a Lucy attacks me in a fury of suspicion, if she rips from my back the shirt she has made, if she pulls out a handful or two of hair or maps my face with her charming nails to learn if I have been guilty of some slight infidelity, well—what can you expect of such as she; but when a great lady like the countess loses to this extent the respect she owes herself, 'tis villainous.

Theo.—She'll make a raving maniac of me yet, Tristan. First, she adores me, then she abhors me. She does not wish me to have Marcela nor does she wish me for herself. If I speak she repulses, if I am silent she finds pretext to make me talk; she is, indeed, "The Dog in the Manger." She eats not, nor will she permit others to eat.

Tris.—A tale is told that once a learned doctor had a maid and a valet who quarrelled constantly; they wrangled at dinner, they squabbled at supper, and often in the early morning their disputes robbed their master of sleep, while during the day they kept him from study. One morning, chancing to return home unexpectedly, he entered a bed-chamber and there found the maid and valet clasped in each other's arms. Thank God, said he, I find you for once at peace. Some day 'twill be the same with you.

Enter Diana.

Diana.—Theodore.

Theodore.—Señora.

Tristan.—(Aside.) This sprite seems to be everywhere at once; 'tis uncanny.

Dia.—I only came to see how you are.

Theo.—As you see, Señora.

Dia.—Are you well?

Theo.—Very well.

Dia.—But I do not hear you say: at your service.

Theo.—With such treatment, I cannot remain long in your service.

Dia.—How little you know me!

Theo.—So little, indeed, that I hear but cannot comprehend you. I do not understand your words, but I feel your blows. You are indignant if I love you and insulted if I do not love you; you write if I forget, and if I remember, you are offended. You wish me to understand and to appreciate you, and yet, if I appreciate, I am but a fool. Kill me, Señora, or grant me life; put an end to these torments.

Dia.—What! you have been bleeding?

Theo.—(Ironically.) Oh! not at all.

Dia.—Where is your handkerchief? give it to me.

Theo.—Here; but why do you wish it?

Dia.—Why do I want it? For your blood. Go speak to Octávio, whom I told just now to give to you two thousand crowns (escudos).

Theo.—Two thousand crowns, and for what?

Dia.—To buy handkerchiefs. (She leaves.)

Theo.—Did folly ever equal it?

Tris.—'Tis like a fairy tale, master.

Theo.—She gives me two thousand crowns.

Tris.—At that same rate 'twould please me well to take of slaps a score or more.

Theo.—She said it is to buy handkerchiefs! and she took away mine stained with my blood!

Tris.—Well, she paid the price. 'Tis first night's rights upon your nose.

Theo.—The Dog in the Manger caresses after she bites.

Tris.—All shall finish as in my doctor's tale.

Theo.—Heaven grant it!

DAY III.

SCENE I.

A street in Naples.

Enter the marquis Ricardo, Frederic and Celio.

Marquis.—You saw this?

Frederic.—With my own eyes.

Marq.—And she slapped his face?

Fred.—She did, indeed. Servants are irritating, but I do not believe this occasioned her anger, for when a woman like her strikes a man's face there must be another motive. Besides, 'tis easily seen he grows daily in her favor.

Marq.—She is a countess—and he a servant.

Fred.—She seeks her ruin. When an earthenware and iron pot sailed down the stream together, earthenware wisely avoided iron for fear that if they bumped he should be broken; so when clay—the woman, strikes iron—the man, she runs great risk of ruin.

Marq.—I wonder at her pride and bizarre conduct, and now, too, I understand her strange treatment of me that day; since then Theodore has had horses, pages, fine clothes and jewels which could have come only from her.

Fred.—Before this is spoken of in Naples and the honor of our rank is stained, whether our suspicions be false or true, he must die.

Marq.—It will be piety to kill him, even though she learns the truth.

Fred.—How shall we manage it?

Marq.—Most easily. In Naples there are men who live by this alone, and who receive in gold what they return in blood. We have only to seek a bravo and he will be dispatched immediately.

Fred.—I beg you let it be done at once.

Marq.—This very day he shall receive the just chastisement of his insolence.

Fred.—What think you of those fellows yonder?

Marq.—They have, indeed, every appearance of the bravo.

Fred.—Heaven, offended like ourselves, is pleased to aid our just designs.

Enter Tristan, newly dressed, with Furio, Antonelo and Lirano.

Furio.—You must, my dear fellow, wet our whistles on the strength of those fine new clothes you have been given.

Antonelo.—Our jolly Tristan will recognize our claim as just.

Tristan.—I will, my friends, with the greatest pleasure.

Lirano.—'Tis certainly a fine one, your new habit.

Tris.—Pshaw! it amounts to nothing, compared with what I shall shortly wear. If fortune does not fail, you shall see me soon secretary to the secretary.

Lir.—The countess Diana does much for your master, doesn't she?

Tris.—She's taken him under her wing; in fact, he's her right hand, for through him she dispenses all her favors.

Ant.—Deuce take her favors! let us drink.

Fur.—In this temple of Bacchus we can probably find some excellent lacryma-christi.

Tris.—No, let us drink Greek wine; I want to speak Greek, and nothing can teach the tongue so well as wine.

Marquis.—(To Frederic.) The better dressed must be the bravest; for do you not notice that all the others defer to him. Celio, call yonder fellow.

Celio.—Cavalier, before you enter this holy hermitage, the marquis, my master, wishes a word with you.

Tris.—My comrades, a great lord calls and awaits me, and I cannot politely refuse to go; drink some flagons and eat some cheese at my expense, while I learn what he wishes.

Ant.—'Tis well, comrade, but hasten. (He, Furio and Lirano leave.)

Tris.—What does your lordship wish?

Marq.—Your determined air has induced Count Frederic and me to request your aid. Will you dispose of a man for us, if well paid?

Tris.—(Aside.) By Jove, these are the suitors to the countess and there's some intrigue at work. I'll dissimulate and learn it.

Frederic.—Well, what do you say?

Tris.—I feared your lordship wished to mock our manner of life. Each must live by his trade, but most worthy of praise is that which gives man strength and courage. There

is not a sword in Naples which does not tremble at the sound of my name. You have heard of Hector; his name pales beside mine. What he was at Troy I am at Naples.

Fred.—You are just the man we seek. We mean business, and if your valor is equal to your name and you are willing to kill our man, we shall pay whatever you ask.

Tris.—Two hundred crowns will content me, were he a very devil.

Marq.—We'll give you three hundred, if you do it to-night.

Tris.—I need but his name and something on account as pledge of your good faith.

Marq.—You know of Diana, Countess of Belflor?

Tris.—Yes, I even have friends in her household.

Marq.—Could you kill one of her servants?

Tris.—As many as you like, male or female, it's all one to me; why, I'll kill the horses to her carriage if you wish.

Marq.—Very well, Theodore is the man we wish slain.

Tris.—Theodore? Then we must arrange it differently. As I happen to know he never goes out after dark, doubtless because he fears your resentment. Now, he has recently asked me to accompany and serve him, and if you will permit I'll enter his service; soon after I'll bleed him a couple of times in such a way that he'll need a requiem; and on you and me, gentlemen, never a shadow of suspicion shall fall. Do you like the plan?

Fred.—Very well; we could not have found in all Naples another who can do our work so surely. Enter his service, one of these days, unexpectedly kill him, then come to us for refuge.

Tris.—Gentlemen, to-day I need one hundred crowns.

Marq.—Here's fifty: and as soon as I see you in Diana's house you shall have a hundred; indeed, several hundred.

Tris.—I do not ask several hundred, if you keep your promise I am content. Rest easy and depend on me, I'll do the work. Iron-Arm, Break-Wall and Devil-May-Fear await me. I do not wish them to suspect our project.

Marq.—Your ideas are excellent; good-bye.

Fred.—What a lucky encounter!

Tris.—You can order his coffin.

Fred.—(To the Marquis.) What a clever cut-throat! (He, the Marquis and Celio leave.)

Tris.—(Alone.) I must warn Theodore at once. My comrades and the Greek wine must wait; happily, I see him coming. Hallo! Señor, where are you going?

Enter Theodore.

Theodore.—I hardly know, myself. I am bordering on madness and know not what I do or whither I go. One sentiment alone dominates me; to gaze with audacious eyes straight at the sun; but, alas! you saw yesterday how sweet the Countess spoke with me; well, to-day 'tis quite another tone; you'd scarce believe the countess knew me; and Marcela laughs at my discomfiture.

Tristan.—Let us move to a less conspicuous place, we must not be seen together.

Theo.—Not seen together? Why?

Tris.—I've learned of a plan to take your life.

Theo.—My life? Who would have me slain?

Tris.—Speak lower; think of the danger that menaces you. The marquis Ricardo and count Frederic wish your death; they have asked me to assassinate you, and have already agreed upon the price.

Theo.—What, the marquis and the count?

Tris.—From the treatment you receive they suspect the countess loves you, and, taking me for one of those lions of the night who gain their bread by crime, they have bought your death for three hundred crowns. I have already received fifty on account as pledge of their good faith. I told them that you had asked me to enter your service and that I should do so to kill you at my ease; hence you have nothing to fear at present.

Theo.—Would to heaven that someone would deliver me from a life more distasteful than death itself!

Tris.—You've passed the border now and become a full-fledged fool.

Theo.—Why should I not desire to die? Had Diana been able to find a plan to marry me without compromising the honor of her house, she would not have hesitated a moment; as her passion increases so does her fear of dishonor, and the more she loves, the more does she overwhelm me with coldness and disdain.

Tris.—And what would you say if I were able to overcome all your difficulties?

Theo.—That you are more resourceful than was Ulysses.

Tris.—If I find for you a generous father, who will make you in birth equal to the countess herself, won't you have the game in your own hands?

Theo.—Unquestionably.

Tris.—That's what you need and I'll find him. Count Ludovico, I've been told, sent a son twenty years ago to Malta; there he was captured and nothing has ever been heard of him since. The count shall be your father, and you his long-lost son; trust me to arrange it.

Theo.—But, think, Tristan, such a project may send us to the galleys or cost our lives.

Tris.—Don't worry; return home, and before noon tomorrow you shall be the husband of the countess. (He leaves.)

Theo.—(Alone.) I've other projects. I must seek a remedy for my distress, and absence is perhaps the most efficacious; this will put an end to all my woes.

SCENE II.

A room in the apartments of the countess.

Enter the countess and Theodore.

Diana.—Are you cured of your sadness, Theodore?

Theodore.—Ah! I adore my sadness; I cherish my woes and do not wish to be cured of the distress I endure, since I only suffer when I seek to free myself from suffering. Happy sorrows! so sweet to sustain, since he that sees himself perishing loves the cause. My sole chagrin is being forced to leave.

Dia.—You wish to leave me? Why?

Theo.—My life is threatened and your reputation——

Dia.—Ah! I feared as much.

Theo.—They envy me my sorrow, coming from so great a source. I ask permission to return to Spain.

Dia.—'Tis well. You will place yourself out of danger, and, although your absence will cause my tears to flow, it will dispel those suspicions that now tarnish my fair name. Since that day I slapped your face in the presence of my cousin Frederic, he has been so openly jealous that I must consent to your departure. Go to Spain: you can take six thousand crowns for the expense of your trip.

Theo.—My absence will silence your defamers. Permit me at your feet to express my thanks.

Dia.—Go, Theodore, at once. Do not delay; leave me, for I am a woman.

Theo.—You cry? What would you have me do?

Dia.—So, then, Theodore, you really leave me?

Theo.—Yes, Señora.

Dia.—Stay—no, leave—listen.

Theo.—What do you command?

Dia.—Nothing. Go.

Theo.—I leave.

Dia.—(Aside.) I die. Is there a torture equal to love? (Aloud.) Well, you have not left?

Theo.—Yes, Señora, I have left. (He leaves.)

Dia.—Cursed be honor! Detestable invention of men, you reverse the laws of nature! Let no one tell me your curb is beneficial or just. Cursed be he who invented you!

Reënter Theodore.

Theodore.—I came back to see if I can leave to-day.

Diana.—Can I tell? You do not suspect, Theodore, how painful it is to see you, else you would not return.

Theo.—I cannot banish myself from your sight, Señora. I live alone for you. I came back only to seek myself, for you and I are one. How can I separate from myself?

Dia.—If you must return again, do not seek me, and leave now, I beg you, for love struggles with honor, and your presence here gives love the upper hand; leave me, leave at once. You'll not go alone, since my heart accompanies you.

Theo.—May God preserve your ladyship!

Dia.—Cursed be my ladyship, since it separates me from him I adore. (Theodore leaves.) Now am I indeed alone in the world, without the light of my eyes. May they fully perceive the wrong they have done me and they that gazed so badly, may they cry well. My eyes were my misfortune; why were you fixed on him? But do not weep, for tears will soothe your sorrow. May they fully perceive the wrong they have done me, and they that gazed so badly, may they cry well.

Enter Marcela.

Marcela.—If, after my long service, I may humbly request a just recompense, permit me to ask a favor which will banish from your sight one that has had the misfortune to offend you.

Diana.—What do you mean, Marcela? What is the recompense? I am ready to listen.

Mar.—I am told that Theodore, fearing assassination, is leaving for Spain; if you will send me, also. as his wife, my presence will no longer offend you.

Dia.—Does he wish it, do you know?

Mar.—Think you I should have dared to ask if I had not reason to believe——

Dia.—But have you spoken with him?

Mar.—He has spoken with me. He asked me.

Dia.—(Aside.) How apropos comes this unhappiness!

Mar.—We have already arranged to make our trip as comfortable as possible.

Dia.—(Aside.) Pardon, honor, pardon the follies I do for love; but this time, at least, I can, without offending you, avoid this great unhappiness.

Mar.—Can you not decide?

Dia.—I cannot live without you, Marcela, and in wishing to leave me you wrong my fond attachment and Fabio's love: I shall marry you with Fabio, as he adores you. Let Theodore depart.

Mar.—I abhor Fabio and I adore Theodore.

Dia.—(Aside.) How cruel to declare her love to me. (Aloud.) Fabio is better adapted to you.

Mar.—Señora, I——

Dia.—Do not speak back to me. (She leaves.)

Mar.—(Alone.) How can my love overcome this tyranny? I am determined to resist and must find a way—yet no, 'twould be better to stop on the edge of this precipice. An ill-starred love is like a tree blighted by frost in the midst of its bloom. It rejoices the sight with the charm of its color, but what matters the beauty of its flowers if the hope of fruition be dead.

SCENE III.

Count Ludovico's apartment.

Enter count Ludovico and Camilo.

Camilo.—It is the only way to provide an heir to your estates and name.

Ludovico.—Each year I bear beyond the middle point of life is an enemy to marriage, and although a motive so legitimate, in spite of my years, might justify, I fear to decide. It might easily happen that I should have no children, but I should remain married. A young wife attached to an old husband is like the ivy to the elm—she embraces, she adorns, but the tree withers even while the garlands which cover it are most glorious. Do not again speak of marriage, Camilo, it serves but to recall my misfortune and renew my regret. For twenty years, deluded by vain hopes, I have each day awaited Theodore, and each day, too, has seen me weep.

Enter a Page.

Page.—A Greek merchant demands an audience with your lordship.

Ludovico.—Command him to enter. (The Page leaves.)

Enter Tristan and Furio, both dressed as Armenians and covered with turbans.

Tristan.—Permit me to kiss your hands, my lord, and may heaven fulfill your most ardent wish.

Ludovico.—Welcome, thrice welcome, Señor. What is the motive of your visit to this far-away land?

Tris.—I came from Constantinople to Cyprus, and from there to Venice in a ship loaded with rich Persian fabrics, and while in Italy resolved to look up a certain matter and to see

the greatness and surpassing beauty of this famous city of Napies.

Ludo.—Do you not find it most magnificent?

Tris.—Truly. Señor, my father was a merchant in Greece who principally trafficked in slaves. One day, at the fair of Azteclies, he bought a boy, the most beautiful ever formed by nature—a part of heaven come to earth. Turks sold him, and my father learned that he had been taken from a Maltese galley near Cephalonia by the vessels of a certain Ali-Pacha.

Ludo.—Camilo, my soul is stirred.

Tris.—My father took a fancy to the boy and, instead of selling him to the Turks, took him to Armenia, where he was raised with me and my sister.

Ludo.—Friend, stop a moment, stop;—emotion overcomes me.

Tris.—(Aside.) It strikes home; I'm doing well.

Ludo.—And his name? tell me his name.

Tris.—Theodore.

Ludo.—What sustaining power in truth. Tears water my gray hairs—but continue, my friend.

Tris.—Serpalitonia, my sister, and this beautiful boy—would to heaven he had been as homely as I!—raised together, fell in love at a tender age, and at barely sixteen, in my father's absence, found opportunity to embrace, with sad results. Theodore, fearing for his life, fled and left my sister to her fate. Catiborrato, my father, was touched less by my sister's misfortune than by the flight of his dearly beloved Theodore. Of this chagrin and of age he died, and shortly after we baptized the son of Theodore, for the Armenian church is Christian, though separated from yours. We named the child Termaconio, and he is one of the most beautiful boys in the city of Tepecas, where we reside. At Naples I inquired, as I, indeed, do everywhere, for Theodore, and a Greek slave at my lodging-house told me he was, perhaps, the son of Count Ludovico.

Ludo.—It is he; he lives, beyond a doubt, but where shall we find him?

Tris.—I inquired for your palace. I must have badly asked, for I was sent to that of a countess, the countess de Belflor, and the first person I saw——

Ludo.—How madly my heart beats.

Tris.—Was Theodore.

Ludo.—Theodore!

Tris.—He wished to fly and conceal himself, but it was impossible. I hesitated for a moment in my recognition, for age and a beard have changed him somewhat. I followed him, and at last he owned with shame it was he. He begged me not to speak of his adventure, for fear that having been a slave would injure him at Naples. And why, said I, should you, who are perhaps the son of one of the greatest lords of this city, feel humiliated to have been a slave, when not at fault? I, the son of a great lord, said he; what folly. Now, if this Greek slave spoke truth, I humbly beg you not to return your son to marry my sister, although she is as noble as he, but to permit at least his son to come to Naples to do homage at the feet of his illustrious grandfather.

Ludo.—Embrace me a thousand times! My joy confirms the truth of what you tell me! Ah! son of my soul, after so many years of absence I find you, to my great happiness. What do you counsel, Camilo? Ought I not to go at once to see and recognize him?

Camilo.—Without a doubt; let us run; let us fly; and may you find in his arms new life.

Ludo.—(To Tristan.) Friend, if you wish to go with me, my happiness will be greater. If, however, you wish to rest, await me here and ask as price of your good news my house and all I have, but do not ask me to wait a moment longer.

Tris.—I must leave you; I've some business concerning diamonds near here, but shall return as soon as you. Come, we must go, Mercaponies.

SCENE IV.

Street in Naples.

Enter Tristan and Furio.

Tristan.—They're still on their way, are they not?

Furio.—The old Count is fairly flying; he would wait neither for carriage nor servants.

Tris.—'Twould be a great joke should he prove to be his son in truth.

Fur.—Could there be any truth in such a mass of lies?

Tris.—(Removing his turban and robe.) Take away this turban and robe; though well disguised, I do not want to run the risk of being recognized.

Fur.—Disrobe more quickly; someone may come.

Tris.—What will not paternal love believe?

Fur.—Where shall I await you?

Tris.—At the Elm Tree tavern.

Fur.—Good-bye. (He leaves.)

Tris.—(Alone.) What a treasure is wit and a happy invention! I shall now put on my usual mantle and hat, which I kept concealed beneath that vast Armenian robe.

Enter the Marquis Ricardo and Count Frederic.

Frederic.—Here is the bravo that we hired to kill Theodore.

Marquis.—One word, my noble fellow; is this the way, among people of honor, a promise is kept? And one proud of his name, ought he not to accomplish more quickly what he so glibly promised?

Tristan.—Gentlemen——

Fred.—Think you, perchance, we are your equals?

Tris.—Do not condemn me unheard. I already serve Theodore, and he must die by this hand. But, think you, to kill him publicly would be to risk compromising you, gentlemen. Prudence is a celestial gift placed by the ancients above all other virtues. You may already count him among the dead. He is very melancholy, lives a retired life during the day and at night never leaves his room. Some great sorrow must have overtaken him. Trust me to act, I'll speedily dispatch him; do not precipitate matters, I know when and where to give him his quietus.

Fred.—It seems to me, Marquis, that there's considerable sense in what he says. He has already entered Theodore's service; so the job's begun. He'll kill him, I feel sure.

Marq.—Yes, I think so. He's as good as dead.

Fred.—Let us speak lower.

Tris.—Now that he is as good as dead, have not your lordships, say fifty crowns, about you? I have had a good horse offered me, and you understand, gentlemen, how valuable such a beast may prove in certain circumstances.

Marq.—Here it is; be assured that, the deed once done, payment will be forthcoming.

Tris.—I hazard my life, but give good service. Good-bye; I do not wish to be seen from the balconies of the countess, talking with your lordships.

Fred.—That's right, be discreet.

Tris.—Judge me by the way I do the deed. (He leaves.)

Fred.—He's a brave fellow.

Marq.—Ingenious and adroit.

Fred.—He'll kill him neatly.

Enter Celio.

Celio.—Was ever so strange and fabulous an event heard of?

Frederic.—Celio, where you going? Stop, what has happened?

Cel.—A most remarkable thing, which perhaps may be painful for both of you to hear. Do you not see the crowd now entering the palace of Count Ludovico?

Marquis.—Is he dead?

Cel.—I beg you listen. The crowd hurries to congratulate him upon finding his long-lost son.

Marq.—Why should we care whether he be happy or not? It has no bearing on our projects.

Cel.—Has it no bearing, if the long-lost son proves to be precisely that Theodore, secretary to the object of your hopes, Diana?

Fred.—This completely upsets me.

Marq.—He, the son of Count Ludovico; how did you learn this news?

Cel.—The tale is told by so many people and in such various ways that I have had neither time nor opportunity to trace it to its source.

Fred.—Were ever beings more unfortunate!

Marq.—My expected happiness has changed to despair.

Fred.—I wish to learn the truth immediately; I shall go to Ludovico's.

Marq.—I'll follow you.

Cel.—You there will learn I spoke the truth.

SCENE V.

A room in the apartments of the countess.

Enter Theodore, in a travelling dress, and Marcela.

Marcela.—You are determined to leave, Theodore, are you?

Theodore.—You are the sole cause; rivalry between two persons so unequal in rank can produce nothing but misfortune.

Mar.—An excuse as false as your love—which was feigned. You never loved me; you loved only the countess, and now that you find how vain are your hopes in this direction, you seek to forget her.

Theo.—I?—love Diana?

Mar.—Yes; it's too late to deny your foolish aspiration. Your undoing is the just price of your insincerity, since she has known how to guard her honor, which has placed between you insurmountable barriers of ice. I am revenged, and if you recall me, remember that you are a man that I abhor.

Theo.—'Tis folly to feign anger, that you may marry Fabio.

Mar.—You marry me, since your disdain provokes it.

Enter Fabio.

Fabio.—Theodore remains with us so short a time that you do well, Marcela, to spend those brief moments with him.

Theodore.—No need to be jealous, Fabio, of one who is so soon to be separated from her by many miles of sea.

Fab.—Then you are really going?

Theo.—As you see.

Fab.—My mistress comes to see you.

Enter the countess, with Anarda and Dorotea.

Diana.—Already prepared to leave, Theodore?

Theodore.—Would that I had wings to my feet rather than spurs!

Dia.—(To Anarda.) Did you make ready the linen and clothes as I ordered?

Anarda.—All are packed.

Fabio.—At last, I believe he's really leaving.

Marcela.—And you are still jealous?

Dia.—(To Theodore.) Come here a moment, I would have a word in private.

Theo.—At your service, Señora.

Dia.—(Aside, to Theodore.) You are leaving, Theodore, and I adore you.

Theo.—Your cruelty compels me to go

Dia.—You know who I am. What can I do?

Theo.—You weep?

Dia.—No, there's something in my eye.

Theo.—Could it be love?

Dia.—That's been there a long time, but now it doubtless wishes to get out.

Theo.—I go, mistress mine, but my soul remains with you. You'll not perceive my absence, for in spirit I shall serve you. Have you aught else to command? for I am yours.

Dia.—How sad a day!

Theo.—I go, mistress mine, but my soul remains with you.

Dia.—You weep?

Theo.—No, there's something in my eye, too.

Dia.—Could it be my folly?

Theo.—That's been there a long time.

Dia.—I have added a number of trifles to your effects. Pardon my inability to do more. When you unwrap these sad remains of our cruel victory do not forget that Diana has bathed these gifts with bitter tears.

Ana.—(To Dorotea.) They're both undone.

Dorotea.—(To Anarda.) How difficult to conceal is love.

Ana.—He had better remain; see, they are clasping hands and exchanging rings.

Dor.—Like the Dog in the Manger, Diana will die of hunger.

Ana.—She presses his hand too late.

Dor.—Eat or permit others to eat.

Enter Count Ludovico and Camilo.

Ludovico.—I trust that joy and my age will suffice to excuse the liberty I have taken in entering your house so freely.

Diana.—Pray tell me, Señor Count, what has occasioned joy?

Ludo.—Then you alone, Señora, of all Naples are unacquainted with the news. Crowds surround me, I can scarce traverse the streets, though I have not as yet seen my son.

Dia.—What son? I do not understand.

Ludo.—Has your ladyship never heard that twenty years ago I sent my son to Malta, where he was captured by the galleys of one Ali-Pacha?

Dia.—I think I've heard the tale.

Ludo.—Well, heaven has granted me knowledge of this son after he has passed through many vicissitudes.

Dia.—I thank you, Count, for this welcome news; believe me, I share——

Ludo.—But, Señora, you must give me, in return, my son, who serves you, little thinking I am his father. Would that his mother had lived to see this day!

Dia.—Your son serves me? Could it be Fabio?

Ludo.—No, Señora, it is not Fabio; his name is Theodore.

Dia.—Theodore?

Ludo.—Yes, Señora.

Theodore.—What do I hear?

Dia.—Speak, Theodore, speak; is the count your father?

Ludo.—It is he.

Theo.—Señor Count, I ask your lordship to think——

Ludo.—I think of nothing, my darling son, except to die of joy in your arms.

Dia.—How marvellous!

Anarda.—Then Theodore's rank equals yours, Señora?

Theo.—Am I really your son?

Ludo.—Had I the shadow of a doubt, I need but look upon you: such as you are now was I at your age.

Theo.—At your feet I beg——

Ludo.—Say nothing more. I'm beside myself with joy! God bless you! What a royal presence! How legibly has nature written in your face my noble race. Come, come at once and take possession of my house and all. Enter through my portals, crowned with this kingdom's noblest arms.

Theo.—I was at the point of leaving for Spain, and I must——

Ludo.—For Spain? Come and find Spain in my arms.

Dia.—I beg you, Señor Count, permit Theodore to remain here awhile, that he may calm himself and robe as befits his rank.

Ludo.—I yield to your prudence, although it gives me pain to leave him for a moment. I go alone, but beg your ladyship not to permit day to turn to night without my darling in my arms.

Dia.—I pledge my word.

Ludo.—Good-bye, my dear Theodore.

Theo.—I kiss your feet a thousand times.

Ludo.—Camilo, death may strike me when he will.

Camilo.—What a well-formed, handsome fellow.

Ludo.—I dare dwell but little on my great good fortune; else will my wits go mad. (He and Camilo leave.)

Fabio.—(To Theodore.) Permit us to kiss your hand.

Dorotea.—Yes, accord us this favor.

Ana.—As a great lord.

Marcela.—Great lords are affable; embrace us.

Dia.—Step aside, give me your place and talk no more folly. Will your lordship permit me, Señor Theodore, to kiss your hand?

Theo.—Permit me, rather, to fall in adoration at your feet; I am more than ever your slave.

Dia.—Leave us, all of you; I wish to be alone with him awhile.

Mar.—(To Fabio.) What do you think of it, Fabio?

Fab.—She's too much for me.

Dor.—(To Anarda.) How does it strike you?

Ana.—That already my mistress wishes to be no longer the Dog in the Manger.

Dor.—At last she eats.

Ana.—But not to repletion.

Dor.—That will come later. (The servants leave.)

Dia.—Your lordship no longer says: I go, mistress mine, but my soul remains with you.

Theo.—You grow facetious over fortune's favor. (He kisses her hand.)

Dia.—You're growing bold.

Theo.—We may now treat each other as equals. I act as great lords act.

Dia.—You do not seem like one to me.

Theo.—I believe you already love me less and are sorry to see me your equal; you would prefer to see me still a servant, since love is best pleased when the loved one is inferior.

Dia.—You deceive yourself, for you are wholly mine, and this night I shall marry you.

Theo.—Fortune can give me no more, it need not try.

Dia.—In all the world there will not be a woman more happy; but go and dress.

Theo.—I must go to see my new possessions and this father I have found, I know not how or whence.

Dia.—Then good-bye, Señor Count.

Theo.—Good-bye, Countess.

Dia.—Listen.

Theo.—What?

Dia.—What? Is this the way a servant should speak to his mistress?

Theo.—The tables are turned; at present, I am master.

Dia.—Remember, do not give me further cause to be jealous of Marcela, however painful that may be.

Theo.—People of my rank do not condescend to love servants.

Dia.—Be careful what you say.

Theo.—Does it offend?

Dia.—And who am I?

Theo.—My wife. (He leaves.)

Dia.—(Alone.) I have nothing more to desire. As Theodore said: Fortune need not try to add to my happiness.

Enter the Marquis and Count Frederic.

Marquis.—Have your friends no part in the general rejoicings?

Diana.—As great a part as your lordships desire.

Frederic.—We awaited your announcement of the high rank to which your domestic has been raised, to congratulate you.

Dia.—Then congratulate me now, for he has become a Count and my husband. (She leaves.)

Marq.—What do you think of that?

Fred.—It makes me think I am bereft of reason.

Marq.—Alas! if that scoundrel had only killed him.

Enter Tristan.

Frederic.—He's coming now.

Tristan.—(Aside.) My scheme works well; a lackey's wit has fooled an entire city.

Marquis.—Hector, or whoever you may be, stop.

Tris.—My name is Soul-Extractor.

Fred.—You proved it a name well fitting!

Tris.—Had he not become a Count he should have become a corpse before this eve.

Marq.—What matters his rank?

Tris.—When we agreed upon three hundred crowns, 'twas to kill the servant Theodore, not Count Theodore; 'tis a different thing, the price must be augmented. 'Tis one thing to kill half a dozen servants, already nearly dead of hunger, blighted hope or envy, and quite another to slay a noble lord.

Fred.—What do you ask to kill him this very night?

Tris.—One thousand crowns.

Marq.—I promise you this sum.

Tris.—I must have earnest money.

Marq.—This golden chain——

Tris.—Count the money.

Fred.—I go to provide the sum.

Tris.—And I to kill him, but listen——

Marq.—What do you require?

Tris.—Sealed lips. (The marquis and Frederic leave.)

Enter Theodore.

Theodore.—I saw you speak with those assassins.

Tristan.—The biggest fools in all Naples. They have given me this chain and promised me a thousand crowns to kill you to-day.

Theo.—This sudden change in my fortune, is it a scheme of yours? I live in fear and trembling.

Tris.—Should you once hear me speak Greek, you would place implicit confidence in my tale beyond the others. Upon

my life, 'tis an easy thing to Hellenize: in short, you need but to utter sounds and speak as with the other tongues. What charming names I spoke; they must be Greek, since no one understands them. I made it pass for Greek, at any rate.

Theo.—This gives me food for anxious thought, for if they ferret our your trick, my head goes off, at least.

Tris.—You stop to think of this?

Theo.—You must be a very devil.

Tris.—Let fortune act and calmly await the end.

Theo.—The countess comes.

Tris.—I'll go, that I may not be seen. (He leaves.)

Enter Diana.

Diana.—You've not been yet to see your father?

Theodore.—Grave cares hold me back; in fact, I ask permission to retire to Spain.

Dia.—'Tis an excuse to join Marcela.

Theo.—I, join Marcela?

Dia.—Then, what's the matter?

Theo.—I hardly dare to tell you.

Dia.—Speak freely, though it stain my honor.

Theo.—Tristan, who merits a prize for roguery, seeing my love and sorrow, knowing, too, that count Ludovico had lost a son, arranged this scheme. I'm one of the rank and file, the son of my wit and pen. The count, however, believes me to be his son, and although I might marry you and be both rich and happy, I cannot deceive you. I am not noble, but I am at least honest. So kindly permit me to go to Spain, that I may not deceive your love nor injure your rank.

Dia.—You have proved the nobility of your soul by telling me the truth, and your folly by believing that I would allow this to hinder our marriage. I wished to find a method to equalize our rank; it has been found; I ask no more. Happiness is not to be found in greatness, but in a union of souls. I shall accept your hand; and in yonder well Tristan will be discreet.

Enter Tristan.

Tristan.—I crown your love with happiness and find my reward at the bottom of the well! Ungrateful woman!

Diana.—You heard me? Listen, I'll promise to be your best friend if you'll agree never to reveal the secret.

Tris.—It is of the greatest importance to me that the secret should be well kept.

Theodore.—Listen. What mean these cries and all these people?

Enter Ludovico, Frederic and the marquis, with their servants, Fabio and the maids of the countess.

Marquis.—(To Ludovico.) We wish to accompany your son.

Frederic.—All Naples awaits him.

Ludovico.—Pardon, Diana, but a carriage, surrounded by all the Neapolitan nobility on horseback, awaits Theodore. Come, my son, to your own home; to see again, after so many years of absence, the place where you were born.

Diana.—Before he leaves, I wish you to know that I am his wife.

Ludo.—Fortune clinches her wheel with a golden nail. I came to seek one child, I have found two.

Fred.—Come forward, Ricardo, and congratulate them.

Marq.—I can congratulate you, not only on your marriage, but that you are still alive. Jealous of the countess, I promised this scoundrel a thousand crowns, not to mention the gold chain, to assassinate you. Have him arrested; he is a thief.

Theodore.—No, he who defends his master does but his duty.

Marq.—Not a thief, then who is this pretended bravo?

Theo.—My servant; and to recompense his clever defense of my life and other obligations, I marry him to Dorotea, since her ladyship has given Marcela to Fabio.

Marq.—I'll furnish Marcela's wedding dowry.

Fred.—And I, Dorotea's.

Ludo.—Good; there remains to me a son, an heir and the dowry of the countess.

Dia.—(To the public.) Now, most noble audience, I beg you, tell no one Theodore's secret; and so shall end, with your kind permission, the famous comedy of "The Dog in the Manger."

Paul Elder & Co.